FOREST LIFE

IN

CEYLON.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

In journeying through a desert the eye of the traveller lingers with interest and pleasure upon the oasis he has left, and which he is not again likely to revisit ; and so, in the life of every man, there is probably some period of shorter or longer duration on which the memory, in subsequent years, delights to dwell. Of such a character to the author was his residence in Ceylon.

During four years he lived in that interesting island as a Coffee-planter and the Editor of a

newspaper, and those four years were so filled with incident, with employment, with variety and adventure, that, despite the pecuniary losses sustained in a ruinous speculation, they have ever since afforded him ample and pleasing themes for reflection.

In the following pages it has been his aim to give an interesting, and, at the same time, a truthful picture of jungle life—such a picture as may bring it before the mind of the European reader without exaggeration or false glitter. The scenes described and the incidents recorded are such as every resident in the East will acknowledge to be common and usual to a life spent in the recesses of an Oriental forest. In such a life, scenery, inhabitants, costume, and characteristics are so different from those to which the novice has been accustomed in his European home, that they have for him at first all the effect of enchantment. It was the author's lot to return from the East before this fresh feeling of

pleased surprise had been quite removed—before the novel charm of Oriental life had worn off, to give place to satiety and monotony.

The lives of a Parsee and of a Kandian chief—which will be found, the one at the conclusion of the first, the other near the end of the second, volume—are intended to show how strangely the old life of the East, with its antiquated habits and forms of thought, is influenced by the new life of the progressive West—busy, bustling, and innovating. These accounts are founded upon facts related to the author by Parsees and Budhists. Hormanjee and Marandhan, indeed, are fictitious names, but such men *have* lived, and *are* living, in India and Ceylon; nor are the events recorded of them more extraordinary than those which, for the last fifty years, have been constantly occurring, wherever Eastern and Western races have been brought into collision—a collision as much of souls as of bodies.

There is something inexpressibly pleasing in thus minutely recalling some of the happiest passages of one's early life, particularly when the strong light of reality has been mellowed into a twilight glow by the lapse of a few intervening years; so that if the reader receive but a tithe of the pleasure in its perusal which the author has obtained from the compilation of this work, the labour of both will have been amply remunerative.

London, November, 1853.

FOREST LIFE

IN

CEYLON.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL IN CEYLON—GALLE TO COLOMBO.

> " I would entreat thy company
> To see the wonders of the world abroad."
> *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act i., sc. 1.

I WAS leaning over the side of the good ship, *Parsee*, watching a nautilus hoisting sail, and steering its tiny shell over the ocean, when the Captain, who had been as usual peering through a telescope, muttered to the chief officer, " O yes, it's very plain. I see it distinctly."

" See what ?" I asked.

" Ceylon," said he ; " I told you we should see it to-day."

He handed me the telescope—a group of pas-

sengers, attracted by the interesting information, surrounded us, some armed with glasses of their own, others eagerly awaiting a loan of one. I strained my eyes; I looked intently in the direction indicated; I readjusted the glass, and wiped the lenses; I looked again as earnestly as if some important result depended on the issue, but, in vain; I saw no Ceylon: other passengers were equally unsuccessful. One tall yellow-haired man, that prided himself on his nautical dress and knowledge, declared he did, but no one ever minded what he said.

"You don't see it," said the Captain, "that's strange—it's very distinct—just on the horizon, by the end of the jib-boom—look again." "Keep her three points off," said he to the steersman, as he walked away.

I looked again, but there was the same impenetrable haze on the horizon—everything misty and obscure.

"Very distinct indeed," said the chief officer, as he too walked away.

The sun was shining as fiercely as the sun only can shine towards the end of May at the Equator. We were all grilling—the boards of the ship hot—the pitch and tar clammy on the ropes, and in the oakum between the planks of the deck

—the awning scorching—the air agitated into the faintest possible wind, dry and stifling—whilst an incessant drop, drop, drop, coursing each other from the forehead to the neck, plainly proved that there was still moisture left in us.

"We must see it," resolved the passengers, and away we went in a body, into the broiling sunshine, to the fore-part of the ship. The tall man with the yellow hair, smiled at our want of nautical vision, and followed us—the ladies, one by one, threw handkerchiefs and veils over their necks, and came too.

"This is much better," we all exclaimed, as we poised our glasses, like rifles, some on the bulwarks, some on the ropes, and looked intently. Still it was no use! not a hill the size of a grain of sand could we discern on the horizon, close by the jib-boom or elsewhere—all was haziness and impenetrable gloom ahead, watery-looking decidedly, but, to our unpractised eyes, far from land-looking. The ladies tried. One lady thought she discerned something.

"Bravo," said the tall yellow-haired man, in ecstacy, "you see it. I thought you would, as I placed the glass."

She looked again. "Why, bless me," said she, "that's the end of a stick, of that stick there

with the sail tied to it—the jib—jib, what do you call it?"

It was tantalizing to know that the glorious island was right ahead, visible to the eye of the Captain, the chief officer, and our tall yellow-haired friend, and that we could not even faintly discern it. Yet so it was, and so it continued to be all that day. With heroic perseverance we combated the sun and the heat, again and again, but all to no purpose—at last coming to the conclusion that imagination had a great deal to do with the matter, and that the Captain, the chief officer, and the yellow-haired man, knew the land ought to be there, and therefore they saw it.

Even during the night, before we went to bed—a clear star-light night, without a moon—we gazed intently in the direction indicated, as if then, without glass or sun, we might perchance succeed in catching a glimpse of the wished-for island. Those only who have spent four monotonous months on the ocean, without touching at a single port, as was our case, can realize to themselves the eagerness with which the weary passengers look out for land. And Ceylon too! such an island of mysterious interest and beauty—"its breezes, perfumes; its

forests, the rarest and choicest trees; its pebbles, gems," as a flowery writer describes it. Only two of us had ever been there before—the only two that seemed to know nothing of the island indeed, for all the others had read of it, had talked of it, had studied it; they, on the other hand, thought they should have enough of it when they got there, as had been the case before, and were therefore but too anxious to banish it from their thoughts.

The next morning the line of hills on the horizon, although still distant, was near enough to be distinctly seen by the naked eye—the sea had lost much of its deep blue shade, and was more greenish and dull, even the sun did not appear to shine so brightly to those whose thoughts were drawn off from a contemplation of him, and fixed on the island, on which we soon hoped to enjoy liberty and the delights of shore, after we had escaped from the imprisonment of our floating castle.

The *Parsee* was bound for Point de Galle, on the south-western coast of Ceylon, and it was not until the following morning, that we neared the harbour sufficiently to fire off a gun as a signal for a pilot; for, open and safe as the bay looks, it is filled with sunken rocks

and hidden dangers of all kinds. The line of green vegetation which fringed the sh consisting entirely of cocoa-nut trees, contras beautifully with the white foam of the sea as broke impetuously on the rocks, whilst, fa away in the harbour, masses of white and red, without apparent order or regularity, indicated the town. Above all rose the eternal hills, stretching away higher and higher into the distance, and ending in irregular, hazy lines of considerable elevation, particularly to the north, where Adam's Peak was pointed out to us—by far the most celebrated of Ceylonese mountains.

We fired another gun—the loud booming report coming back to us from the shore, as if the genius of the place resented our intrusion and the noise—and, as the Captain swept the harbour with his glass, he descried a boat pulling towards us, and was satisfied. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by that boat and its occupants, as it slowly came nearer and nearer to the huge vessel. About the boat itself there was, perhaps, nothing that, in any other place, would have much attracted my attention; but when I compared it with the unclad, attenuated individuals that occupied it, it seemed to me the widest and deepest boat,

for s length, I had ever seen. In England, bl associates the idea of stout frames, well rapped up, glazed hats, and groggy-looking aces, with a pilot-boat, or any other, in fact, that makes its way at all into the sea. To my unsophisticated eyes, the crew of this boat appeared to be tame monkeys. So completely was my conception of humanity mixed up with clothes and white or black skins, that it was, for a time, impossible for me to realise to myself the idea that these gibbering, long-armed, brown, naked animals were fellow-creatures. Even now, after having had many years' experience of the East, I still believe that more unfavourable specimens of the natives of Ceylon could scarcely have been met with than those in that boat. Three of them were old men, their ribs too distinguishable through their leather-like skin, their arms dry and shrivelled; yet their advanced age was not to be seen at once — their long, bony, and muscular arms, deprived of every particle of fat; their fingers rendered remarkable by the white nails at the tips; the palms of their hands white from constant labour; and the contrast between their brown, shrivelled-up, wrinkled skins, and the scanty white or blue cloth which they wore round their loins, all formed a picture so like

that which a party of tamed monkeys would present, that it was not without disgust I gazed at them — disgust, mingled with something of indignation, that these animals should be of the same species as myself. Nor did the grizzled beards, and the bare, shaggy heads, from which they had removed their straw fishermen's hats, tend to improve the picture, or make them more human-like. My feelings were shared by my companions, and, as we muttered to each other, "These are the natives," we could not help wondering how humanity could degenerate into such figures; forgetting that the want of dress and difference of colour were the only real points of contrast between them and similar specimens of our own countrymen.

Our Portuguese pilot interested us much; he was dressed in a neat nautical uniform; a blue jacket, tightly buttoned up, white unmentionables, and an enormous straw hat that contrasted oddly with the slight form which it crowned—a form which, although far from tall, appeared to be so, in consequence of its extreme spareness; his face and hands were much darker than those of the natives; but, strange to say, whilst we were astounded by the dusky brown skins of his crew, we saw nothing wonderful in

the black one of the pilot; so apt are we to take the accustomed for the natural, the unaccustomed and strange for the unnatural.

The anchor had scarcely been dropped ere we were surrounded by a little fleet of boats of the most heterogeneous characters. The majority of them had the curious "outrigger," peculiar to Ceylon and some of the Pacific Islands. A hollowed trunk forms the canoe-proper, and, from one side of it, project two or three beams, to the end of which is attached a solid block of the shape of the canoe itself, but considerably smaller. This contrivance prevents the boat from upsetting, and as the outrigger, as it is called, is always of a light, buoyant wood, even should the canoe fill with water, the consequences are not likely to be serious. The occupants were not less strange and new to us than were the spider-like machines which they guided so skilfully. The long hair tied up on the back of the head, with a high tortoise-shell comb stuck into it, the petticoats—scanty though they were—and the small feet and hands, were all things we were so much accustomed to associate with the idea of the fairer sex, that there was something repulsive in seeing them belong to fellows with huge black beards and mous-

taches; whilst, to our wondering eyes, there seemed no other difference between the men and women than the presence or absence of the beard. True, one becomes familiarised to these things after a time; but I do not think any one can first witness them without a sentiment of disgust—so utterly incongruous do the long twisted hair, with the crowning comb, appear to be with the hirsute and unshaven faces. But these were the Singhalese-proper alone. There were, besides, several Moors, more man-like in their habiliments and character, and infinitely more dangerous to the purse of the newly-arrived European, or "Griffin," as he is elegantly styled. The small white cap stuck on the very top of his shaven crown, gives the Moorman of Ceylon and the Southern Indian coast quite a distinctive character, which is rendered more marked by the ample volume of the cloth girdle, worn round his waist, and in which he keeps his money, his accounts, his writing materials, and, very often, his stock in trade too.

Our decks soon presented a strange appearance. Singhalese and Moormen having obtained the Captain's permission to come on board, were wandering about to effect sales of their various wares, oddly contrasting with the

sun-burnt countenances and square forms of the sailors, forms with which our long voyage had made us so intimately acquainted. The scraps of English the Asiatics had picked up, and of which they now made their utmost use, rose shrilly above the din of ropes being coiled up, sails furled, hatches opening, chains rattling, and all the other usual concomitants of a ship's arrival in port. The Moormen, for the most part, had "jewels," toys, ornaments, and knick-knacks of various kinds for sale. People naturally expect to find jewels in an island so celebrated for them, from the time of Pliny* to the present day. As the wily Asiatic produces a little bundle from his ample girdle, carefully wrapped up in many folds, and, after a time, exhibits, imbedded in the downiest cotton, some sparkling particles, whispering the imposing name "diamonds," the European feels as if it would be folly to lose the chance—he is a young officer going home from Calcutta or Madras, or an enterprising traveller from China or Singapore—there are sisters, cousins, and fair flames afar off, awaiting presents, and he thinks if he can get the whole quantity for a trifle, it will be very hard indeed if there be

* Vid. Hist. Nat. vi. 22.

no real ones, however small, amongst them; and so he makes an offer—he is almost ashamed to make it, so small an offer for so valuable a collection. The crafty Asiatic grins, laughs outright, but submissively, at the sum named, and commences to refold his store, glancing sideways at the victim to see if the laugh has not moved him, and then offers the collection for double his bid. John Bull often bites at this—he has been but nibbling before—and exclaiming, "Well, it is but a trifle after all," pulls out his purse. Should he still continue immovable, however, he will have them at his own price, for Moorman protests he must sell them to get a little bread for himself and his starving children, although they cost him so much more. But what does John find them to be when he gets home? The following incident will show—a true incident, well known to most of the residents at Point de Galle:—

Mr. R., an English merchant there, had imported some coloured glass. Several panes were smashed in the landing, and all the broken pieces were thrown into an empty barrel in his warehouse. There they lay unheeded for a time, until Zambo, a well-known Moorman, made his salaam to Mr. R. one

morning, just as he had arrived at home after his matutinal ride.

"Well, Zambo," said the Englishman, "how do you do? What brings you so early?"

"You-have-got-the-broke-up-glass-in-your-godowns,-Saar," said Zambo.

"Broken glass," said the merchant, musing. "Yes, yes, there were several panes of that coloured glass broken. I suppose they're there still."

"Your - coolies - do - steal - it - every - day - I know," said Zambo mysteriously. "I-will-buy-it-all-at-once-now."

Glad to get so worthless an article off his hands, Mr. R. readily consented to Zambo's proposal, and agreed to let him have the glass at his own price.

"And now, Zambo," said the Englishman, "may I ask what you want with the glass?"

Zambo looked round to see that there was no one within hearing-distance, and then, stretching his hairy chin forwards, said "You-no-tell-though?"

"Tell," said the merchant, "no, I don't want to tell anything. What do you want this glass for?"

"To-make-diamonds-for-steamer-passengers,"

said Zambo, his small grey eyes twinkling with cunning.

No one need ask, after having heard that, what our friend John will find his diamonds, emeralds, and garnets to be, when he reaches the paternal roof.

This sort of trade is almost entirely confined to the Moormen, by far the most expert retail dealers in the island. I was not disposed on landing to encumber myself with jewellery, wisely considering that if precious stones were so common in Ceylon, I should have innumerable opportunities of collecting them whilst living in the jungle.

The scene which presented itself on landing had all the interest and freshness of unwonted novelty for us. Accustomed, as I had been, previously to an English life, diversified by two hurried trips to the Continent alone, there was nothing in the reminiscences with which my memory was stored to detract from the novelty of the picture that now spread widely around us on every side. The small huts of mud, with their cocoa-nut leaf thatch; the wicker-work trays exhibiting heaps of chillies or other equally piquant stimulants; the amazing variety of fruit common to all tro-

pical countries; the strange costume of the women and still stranger of the men; their shrill voices as they called upon the passers-by to purchase, or loudly conversed with each other across the street, all—men, women, and children—squatted on their heels; the fish-women, as in all countries, most voluble of tongue, light-hearted, and merry, exchanging badinage with the male passers-by, or making their own remarks on the pale faces—all was new and striking, and told us, with all the eloquence of vision, that we had left the cold north behind, with its frosts and snows, and wintry churlishness, and brave battling with a thousand evils that more favoured climes know nothing of, and that we had reached a land of the sun where there was food upon every tree, and clothing was little more than an encumbrance, where the battle of life was not for existence, but for luxury and enjoyment.

The soldiers seemed the only melancholy objects in the bright, ever-moving panorama. Malays, with horsehair-like whiskers and moustaches, dressed up in the darkest and most sombre green, the "Ceylon Rifles" as they are called, stood at their posts, or marched

or loitered about the verandah of their guard-house, as if they were only gloomy visitants upon the glorious island, but not of it—as if they felt that their execrable trade was a thing in which man should not rejoice, which should stifle all mirth—a necessary evil. It may not be so in other parts of the island, and I do not remember that the idea was impressed afterwards upon my mind, but certainly the first few specimens of the Ceylon Rifles that we saw loitering about the great archway that leads from the harbour into the old Dutch fort suggested the idea of gloom, moroseness, taciturnity, and cruelty to our entire party.

The fort itself was by no means so interesting an object to us as the bazaar that stretches along the shore without it. The kaleidoscopic aspect of that strange scene was gone, and the lines of glistening white houses, with their green or black Venetians, diligently barricading them from the sun and the intense glare without, were but poor substitutes for it. Arrived at the hotel, which, with very questionable taste, like almost all the other European buildings, is situated within the fort, our party separated. Some, fatigued with their walk, spoke energetically of beef-

steaks and pine-apples, as they threw themselves upon the various couches, whilst others, of whom I was one, ordered vehicles to call upon those to whom they had letters of introduction. I had but one visit to pay, to a merchant of whom I had no personal knowledge, but whom my uncle, the head of a mercantile house in Colombo, wished me particularly to become acquainted with; so, having first enjoyed the luxury of a glass of Allsopp or Bass, I made my way into the palanquin-carriage,—a conveyance not very dissimilar from a London cab, denuded of its coach-box, save that Venetian blinds take the place of the panelled sides and glass front—and was soon rapidly whirled along through a few narrow and uneven streets to my destination. Yet although the vehicle was one that not even an idle crossing-sweeper would turn to gaze after in London, and although the horse was only a respectable grey hack, without either points or sores, what a sensation we should have created in the Strand or Regent Street, had our course lain there instead of through Point de Galle! At the head of the horse, and firmly grasping the rein in one hand, whilst in the other he held a short whip, ran a wild savage-looking

fellow, with a red handkerchief wrapped round his head, and a scanty red cloth round his loins. Fast as the horse could trot did this Jehu scamper along by his side, bounding over the road with bare feet, his well-oiled skin glistening in the fierce rays of the sun as the moving muscles of the back caught and reflected the light. I thought it was very barbarous, but what could I do? it was "the custom of the country" evidently, for there was no coach-box on the carriage, and no one seemed to consider it strange. At length, as I saw a stream of perspiration making its way down his back between his shoulder-blades, I shouted out in English, a language of which he apparently did not understand a single word. He looked round, still running on as before. I cried out "stop" with an energy that I hoped would force him to arrest his wild race. He pointed with his whip as he turned round, and went on more rapidly than ever. Poor fellow! he evidently thought that I was chiding him for not going fast enough instead of being full of benevolence for him, so he cut the horse with a skilful back-hand stroke of the short whip, and coursed on still faster. I saw it was no use to attempt anything further, so

I threw myself back, tired and hot, into the carriage, and allowed him to do as he pleased. I mentioned the matter to my newly-acquired friend on reaching his house, and he smiled, assuring me that every one went about so, that the natives were used to it, and that if I had spoken the language and told the *syce* or horse-keeper, to get up on the top whilst I drove, he would not have done so. Under these circumstances, heartily as I pitied the poor fellow, I interfered no further, and, in the same wild style, we made our way back to the hotel—horse and man rushing madly along, up one street and down another, over shingle and gravel and a little piece of good macadamised road, with the same indifference. We passed another vehicle too, of the same kind, similarly led, and, as I felt assured from this, that other people were equally barbarous, my mind was quite relieved—a circumstance that might be well moralised, were one "i' th' vein," or did one feel one's self equal to it.

We had a very comfortable dinner at the hotel—our party having diminished to four, of whom I was the only one intending to proceed the following morning, by the mail coach, to Colombo. The native servants, in spotless

white, petticoats and all—proud that they understood how to wait at table—their black beards, and large tortoise-shell combs stuck in the back of their heads, appearing to me so incongruous, that I felt disposed to laugh every time I looked at them. Nor was it without a feeling of unpleasantness that I saw my plate handed about by the dark fingers—a transient feeling, which I distinctly remember having once felt, but which must very soon have passed away with use. After a long voyage, people are not disposed for some time to be very critical respecting their meals. We found everything excellent at our dinner, including the beef—the fact is, people get so much mutton on board, that, I believe, they would willingly declare the roast ribs of a sexagenarian cart-horse exquisite after a four months' voyage—my subsequent experience of Point de Galle did not lead me to believe that anything like good beef was ever to be got there in those days (1843), and therefore I attribute our satisfaction to our position and condition. There was something so completely novel in being waited upon by the brown natives in white garments; in the open room leading into an equally open verandah; in the large fan, called

a punkah, pulled backwards and forwards by a servant, to create a current of air in the room—there was something so novel in all this, that one could not be critical; and soup, beef, curry, tarts, and fruit, were all found to be equally excellent and palatable, although I have no doubt, had the same dinner been presented to any one of us a month after, we should have found the soup bad, the tarts worse, and the beef worst of all; that, in fact, the curry and the fruits would be pronounced to be the only eatable things on the table. Indeed I must say, that notwithstanding the variety of Indian cookery—the pillaws, and coftahs, and cabobs, and kitchery of the presidencies—there is no place where better curries are made than in Ceylon, and this I say, not as a griffin just arrived from England, but as an experienced *quyhy*—one who knows Ceylon, and who has lived both in Madras and Calcutta.

That evening I first made acquaintance with the fire-flies, and was surprised and delighted with the appearance produced by numbers of them, shining like so many tiny stars upon a tree. The effect was altogether so strange and pretty, rather than grand or beautiful, that it looked far more like an artificial one, pro-

duced by the handiwork of man, than the simple operation of nature.

Having heard that the coach to Colombo started at gun-fire, or the first faint dawn of day, I retired early, requesting to be called at four o'clock. The bed-room differed as much from what a bed-room would have been in England, as everything else in the house from their European prototypes. The object in it was to obtain air and some slight degree of coolness, not to be snug and comfortable as one expects a bed-room to be in colder climes. A mat that crackled under the feet covered the floor. The bed itself was near the middle of the room, detached from the wall, completely isolated. Thin net curtains hung round it, tucked under the mattrass, which bore no similarity at all to a feather bed. The feet were elevated upon curious little blocks, that reminded one of extremely-small flower-pots, with an elevation in the centre to support them, a deep groove all round which, was full of water or some other fluid. I had no idea of the use of these stands at the time, but subsequently found that they prevented the ants from making their way into the bed, and that many other articles of furni-

ture, such as sideboards, were similarly protected. Altogether, as I advanced lamp in hand into the apartment, it struck me that there was a cold, cheerless, uncomfortable look about it, even after having spent months in the cabin of a ship—a reflection that the oppressive heat of the atmosphere might have convinced me was a foolish one, for the cooler such an apartment could be made the better. The true model, indeed, of an Indian bed-room, is a large empty apartment, with a bed in the middle, surmounted by a fan or punkah, to be pulled backwards and forwards all night by servants employed for the purpose. In the Presidencies this arrangement is common—the rope from the punkah going through the wall into the verandah, where the *punkah-wallah*, as he is called, sits and nods—pulling, however, as he nods—easy, though monotonous work. To prevent his going to sleep over the operation—an accident that but too frequently happens, and which causes the sleeper within to start up bathed in perspiration, and infuriated with musquitoes—some benevolent individual has invented the plan of perching punkah-wallah upon a high stool, made for the purpose, when, if he goes to sleep, his balance must be lost,

and he comes to the ground with sufficient violence to wake him were he never so drowsy.

I jumped into my novel bed at Point de Galle as yet innocent of the greatest plagues of Indian existence. The window, which looked into the verandah, with a garden beyond, had the glass compartments open and the Venetian shutters closed, whilst the laths of the Venetians themselves were laid perfectly horizontal, to admit, through the interstices, as much air as possible. As I lay, covered with one flimsy sheet, I could see the stars through the window, peering brightly above the trees without, and the fire-flies flitting ceaselessly from leaf to leaf, and lighting up the dark shadows of a dark moonless night with ever-changing variety. I should have enjoyed the scene with infinitely more gusto, had it not been for the excessive heat. Throwing off the sheet, with which alone I was covered, was but a temporary relief. I tossed about from side to side to find some cooler corner, but as fatigue threw me into a short-lived doze, the stifling heat laid its hand heavily upon me, and I awoke with a sense of oppression and liquefaction that was anything but comfortable. At length, as I looked through the open

jalousies of the window, it struck me that the net-curtains by which I was surrounded, thin as they were, must tend to increase the heat considerably, and to prevent that circulation of the cool night air about my person, which I so much desired. I wonder they don't think of that, I thought, as I threw the curtains up over the roof of the bed,—they have much to learn yet in order to accommodate this Indian climate to British constitutions. The change was delightful; the cool air of the night without was wafted insensibly around me, and I dozed off into what promised to be a delightful sleep.

I was awoke by a sharp stinging pain upon my forehead, accompanied by a similar sensation on both my feet. I put my hand to all three places successively, but could discover nothing, at the same time that a little rubbing on each was agreeable. Never mind, thought I, I have got rid of the excessive heat at all events, I shall soon be asleep. The quiet that now reigned in the house, assured me that the others had similarly sought their couches, but, like myself, as I afterwards learned, not to sleep. I had scarcely settled myself into a new and more comfortable position than any I had yet

found—I had scarcely had time to close my eyes, and fancy myself on the high road to a sound slumber—four o'clock always looming in the distance, as the hour of rising—when I felt a number of similar sharp pains over various parts of my exposed person, whilst a ringing "hum-m" in my ears told me of formidable enemies I had forgotten—the musquitoes. In getting rid of one evil by raising the curtains, I had induced another and a more formidable one. True, I was as yet, or rather I had been, up to this moment, ignorant of the appearance and character of those blood-thirsty insects, save what I had heard from others, but their descriptions had made me too well acquainted with the peculiar "hum-m-m," in which the little wretches delight, to feel a doubt as to the nature of my assailants. The more I rubbed the places they had bitten, the more they swelled, until I was literally covered with small excrescences, red and purple, such as a devoted attachment to the brandy bottle often produces upon the nose of the toper; and, what was worse, each pimple itching most acutely. At length I could stand it no longer. I sprung from the bed, and determined to seek a light. I had, fortunately for my convenience, a small

box of lucifers in my dressing-case, and soon lit the lamp. My first visit, lamp in hand, was to the looking-glass, in which I discovered my forehead all blotched over in the most frightful way. I then went to the bed, and as I held the light over the pillow, I saw two of the ugliest-looking little monsters I had ever set my eyes upon. "These are musquitoes," I muttered, as I surveyed them—gnat-like insects, with swollen bodies, curved up at the tail. I brought my hand down heavily upon one of them, I fancy indeed he was too full to fly, and a blot of blood upon the pillow marked where he had been. I felt glad, although I knew but too well whose blood it was, that I had thus scattered; at the same time that sundry smarts upon my legs assured me that many of them had not yet had enough.

I put down the lamp on a chair, and then jumped into bed, carefully tucking the curtains below the mattrass as I had seen them at first, preparatory to engaging in a general *battue* against all the musquitoes that they imprisoned. I commenced by arming myself with the pillow, and having swept it round the sides of the enclosure to collect them all as much as possible into the middle, I brought it down three or

four times with terrible energy upon the bed. A solitary delinquent, however, was the sole result, and as I surveyed him with interest, others attacked me in the rear, and I was obliged to renew operations. I found, after a time, that the pillow would not do—my exertions had thrown me into a perfect bath of perspiration, and only two victims the result! so depositing the pillow in its place, I proceeded to close quarters, first wrapping myself well up in the sheet, and then endeavouring to squash my adversaries between my open palms. What other people without must have thought of the various noises I was making, if any were listening, I did not stop to inquire, for I was delighted to find that my new mode of procedure was more successful than the former. Clap, clap, clap, went my hands, and one after another of the assailants lost his life, until I could find no more of them. I then lay down, hot, weary, and exhausted with my recent energetic proceedings, and, notwithstanding the heat, fell asleep.

I had not slept long, however, when I was again awoke by heat and musquitoes combined—some of the latter, I suppose, having made their way in subsequently, or escaped my san-

guinary onslaught. Again forsaking my bed, I partially dressed, and spent the remainder of that dreadfully long night in the verandah. Most heartily did I wish that the coach left at three instead of five, but wishes were unavailing, and, for more than three hours, I walked up and down, smoking the while, and listening to the strange hum of insect and reptile life, that makes the night of the tropics far noisier than the day.

When it was four o'clock, I returned into my room to dress. I had more than half got through my toilet, when a knock at my door informed me that the servant who had promised faithfully to wake me at four, had just awoke himself. It was then twenty minutes past, and as my kind Mentor informed me it was "plenty time for master to get up." I quite agreed with him, informing him at the same time that I had been up since two o'clock, and was then in expectation of coffee, not of being called. In ten minutes the coffee made its appearance, and as the old, grey-bearded "boy," (for, strange to say, they call all servants of all ages, *boys* in Ceylon,) informed me that the coach office was not five minutes' walk distant, I had another long wait in the verandah, feeling considerably

refreshed, however, by the ablution and the coffee. At length it was ten minutes to five, and, with a coolie or porter carrying my portmanteau, I bid adieu to the "hotel," and commenced my journey to Colombo—my heavier luggage having been left in the *Parsee*, which was to proceed to Colombo in a few days.

The moon had risen an hour before, and its light, with that of the stars, was sufficient to enable us to distinguish objects faintly as we went along. At length we arrived opposite a large door, with two stunted trees on each side. "Here, Saar," said the coolie, as he put my portmanteau down against one of the trees, exhausting in those two words nearly his whole available stock of English. I looked around, but saw no signs of coach or horses, of people or bustle. All was still. The coolie has made some mistake, thought I, and can't speak English. Perhaps the coach starts from some other place.

"Where's the coach that goes to Colombo?" shouted I in his ear, hoping, by the loudness with which I spoke, to make him comprehend me.

"Here, Saar," said he again, as he coolly proceeded, having found a large stone, to ham

mer it on the iron hinges of the door, shouting out some words all the time, that seemed invariably to end with "man gee," in a singing tone. At length the violent knocking, and no less violent shouting, elicited a reply from within. The coolie turned to me with a grin, as if he would have said, "You see." I so understood his look at all events, and replied, "I see nothing extraordinary in your waking somebody with all that. But where's the mail-coach?"

"Here, Saar," shouted he again, grinning; and again commencing the vociferation of the Singhalese sentence invariably ending in "man gee." At length the door opened, and a huge, half-dressed, negro-like Portuguese stood before us. His black hair stood up straight from his head like the bristles of a hedgehog, and added some inches to his height, which was in itself great.

"Does the coach start from here?" I asked, delighted to see a pair of pantaloons under such circumstances.

"Yes, Sir," he replied, squeakingly; "in five minutes it will be off."

"O, then it only calls here," I observed.

"No, Sir," said he, in a half-feminine, half-

boyish voice, that contrasted strangely with his uncouth figure—"No, Sir, it starts from here;" and, as he said so, I saw a strange waggon-like vehicle lumbering up to us, drawn by four coolies. This was the mail-coach—a miserable cart, with canvas curtains hanging down on either side, and room inside for six at the utmost, whilst the driver might possibly accommodate one or two on his box! A flat roof covered it, whence depended the aforesaid canvas curtains, and on which I suppose luggage is sometimes packed. Two horses, that did not look as if they were particularly disposed to go on, were speedily harnessed, and after another delay of five minutes for the coachman, also a Portuguese, preparations were made for starting. It took the united force of the establishment—coachman, grooms, coolies, and all—to set the machine in motion. Some turned round the wheels, others belaboured the horses, others pushed from behind, whilst two pulled vigorously at the horses' heads and ears. At length we were fairly off—I the only passenger, my leathern portmanteau constituting all the luggage! It was then a quarter past five; when they would have started, had I not been going, I cannot conjecture. We rattled

through the streets at a capital pace; but to my surprise, as I looked round I found our vehicle literally covered with natives holding on, on all sides, like shell-fish stuck to a ship's bottom. Even my friend the negro-like Portuguese, in the same elegant *déshabille,* was sitting composedly on the step by which I had mounted. I thought it very odd, but for a time said nothing. At length I asked my mop-headed companion whether they were all coming to Colombo. "No, Sir," he squeaked out; "but there's another start at the post-office." That explained it, and I was satisfied.

Arrived at the post-office, we stopped. There was a man in the verandah to be woke first, which took some time. He then proceeded to wake those within, by a repetition of the same process my coolie had employed to wake the "mail-coach office." There was the same hammering of a stone on the iron-work of the door—the same vociferation of sentences ending in "man gee"—the same intervals of repose and renewals of the assault, and with the same result. A voice answered from within; the door was slowly opened; and at length the mail-bags were deposited in Her Majesty's mail-

coach. I have heard that there are many strange vehicles employed by the post-office in England to convey letters about, including hand and wheel-barrows, with the royal arms on them; but I do not think that in all Her Majesty's dominions there was a conveyance in 1843 that would have more surprised the royal lady herself, had she seen it starting, than the Galle and Colombo mail-coach.

Portuguese mop-head was right. There *was* another start; and again was the entire force of the mail coach-office put in requisition—aided by sundry volunteers from the post-office—to set us in motion, and again with the same triumphant success. We rattled under the gate of the Fort, and were gone. I looked round, but grooms, Portuguese, and coolies had disappeared. Their morning's duty was performed, and they were doubtless retiring to sleep off the fatigue of the exertion. What amused me most was the perfect gravity with which the whole operation was gone through. There was no smiling, no loud laughter, no jest or answer. It seemed to be regarded by all as far other than a laughing matter. The scientific precision with which the horses' ears

were grasped—the grim determined air with which the spokes of the wheels were handled—the dogmatic sternness with which the horses were flagellated—all showed that it was an accustomed affair, too common to be at all amusing—rather, indeed, the reverse to all parties.

The Portuguese coachman, a native groom, and myself constituted the entire occupants of the vehicle; and right glad was I when I saw the sun rising over the forests and hills on our right, as we made our way rapidly along a beautiful road, lined on either side by masses of cocoa-nut trees—their graceful stems and the delicate tracery of their foliage becoming every moment more distinct. Occasionally we were near the sea, its waves breaking into foam on one side, whilst thick vegetation bounded our path upon the other.

The road, throughout the entire distance, was beautifully variegated by wild and cultivated scenery, and yet it was completely level, scarcely a hill to compare even with Ludgate, throughout the entire journey of more than seventy miles. Occasionally we caught glimpses of fishing-boats making their way out to sea or returning to shore, whilst on land, as we

passed the various villages, the people seemed to be employed principally in the expressing of oil from the cocoa-nut by a rude species of machinery, turned by the most diminutive of bullocks. Women were to be seen occasionally pounding rice in a wooden mortar with a large iron-shod stick for a pestle, labour that seemed to be by far the most active and energetic in which any portion of the people were employed. Three or four times during the journey, a priest of Budha passed us by—to me one of the most interesting of objects, anxious as I was to learn something of the strange faith which the Budhists professed. The yellow robes of these priests, encircling the body and legs, and thrown over the right shoulder, whilst the left remained bare—the small leaf-fan which they held in their hands—their abstracted air, so befitting those who professed to have higher thoughts than "of the earth, earthy"—all tended to invest them with an interest in my mind far superior to that with which I regarded any other class of the inhabitants. Generally speaking, they passed us by, without so much as lifting their eyes to the carriage, making one almost believe that they had succeeded in effecting what appears to be the great object of

their philosophy and religion—the detachment of the mind from all cleaving to external objects, and the fixing of it on itself, and on higher subjects of meditation.

I was as yet by no means reconciled to the colour of the Singhalese, and therefore regarded, more with disgust than benevolence, the troops of naked children whom we saw playing in every village or in the neighbourhood of the cottages. Occasionally the little imps treated us to a friendly cheer as we passed, and there was so much that was human in the honest sound that I felt it open my heart to them; but, for the most part, they contented themselves with a quiet, silent stare, and then a short run after the vehicle. As for the women, I do not believe it would be possible for female humanity to dress itself more unbecomingly than the majority of the Singhalese do. Some, indeed, I remarked who dispensed with all covering above the loins, but they were chiefly old withered hags, engaged in beating the coir which surrounds the cocoa-nut. Those who were more respectable wore a white jacket, closed in front, loosely dangling over their shoulders and breast—no attempt whatever being made to fit it to the shape, or to confine it

at the waist. A piece of cloth wrapped round the lower part of the person, resembling scanty petticoats, and similar to what the men wear, formed their nether habiliments, whilst between the two a dreadful hiatus was often left, disclosing a considerable portion of the chest or stomach, over which the white jacket above projects ungracefully, the further in proportion to the fulness of the bust, thereby casting a shadow on the exposed skin below, that renders the contrast between it and the white jacket all the greater. Altogether, a more unbecoming and a more ungraceful dress it would not be easy for women to adopt; and yet I found that this abominable style was general throughout the island amongst the middle classes. The higher classes show some attention to elegance, by fitting the vest, to a certain extent, to the figure; but such women are only to be seen in the interior, or in remote villages, where the chiefs have taken up their abodes.

As we made our way briskly to the north, occasionally impeded by the difficulty of getting some fresh horses to start, and sometimes crossing wide rivers or small arms of the sea in large flat-bottomed boats prepared for the purpose, I was joined by two gentlemen from some

of the stations in the neighbourhood, who were likewise on their way to Colombo. We stopped at a village called Bentotte, about half-way between Galle and our destination, for breakfast. The village is celebrated for its fresh and salt water fish; and a more palatable or more excellent breakfast, of its kind, it would not be easy to get anywhere than the hospitable little rest-house at Bentotte afforded us. The light curry and rice, or fish and rice breakfasts usually partaken of in India and Ceylon, are admirably adapted to the climate, and to the European constitution—far more so, I believe, than the extensive and heterogeneous collections of viands with which Anglo-Indians load their tables at dinner.

The views afforded by the wider river-estuaries on the road from Galle to Colombo particularly as one approaches the latter town, are strikingly beautiful, as examples of what might be called landscape-garden scenery. The broad expanse of water closely hemmed in by thick foliage nodding over the banks of the stream, and stretching far up into the country in winding, luxurious, and graceful curves, wants but the light skiff of the West, with its glistening white sails, to render it picturesque as well as

beautiful. At Caltura, one of these outlets, the wild loveliness of the scene is enhanced by the ruins of an old Dutch fort, situated on the only hill near the mouth of the river, and as the traveller is wafted slowly across the broad and placid sheet of water, he must have a quiet imagination indeed, if he does not associate traditions and tales of bravery, and war, and love, with the old moss-covered walls that look down so silently and sad upon the variegated landscape below.

CHAPTER II.

COLOMBO AND THE CINNAMON GARDENS.

"In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk."
Comedy of Errors, act ii., sc. 2.

But few, even of oriental towns, are built in so scattered a manner as the capital of Ceylon. The old Dutch fort forms the nucleus, on all sides of which stretch the European and native suburbs. Due north and south, lining the sea-shore, are situated detachments of neat white houses, with picturesque verandahs, occupied by the European community, whilst in an island formed by the Colombo lake—a flat, unvariegated island, by no means of a picturesque character—others of the same fraternity, particularly military, have taken up their quarters. From these different stations, the drive into the fort, the great centre of Governmental and mercantile business, is a pleasant one—the

roads, for the most part, skirting the sea or th lake. East from the fort lies the native town or *pettah*, as they call it, a collection of narrow intricate streets, in which Singhalese, Malabars, Portuguese and Dutch descendants, Moormen and Parsees, are all to be found in close proximity to each other, professing as many different kinds of faith, and speaking as many different languages. The main street of this district is entirely occupied by shops and warehouses, where the native merchants and shopkeepers carry on their business, and it would not be easy to find elsewhere, a collection of goods so various and miscellaneous, as some of these shops contain. Chandeliers, plate, dressing-cases, crockery, cloth, shawls, haberdashery, cigars, harness, saddlery, and perfumery, are all to be found in the well-stored warehouse of Neine Mereker for instance, a celebrated Mohammedan shopkeeper of this street. Neine Mereker is a small instalment of the name of the owner—the only portion of it known to Europeans—for the entire appellation is lengthier than that of a Portuguese princess.

"Well, Sir, what you want to-day?" asks Neine, as your buggy draws up before the door, making his portly way carefully through a crowd

more plebeian purchasers—that is, of purchasers who do not drive buggies.

"I want some cheroots, Neine," is the answer.

"Aha, you know I got plenty good cheroots in the other day, Sir, fresh from Singapore?" says Neine, as he again makes his way through the crowd—"you not seen these new dressing-cases I got from Paris, day before yesterday?"

"No, I have not," says the complaisant visitor, "they're very pretty. But they make these in Birmingham, Neine."

"No, no, no—ha, ha!—no, no, Sir, they not make that kind in Birmingham, I know. They make plenty good in Birmingham, but not that kind. All from Paris. Now look at these *papier mâché* things. You think that come from Birmingham. I know, no. All Paris, all Paris. See, plenty pretty pictures, eh! The ladies do like them so much. There was Mrs. Cubb," whispers Neine confidentially, mentioning the *belle* of Colombo, "did want to make her husband buy one, she wanted it so much. But he's all the same as one black bear—he turns his back to her, to look at his watch, and says he is plenty time to go home." So saying, Neine leads the way to the glass case in which a

tempting display of patent leather boots and shoes is presented to the eye of the visitor.

"Hoby's boots, Sir," he mutters, as he points to the glistening collection. Saddlery comes next. Neine points to a specimen—"same kind Prince Albert rides on," he insinuates, "all London made, Christy's, plenty good." The visitor, still taciturn, is next swept past a case of harness, and so Neine would take him all round his shop, certain of finding something he would buy ultimately, did not the impatient visitor speak of "cheroots" again.

"Ah, ah, I know," says Neine, disappointed, and opening a large chest, in the immediate vicinity of the spot whence they had set out, displays a tempting array of boxes of five hundred and a thousand, Nos. 2, 3 and 4—all fresh from Manilla, he declares, for Neine is well aware that the Manillas, unlike the Havannahs, do not improve with age.

If it be a lady that he thus escorts, Neine has a whole host of articles to show her fresh from London, from Paris, from Canton. Silks, shawls, bonnets, and flowers, all, strange to say, obtained within the last few days; not an article a week old in his shop by his own account; nor do I doubt that he will often show

to the fair purchasers the very counterpart of the last bonnet worn by Her Majesty herself. Shopping may be a pleasant thing for ladies in London, and doubtless pleasant it is to judge by the quantity of time devoted to it, but I doubt if it can be considered pleasant under any circumstances in India or Ceylon. The intense heat, and the unpleasant close smell of any collection of new goods, of whatever kind, rendering the shops almost unsupportable.

The Fort of Colombo is a very large and a very badly constructed one. I have heard military men say that it would take five thousand men to garrison it properly. At the time of which I speak, there were seventeen gunners in it, and two companies of a European regiment. It is situated on a rocky projection, nearly in the middle of the western coast, washed partially by the sea on three sides, and with a lake stretching away to the south-east. There are several small streets in it, lined with low houses on either side, some occupied by merchants as offices and warehouses, others by European shopkeepers, and a few used as dwelling-houses by subaltern military officers and others. Government house, where the Governor resides, a large public library, two churches, a bank, the principal offices of Govern-

ment, together with a small esplanade, and barracks, are all likewise contained within its walls. From all sides in the morning, may be seen buggies and dog-carts, and palanquin-carriages (with grooms running at the horses' heads, or flying behind like the tail to a boy's kite, attached by one arm to the vehicle,) making their way vigorously into the Fort. Its drawbridges, and covered ways, and embankments and gates, however useless against an enemy, forming formidable obstacles to the unlucky driver who happens to have a spirited horse. Merchants, military and commissariat officers, and those employed by the local Government, keep perpetually rolling in from nine to eleven in the morning, in the whitest possible habiliments—white pantaloons, white waistcoat, and white jacket, surmounted but too frequently by as white a face, out of which the heat and the musquitoes have sucked every trace of colour and of blood. Towards evening again, between three and six, the same stream makes its way, through the only two gates available for the purpose, back to the suburbs, the grooms running at the horses' heads, or flying behind the buggies and dog-carts in the same wild style as in the morning. A few ride from the Fort in the evening, but this exercise is generally re-

served for a later hour, when a large piece of unoccupied ground south of the Fort, and by the sea shore, called the Galle Face, is crowded by carriages and equestrians, some seeking the cool breeze from the sea, others exhibiting their horses and new liveries, and others their fine dresses and habits, just as on the Strand in Calcutta—the only difference of importance being that whilst a carriage with two horses is the exception in Colombo, it is the rule in the City of Palaces, where a far larger number of barouches and chariots make their appearance than of any other description of vehicle.

The library is the principal resort in the daytime for those in the Fort who have leisure or desire to read the periodicals. An admirable institution it is, well supplied with the current and standard literature of England, and containing many valuable classical and foreign works of travels. The principal newspapers and periodicals of England and the Presidencies are to be found on its tables, and although the character of the literature monthly added to its shelves, is principally popular or light, there are but few valuable works published in England respecting the East, which do not find their way into it. To the expatriated Briton there can be no greater plea-

sure than to be able to visit, when he pleases, an institution in which he finds himself surrounded by the old familiar magazines and reviews, and newspapers, from which he daily received instruction or amusement when at home—yes, at home—for, let him go where he will, home means, not his dwelling-place or temporary residence, but the country he has left, and to which he hopes some day to return.

The trees with which the Dutch bordered the roads and streets in the Fort, form an agreeable contrast to the glistening white and red-tiled houses, and an agreeable shade to the pedestrian who makes his way under so tropical a sun as that of Colombo, from one part of the curious old fortification to another. These trees, however, are fast disappearing under the innovating reformations of John Bull, and he does not see the propriety of planting new ones as fast as the old are removed. In fact, he does not consider them business-like enough, and hence his aversion to what is merely intended to adorn and to gratify.

A canal, of which no one knows the use apparently, and which is so seldom filled with water that it might be correctly styled "the dry canal," divides the barracks and parade-ground from the business portion of the Fort,

and as the visitor looks across it, he may see numbers of sturdy warriors, doomed, perhaps for their sins in a former birth, a native would say, to dress themselves daily in heavy red cloth coats, as unfitted for wear in such a climate as the constitution of the wearers for exposure to such a sun—some leaning over the railing of their verandah to watch and remark upon the native idlers below, others lying passively on mats, engaged in the meditative process of smoking, but all listless and quiet, as if unable or unwilling to exert themselves in any way in such an atmosphere.

The cinnamon gardens in the vicinity of Colombo, form one of its chief attractions, both to the occasional visitor and to the resident. My buggy has been left at the library—we will drive to them. The horse-keeper is dozing as he sits on his heels right in front of the horse's head, doubtless under the conviction that it will be impossible for the vehicle to go on very far without awakening him. A word or two recalls him to himself, although he is not always so easily awoke, and we are off. Government house is left on our right—a building of little pretension—too low to be grand, and too Dutch-like, in its broad massive

expansion on either side, to be mistaken for the erection of any other people. The banks—for there were two in those days of coffee-planting and enterprize, although only one remains—are on our left; one of them a fine three-storied building, well-built, and remarkable amidst the architectural poverty around. The post-office we pass rapidly on our right, and find ourselves between two avenues of trees leading down to the gate of the Fort. Here we plunge into danger and gloom under a dark tortuous archway, where any enemy might be easily arrested by half a score of brave determined fellows, if the said enemy would be but polite enough to make his way into the fort that way, and leave untried the far easier road over the battlements. Emerging from this subterranean defile,—invented, some say, by a coach-builder, who had become by accident Governor of Colombo, when the Fort was being built—emerging from it, without having taken off the wheel at the sharp angle in the midst of the Tartarean passage, or dislocated the hood against the envious projecting buttress a little further on, we find ourselves on a narrow level road skirted by what ought to be a ditch I believe, but is a

green level plot of grass, leading down to a draw-bridge outside another gateway, at which a second sharp angle invites buggies, palanquin-carriages, and dog-carts to destruction. The sea is before us—a narrow strand only broad enough for a road, separates the frowning walls and muddy ditch of the Fort from the glorious ocean beyond. On our right the surf is dashing against the huge rocks incessantly, and then scattering it in showers of spray over the ramparts, whilst before us, in all its magnificent grandeur and sublime vastness, stretches the placid bosom of the deep, meeting, in a distinct line beyond, the overarching blue.

We are now approaching the Galle Face—the favoured haunt of the beauties and beaux of Colombo, when the sun is taking his departure for the day, and precipitating himself into the ocean. Not a cloud obscures the grand luminary at some seasons of the year, whilst he sinks away to the horizon, now touching the water with his reddened disc, anon cloven in two by the clear line that divides earth and sky, and scattering glorious rays lavishly over the ocean and the heavens until the whole western welkin shines with a

blood-red glow, which, reflected on the surface of the water, is beautiful to behold.

> " The sun is dying like a cloven king
> In his own blood; the while the distant moon,
> Like a pale prophetess, whom he has wronged,
> Leans, eager forward, with most hungry eyes,
> Watching him bleed to death, and, as he faints,
> She brightens and dilates; revenge complete,
> She walks in lonely triumph thro' the night."

It is only in the tropics that such a scene as the poet pictures here can be seen in all its vivid reality, although of course it may be imagined, in the more cloudy north.

But leaving the contemplation of the grandeur and magnificence of nature, let us turn our attention to the scene which humanity displays on this strip of green that fringes the lake on one side, and the ocean on the other. It is a fine evening, the day has been intensely hot, and all Colombo is on the "Face." By the sea-shore roll quietly lines of carriages of all kinds, drawn by horses as various looking. Some of the vehicles one might almost fancy had left England when Charles the Second reigned, and carriages were becoming for the first time extensively used, so antiquated and dilapidated do they appear to be, whilst the poor horses, labouring along, find it useless to attempt anything more than a solemn walk

with them. Others are of the newest cut, and that which is most unsuited to the climate, whilst their occupants seem uneasy if their horses have a moment's breathing-time. I have known a young man, ambitious and eccentric, who disliked being only like other people, and who imported in consequence a London cab into Colombo, with front board, C springs, and tiger's stand complete, cooped up in which, and protected by it from every breath of air, he perspired and smiled amazingly, whilst the light Arab horse to which it was attached, with difficulty tugged it forwards. The equestrians occupy the turf, and if the carriages be outré-looking and absurd, every one must admire the horses and their riders that figure on the "Face." The elegant Arab is in his native element when he has a firm-handed, light rider on his back. The fat pursy Colonel of sixty, whose huge dimensions no other uniform but his own would encase, does not look either picturesque or interesting, mounted on a slightly-built graceful Arab of thirteen hands high, but he is an exception. The majority of the cavaliers are young men and maidens, and, as they sweep over the turf in animated converse or

excited emulation, none can deny that the scene is one of striking beauty and great attractiveness. The fine forms of the horses, exhibited to perfection in the bounding canter or more severe gallop—the light airy figures of the female equestrians, bending gracefully over the saddle-bow as they manage their steeds or converse with their companions—the athletic figures of the young military officers, who love to display at once their skill in horsemanship and their red coats—altogether form a scene of a new and exciting character, in which the various colours of the horses, the hues of the flowing riding-habits, the black hats and coats of the civil, and the red jackets of the military, horsemen, all combine and contrast elegantly with each other, and with the green turf beneath. It is doubtful whether even the drawing-rooms of the private houses or the ball-rooms of public assemblies, are more frequently the birth-place of love between youthful members of Colombo society, than the Galle Face. Certain it is that many choose the lonely ride and the confidential companionship which it engenders, for the disclosure of affection and the making of what is so vulgarly called "a proposal." Nor would

it be easy perhaps to find a better opportunity for such a purpose than when the warm blood has been set rapidly in motion by the most agreeable of all forms of exercise.

A smart trot through Colpetty—a suburb of Colombo, extending to the south beyond the "Face," and almost exclusively occupied by the English—brings us to the entrance into the cinnamon gardens. Every cultivated spot of ground in Ceylon is called a garden, and therefore in the cinnamon gardens, the visitor will be much disappointed if he expects to see neat walks, trimly laid out, or artificial arrangements intended to heighten or improve the effects of nature. There is nothing of all this here, and yet gardens they undoubtedly are, in the noblest and truest sense of the term. The well-kept road affords us an excellent view of them on either side. The whole place resembles a wilderness of laurel bushes growing out of masses of snow or salt. The fine sand which forms the external coating of the soil is almost purely white, and the bushes thrive in it luxuriantly. They grow in irregular tufts, their perennial green of all hues, varying from the faintest yellow to the most sombre brown, contrasting pleasantly with the glimpses of

white sand beneath, which the visitor occasionally gets, as he rides or drives along. Nothing can be more delicate in hue than the first tender leaves of the cinnamon bush, as they shoot forth variously from its branches—half-opening, half-curling up, as if afraid to trust themselves to the broad, garish light of day. Their flavour too is a faint, pleasant, aromatic one, that tempts the early wanderer to pluck them occasionally as he brushes past, and, whilst the dew is rising in vapour from the leaves, caught up by the morning sun, it carries with it a delightful perfume of the spicy shrub, which makes the air peculiarly pleasant. On horseback, or in a buggy, the visitor's eye sweeps unimpeded over the wide extent of the tops of the bushes, which cluster thickly on the ground, here and there a solitary tree arresting his attention, and looking as if it were sorry to have left the agreeable companionship below. In the very centre of the plantation, a noble knot of lofty trees, judiciously planted, afford an agreeable shade, and make the pedestrian sigh for a bench on which to enjoy the scenery and the refreshing air,

It is only in the morning, as I have said, that the cinnamon bush affords a perfume, just

when the dew is being evaporated from the young leaves,—at all other times, a strong imagination may conjure up a "spicy breeze," but it is entirely of the character of a "baseless fabric of a vision;" no such breeze blows, no such odour is wafted over sea or land—"the only thing that can ordinarily be smelt about them," as my uncle, old-bachelor like, somewhat cynically observed, "being the rotten leaves, which," he added, "have very much the same perfume in all countries." There certainly are few places in which a ride is more agreeable, or perhaps more beneficial, than in these gardens, and accordingly on every fine evening, that is, on nineteen evenings out of every twenty, they are visited by numbers who have become weary of the constant unchanging round on the Galle Face, and who desire rather to obtain amusement and enjoyment for themselves, than to afford them to others. The morning however is the proper time to visit these gardens—just when the rays of the sun are struggling with the few light misty clouds that impede their progress, just when the dew is beginning to forsake the leaves, and the birds, waking from their night's sleep, are replacing the hoarse murmur of insect life by their own

sweet chirping and songs—then it is that the visitor, whether on foot or on horseback, may truly enjoy the gardens, and then it is of course that they are most deserted.

The preparation of the spice from the bush is a very simple operation. Sticks, as straight as possible, three or four feet long, are cut from the bushes in large numbers, the thickest, not much grosser than one's thumb, the thinnest not so small as one's little finger. These sticks are held by the operator in his left hand, resting lengthways on his fore-arm, whilst with a sharp knife, prepared for the purpose, he cuts the bark down the entire length of the stick, and then peels it off, endeavouring to retain the pieces of as great a length and breadth as possible. A slip of the knife would of course bury it at once in the hand or arm, but practice makes them quite perfect in the matter, and they seldom injure themselves. To the visitor who sees the stick pressing into the soft flesh of the arm, or almost imbedded in the muscle of the bare thigh, whilst the knife is brought rapidly along, making a deep incision, the labour appears a highly dangerous one, nor can a spectator witness it at first without a shud-

der; but to the operators themselves the fear of the novice is merely a subject of amusement —they see no danger in it, and know that carelessness alone can turn off the edge of the keen knife, even at the hardest knot. The strips of bark, so peeled off, are then thoroughly dried in the sun, rolled up into thin cylinders, the smaller being placed within the larger, and packed for exportation.

There was much in my life in Colombo that I enjoyed with a keen relish. True the heat and musquitoes were dreadful, and never was there a greater martyr to the latter than I was. From the moment of my arrival almost, they had evidently marked me as their own, whilst the heat was increased by my constant desire for exertion of some kind. But if the middle of the day was all but unbearable, the mornings and evenings were delightful; and in coursing through the cinnamon gardens or boating on the Colombo lake, I found both employment and exercise of the most agreeable kind. I did not think much of the Governor's dinners, stiff, formal, and unenjoyable as they were, and even a ball at Government House did not appear to me to be the acmé of felicity, but even these were interesting be-

cause they were novel, and their very novelty made up for their dulness.

The coffee-estate, which I had left England to manage, was already planted, and in bearing it is true, and there were all the hopes and fears of a new and untried life yet to be entered upon and to be encountered; but these considerations did not trouble me much. There was something piquant in the very idea of life in the jungle which made me wish to be there as soon as possible. My uncle's former partner, whose place I supplied, was dead, and a Portuguese servant, a confidential man, was at present acting as superintendent. He was thoroughly acquainted with coffee-planting practically, and I theoretically, so that I had no doubt we should form between us an admirable estate. In the mean time I learned Singhalese and Anglo-Ceylon customs in Colombo, whilst residing with my relative. He was a kind though eccentric old bachelor, who had lived for fifteen years in the island, and had a profound contempt for everything but commerce and coffee-planting, and for every one except those engaged in them.

On a native holiday, when there was no

business doing in the Fort, he accompanied me to the house of a clergyman, to whom I had recently been introduced, and who had invited us to visit a Budhist temple at the opposite extremity of the lake, by the side of which his house was built. We started very early. Even the morning was oppressively hot, whilst a mist, rising from the ground just preparatory to the sun's appearance, rendered the air heavier and more oppressive than it would otherwise have been. We had a journey of several miles to accomplish in this atmosphere, cooped up in a close palanquin-carriage.

Mr. Padre, our host, was a pious man, an exception to the general rule in India; and as morning prayers were but just beginning on our arrival, we joined the family. I have said that the ground without was steaming; vapours were endeavouring to rise through the loaded air, but ineffectually, for there were other vapours above—not fogs, such as London delights in, but invisible steam, not to be seen, but to be most indubitably felt. The atmosphere within the house was little more tolerable; and as I took my seat I felt two streams coursing down upon either side of my forehead, which it was useless to interrupt by occasional mopping up.

Not a single musquito had remained out of doors on this particular morning. I was a perfect martyr to them. They had been swarming at home when we left; but they were swarming near the lake in still greater abundance. I had scarcely taken my seat to listen with what devotion such an atmosphere and such circumstances would allow, when I felt that my old enemies were upon me. At the knees my pantaloons were of course drawn more tightly than elsewhere, and, as I never could endure drawers in a climate where all dress was superfluous, the larger animals of the musquito kind invariably found out this weak point, and perched upon my knee—insinuatingly inserted their probosces, as if that knee were their own—and then commenced their depredations. I became painfully conscious in a moment that they were at work, and, looking down, distinguished two monsters already bloated with excessive sucking. I put my hand out quietly, as if intending nothing particular, and allowed it gently to descend upon the smarting, itching knee; but they were gone; the rascals had been too quick for me. I rubbed the wounded member a little, and then placed the other knee upon it, for the

pressure was agreeable. Amidst the sonorous reading of the Scriptures there was a constant buz, buz, buz from my bloodthirsty enemies around my ears, longing for a bite. By skilful evolutions of the head and hand I contrived to keep them from settling. The punkah was pulled but lazily, and it would not have done to have shouted out under such circumstances. I directed many an agonized glance at the wretch who was pulling it, but he heeded them not, for he was dozing; his head had sunk upon his breast, and his closed eyes showed that he was utterly oblivious of my woes, and likely to remain so; whilst his hand moved mechanically backwards and forwards, lazily, heavily, and uncertainly. In the mean time a smart of more than ordinary poignancy, caused by some monster musquito I suppose, made me almost jump from my chair. I forgot where I was for an instant, and brought down my hand with terrific force upon my leg, with force enough to have killed a thousand of the insects had they been collected there; but the start had warned the poacher away, and he was quietly performing gyrations round my chair, waiting for the next convenient opportunity. I felt ashamed of myself; all eyes

were upon me for an instant; my uncle was grave; and it was quite evident that Mr. Padre's family, consisting of Mrs. Padre and two Misses Padre, looked upon me already as a dissipated character. But, alas! these were but the beginnings of sorrows. I was seated upon a cane chair, and through "the interstices between the intersections" (*vide* Johnson's definition of network), these insatiable blood-suckers made their way to another portion of my frame, where the pantaloons were equally tight, and where it was impossible for me to get at them. The loud report which my hand had caused in coming down with such force upon my thigh had roused my friend the punkah-puller. I saw a malicious grin upon his countenance, as he fixed his eyes on me, and pulled harder and more regularly. The agitation of the air caused by his vigorous exertions relieved me from the enemies who had been swarming round my head; but, alas! they had only made their way under the chair, where the influence of the punkah was not to be felt. I could sit at ease no longer. It was only by constantly changing my posture that I could detach those who had attacked me from beneath; and what with the pain and the

endeavour to prevent fresh assaults, I literally writhed in a species of perpetual motion. It was impossible for mortal man to endure it long. That interminable chapter would apparently never be done; and seeing a chair with a horse-hair seat in my vicinity—(the cane-bottoms are generally preferred for coolness)—I at length mustered up courage to rise, and convey my person to the safer piece of furniture, on which I was at all events secure from such insidious attacks from beneath. Another general stare was the result of this fresh move on my part, and I felt as if I should like very much to be anywhere but where I was. *Mauvaise honte* was my prevailing folly; and I blushed up to my ears first, and then down again to my toes. Punkah-puller was grinning more indecently than ever, almost audibly, in fact, and I felt as if I could with pleasure have vented my accumulated rage and shame and pain upon him. I thought he saw that in my face, for he turned away his eyes when mine met his, and hid his dark features between his knees again. The reading proceeded as before—the temporary interruption caused by my sudden move was at an end—and I now ventured to turn my atten-

tion to the chair I had left. From where I sat, at a short distance from it, I could distinctly see numerous musquitoes quickly and regularly revolving round the space enclosed by the feet of the chair beneath, evidently looking for the same consolation which some of their brethren had already received at the expense of my ease and comfort. I chuckled with satisfaction as I thought that they were outwitted now at all events, but was instantaneously recalled to a consideration of my own position by an acute sting upon the exposed knee, and another upon the most prominent portion of the calf of my leg. These assaults had been simultaneous, and all the injury was done before my attention had been called to them. But why linger upon so ticklish and painful a subject? Those who have never experienced the ferocious assaults of an army of musquitoes can have no sympathy with me; those who have, need but few words to recall the image to their mind—an image which,—

> "To those who know it not, no words can paint,
> Whilst those who know it, know all words are faint."

The reading of that chapter, which I had long looked upon as interminable, and which I still think must have been the longest in the

Bible, was at length finished, and we knelt. Any change, I thought, must have been for the better; but I was mistaken. My friend, the punkah-puller, had relapsed into somnolency, and the breeze caused by his exertions was of the most gentle and harmless description possible. I need scarcely say that, as I knelt, my jacket, exactly of the fashion of an English school-boy's, only differing in the material, which was white long-cloth, did not defend me from the assaults of the musquitoes, as a pale-tot, a frock-coat, nay, even a dress-coat, to some extent, would have done. It was impossible not to become speedily and painfully sensible of this fact, and, whatever my feelings of devotion, the pain to which I was subjected in consequence of the want of any posterior defence, was quite sufficient to have roused a saint from his propriety. To attend to the prayers, under such circumstances, was impossible. One of the Misses Padre was kneeling near me—the mother was fortunately at the opposite side of the study table—and my back was turned towards the reverend gentleman himself. I could not shy a book at the punkah-puller's head, to rouse him to greater exertions. I could not openly rise from my knees and seat

myself. I thought of quietly passing my handkerchief round, so as to form a kind of kilt worn on the wrong side, but I knew Mr. Padre must see such a manœuvre, and I knew that these sallow-faced, liver-diseased, old Anglo-Indians never give a young man credit for being so unmercifully persecuted as he sometimes is. He would ascribe it all to a species of irreverent larking, to which I was as little disposed as he was. The evil was every moment becoming more unendurable. I felt that a crisis was at hand, that something must be done; and at the risk of losing the esteem of a highly estimable and worthy family for ever, I did at length muster courage to insinuate my handkerchief as well as I could into the desired position; but this could not be done without noise, and a pause in the worthy clergyman's reading convinced me that he was watching my proceedings. I did not venture to turn my head—the Miss Padre beside me was evidently disturbed in her devotions by my uneasiness—and a sense of these accumulated and unmerited wrongs and sufferings threw me into a heat, to which, what I endured, when the thermometer was at 98° in the shade, was a trifle.

Throughout breakfast I was painfully con-

scious of the fact that every member of the family regarded me as a reprobate, and although I did all I could to remove the impression, I saw plainly that it was fixed in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Padre. The young ladies were more just, and, forsaking the parents, I did my best to ingratiate myself with the daughters. Whilst the preparations for departure to the Budhist temple, by boat, were being made, my uncle found an opportunity of addressing me privately.

"I thought you had learned a little more reverence for religion in college," said he, "than to create such a disturbance at prayer-time." The struggling grin which played round his mouth as he spoke, proved to me that he was thoroughly aware both of the extent of my persecution and of its cause.

"There never was a man so beset by those plagues, the musquitoes, as I am," I replied. "I endured enough this morning, both at prayers and at breakfast, to weary out the most imperturbable patience."

"They bite you through your pantaloons, then?" said he.

"They bite me through everything, but my boots," said I.

"A florid complexion," he answered, grin-

ning; "never knew a florid complexion that wasn't a martyr to them."

"Very satisfactory to know that, truly," I replied.

"Oh, but you'll get rid of them on the coffee estate. They don't go up so high—only that the leeches are worse there, a thousand times worse there than the musquitoes here."

"A delightful country," I sighed, as I rubbed my knee, still smarting with the morning's infliction.

"As fine a country as there is under heaven, Sir," was his reply; "and if people will only wear drawers and leech-gaiters, they need not fear either the musquitoes or leeches much."

Mr. Padre joined us at the moment, and I endeavoured to give him some idea of my sufferings, but evidently without success.

We were soon seated in our host's boat, under a comfortable awning, and making our way slowly but pleasantly over the lake, as it glistened brightly in the sun's rays. The cool breeze that played over the surface of the water fanned our faces agreeably, and made the voyage enjoyable. Behind us was the sloping hill on which stood the house we had just left, its white walls and pillars contrasting well with the green lawn that swept down to the edge

of the lake, and with green Venetians that guarded the windows. We were rowed by four boatmen belonging to Mr. Padre's establishment, tastefully dressed in his livery of white and blue, and by no means exerting themselves to any dangerous degree to urge the boat too rapidly along. The winding, well-wooded shores of the lake stretched away from us on either side, more resembling those of a river in their form than the extremities of an extensive sheet of water—its broad expanse on the northern side, being shut out from view by the sinuous line of forest. Far away, at the extremity of the water, could be seen the temple to which we were bound, agreeably perched upon the summit of a hill, with its tapering spire pointing heavenwards, whilst behind it rose another, and a loftier hill, that seemed the outer barrier of the extensive valley occupied by the lake and forest.

An hour and a-half's rowing brought us to the landing place, where a somewhat steep path ascended to the temple and its dagobah. I escorted the elder Miss Padre, a demure, imperturbable young lady, very white, and very thoughtful—I doubt if she had ever, in the course of her life, acted once from impulse, even when an infant, so staid and sober, and me-

thodic, and calculating were her words and her actions. She was a valuable companion, however, in the present instance, for she explained much that would have been otherwise incomprehensible to me.

"The Budhist temples consist of two parts," said she, as we ascended; "a *wihare*, in which the priests live, and where they read the sacred books to the people, and a *dagobah*, or monumental, bell-shaped erection, covering some relics, supposed by them to be holy."

"Then it is the *dagobah*, of which I see the spire overtopping the trees yonder," I observed

"It is," said she.

"And the other part, the w——"

"*Wihare*," she suggested.

"*Wihare*," said I, "is a kind of monastery."

"Something resembling a monastery and a chapel, amongst the Roman Catholics. One part of it is devoted to a large image of Gotama Budha, which the people worship, and another to the residence of the priests."

"They lead a quiet, peaceful, happy kind of life, I suppose," said I; "with little to do, save to consume the food the people give them."

"They are not wholly dependent on alms;"

she explained; "there are lands attached to the temple, on which they principally subsist. My papa knows the chief priest of this temple very well; and has often discussions with him; and I have heard pa say, that he believes the priests for the most part lead a moral, useful kind of life."

"How useful?" I asked.

"In teaching the young," was the reply.

By this time we had reached a square enclosure surrounded by low cottages, on one side of which the large massive temple rose,—its stuccoed walls shining like white marble, and making the thatched cottage-looking buildings in its vicinity, appear all the more mean and paltry. Mr. Padre and his younger daughter, a lively, interesting young lady, to whose cheek the exercise had lent a blush that made her look pretty, was close behind us; whilst, as we looked down the path, we saw my uncle and Mrs. Padre labouring along, as well as their size and weight would admit of, for neither of them was of small dimensions.

A yellow-robed priest, with shaven crown, and the usual fan in his hand, soon joined our party, and informed Mr. Padre, that the chief of the temple was absent—offering very politely

to escort us round the building himself. He spoke in Singhalese, which I had been studying zealously ever since my arrival, and in which I had now made some proficiency; and from a dark-skinned specimen of humanity, with his left arm and shoulder bare, and without shoes or stockings, shirt, coat, waistcoat, or pantaloons, nothing in fact, but a vast mass of yellow cloth wrapped round his body in voluminous folds, and stretching from his feet to his right shoulder—from such a figure our European prejudices would not have expected the perfect courtesy and good breeding, the gentlemanly suavity and elegance, with which he offered his services. I was surprised and pleased; and the film of prejudice through which, up to this moment, I had regarded the natives, was now torn from my eyes. Conventionalism is the bane of modern society. So little that is natural is left us, so little, indeed, that is not wholly and altogether artificial and unnatural, that even our impressions and feelings, our thoughts and convictions are too often not our own, but those of the society with which we mix, of the limited circle in which we move. Our minds, like our bodies, are so covered with tight trappings, swathing

bandages and drapery, that the form and feeling within are almost lost, or at all events, effectually concealed. Custom and society daily make new inroads into our individuality until little or nothing is left us that is our own; but, as in the diamond, the plain form of nature is exchanged for the angularities and caprices of the lapidary—the twinking and sparkling, perhaps, increased, but the gem certainly reduced in size, and the inward light torn from its dwelling, and thrown as much as possible upon the exterior, so it is with us—so is our individuality destroyed. I could not help making a reflection of this kind as I followed our swarthy friend, from the square, well-shaded court-yard in which we stood when he approached us, to the adjacent temple.

We passed a few youths seated on the ground nasally intoning a portion of their sacred books under the direction of a priest, and it was an interesting sight to see how little impression the approach of our party made upon the youthful assembly. Six Europeans, in what to them must have appeared to be holiday or masquerade attire, could not have been a common spectacle for them, yet so well-trained were they, or so apathetic, that there was no lifting of the head,

no stoppage of the recitation. The priest in charge of the little body did not once take his eyes from the page as we passed, whilst the youngsters cast but furtive glances now and then, as the ladies' dresses rustled together, or as we spoke. So different is the East from the West; so complete the contrast between the soft, apathetic, indifferent Asiatic, and the rough, energetic, curious, and eager European!

The massive walls of the temple reminded me of the Dutch buildings in the Fort of Colombo; in their thickness and solidity, all the more striking from the flimsy, temporary character of the wood and leaf cottages of the priests' dwellings without. Advancing into the gloomy interior, it was some time before the eye could distinguish objects, so abrupt had been the transition from the bright glare without to the comparative darkness within. At length the large outline of a recumbent figure became clearly perceptible in the surrounding gloom—a gigantic image of Gotama Budha, the man-god of Budhism, reclining on his right side, with his right hand under his head. There was little or nothing in the sculpture of the figure to admire, for all was g aring and exaggerated, but its faults were hidden by the im-

perfect light; the great fact which impressed itself on my mind, and doubtless which impresses itself powerfully on the minds of thousands of worshippers, being, that there, within two yards of us, was the image of a man worshipped by more votaries than any other man or god, real or pretended, that the world has ever seen or heard of! *That* was the impression that sunk deep into my mind, as I gazed, almost awe-struck with the thought, at the huge uncouth figure. Between three and four hundred millions of the human race are said to be believers in that wonderful being, and as many have been so for ages—believers, not in his goodness, in his holiness, in his wonder-working power merely, but believers in him as above all gods and men; "the most exalted in the universe; the chief of the universe; the most excellent in the universe," at whose conception all the worlds trembled, a preternatural light shining in each, the blind from birth received the power to see, the deaf heard the joyful noise, the dumb burst forth into song, the lame danced, the crooked became straight, those in confinement were released from their bonds, and the fires of all the hells became extinguished;*

* Hardy's "Manual of Budhism," p. 143.

and at whose birth, men, angels, and gods equally confessed their inferiority and his supremacy. The history of the world affords no page more extraordinary than that which records the rise and progress of Budhism; appearing to us in these material, matter-of-fact days all romance and falsehood, but the living fact exists before our very eyes, and although the successive steps by which it reached its present greatness may be hidden from us, unlike the progress of Mohammedanism, for instance, yet its widespread diffusion from Ceylon to China, from Malacca to the Caspian Sea, proves that it too has strided over the world in grandeur, and its traditions assure us, not with bloody malignity and violence, but mildly, peacefully, and harmlessly. Considerations such as these invest a Budhist temple with a mystery and a significance that cannot but make it interesting to the cultivated observer.

The altar on which the faithful make their simple offerings of flowers stood at a little distance from the image, together with a copper basin, in which their donations of money are received. The walls were entirely covered with paintings, in the stiff hard style of the Egyp-

tians and Assyrians, although with somewhat greater correctness of outline, representing, as the priest informed us, incidents in the life of Gotama, either when on earth as Budha, or in some former state of existence. On the outer wall in a sort of passage that surrounded the inner and sacred apartment were various similarly pictured scenes, intended, according to Miss Padre, who seemed to know all about them, as allegorical representations of the happiness of the blest, the advantages which accrue from embracing the faith of Gotama, and the misery of the damned. Some of these allegorical representations, if such they really were, were not of a kind that a European public would tolerate, but Miss Padre seemed quite innocent of the fact, and it certainly was not for me to hint it. I contented myself with looking at them, as they were described, wondering, at the same time, what the young lady's ideas of indecent pictures might be if she considered these decent—not that I ever asked such a question, or suggested a doubt on the subject—indeed I do not suppose that so imperturbable a soul as hers would have been at all disconcerted at the inquiry, for, I fancy, she

never supposed it possible that indecent figures could be drawn.

From the *wihare* we directed our steps to the *dagobah*, a large rounded mass of masonry terminating in a spiral minaret, that glistened brightly in the sun's rays. It was built, my companion informed me, in accordance with Budhistic custom, over some relics esteemed holy—generally over the bones of a saint. There was little about it, save its gigantic size and strange form, to arrest attention, and as I saw much finer samples of the same kind of building subsequently I shall not stop to describe it particularly.

Our inspection of this temple finished, we descended to the beach, where the servants had prepared a luncheon for us under a banian-tree. The repast, which was an agreeable one, concluded, we returned, as we had come, to Mr. Padre's house, delighted with our excursion.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY TO KANDY.

"Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestioned
Matters of needful value."—*Measure for Measure*, act i., sc. 1.

At length it became necessary to think of joining the estate of which I was already part-proprietor, and of which I intended, as soon as possible, to take the entire management into my own hands. My collegiate studies in England, it is true, did not appear to be the best possible preparation for such a new and untried mode of life, but I was mistaken. There was not so much difference after all between a wine-party in college, and a planter's party in the jungle. The former a little rougher, more boisterous and more boyish, the latter a little more intellectual often, and to me more interesting from the variety of character which it displayed. I was certainly as well prepared

for coffee-planting life as three-fourths of those who had already embraced it, whilst, by my devotion to active physical exercise and to study, I was far better suited for it than men who had abandoned an apathetic Anglo-Indian existence in the large towns of the East, to engage in it.

I had met, whilst in Colombo, an interesting couple, who, from the contrast which they exhibited with each other, powerfully arrested my attention—Mr. and Mrs. Hofer. Like myself, Mr. Hofer had abandoned an English home to embark his capital and his fortunes in coffee-planting, but whilst I had come to Ceylon to see what was to me the new world of the East as much as to make a fortune, he, on the other hand, had already seen it, was thoroughly disgusted with it, and had resolved to bury himself, as he expressed it, on a coffee-estate for ten years. He had been all over Europe, and had seen much of Asia and America already. I regarded him with an interest which I could not explain when I heard him discoursing, from personal knowledge, of Broadway, New York, and of Chowinghee, Calcutta. He seemed equally familiar with Trafalgar Square in London, the Place de

la Concord in Paris, and the Neuer Parade Platz of Vienna. His observations showed that he had gone through the world with his eyes open, and that he had made a good use of the opportunities he had had of studying mankind, and it was therefore with delight I heard of his having purchased land not many miles from Ruminacaddee, the nearest post town to our estate.

I had a few opportunities of studying Hofer's character in Colombo, and many subsequently. A brilliant fancy, a luxuriant imagination, acuteness of perception, warm but regulated benevolence, and an abiding sense of justice, had all been lavished upon him by nature or developed by cultivation, yet it appeared to me that the key-stone of the arch was wanting. The mind may be compared to the horse, the will to the rider. It avails nothing that we boast of the powers of our steed, of his swiftness, of his endurance, of his sure-footed paces, if we cannot guide and control him. The animal that runs away with his rider may travel over the most ground at the swiftest rate, but the slower-paced obeyer of the rein is still the more valuable of the two. And so of the mind. If the will cannot

control and direct the other faculties, their luxuriant growth and power become sources of irregular enjoyment, but often too of inconvenience, and result in a want of force of character. He had spent some months in Jamaica to learn the art of coffee-planting, and he had now arrived in Ceylon to turn his practical knowledge to account. I was interested so much, both in him and in his wife, that it was with extreme pleasure I accepted his offer to journey with them to Kandy.

Mr. and Mrs. Hofer had been but four months married. Their wedding trip was the overland journey from England to Ceylon, and the freshness of the first months of matrimony between the truly loving had not as yet worn off. A more complete contrast between two beings, notwithstanding their fitness for each other, scarcely ever existed. She had never left England before, except to pay a flying visit to the Continent, one of those hurried roving excursions which disgust even the oldest traveller, and implant indelible dislike to the noblest countries and cities, in the breast of the youngest. Thus was it with the fair Emma Morley. She was hurried from place to place, from city to city, from novelty to

novelty, until the absorbing wish of her heart was to return at once to her peaceful home in England again; and when she did so return, nothing but the strong bond of love could have succeeded in once more dragging her from her beloved country. Hofer, then on his way from Jamaica to Ceylon, saw, and wooed, and won her. He, the cosmopolitan, to whom all countries were equally indifferent, and she, the thoroughly-English maiden, shrinking from all but English habits, alive to every English virtue, nurtured from infancy in a love and admiration of every English characteristic, had come together to live in the wilderness, surrounded by rude semi-civilized mountaineers, whose dark skin is not more different from ours than are the constitution of their minds and the peculiarities of their habits!

The road from Colombo to Kandy leads, for half its length, over the even lowlands of the coast, exhibiting to the traveller on either side the usual aspects of tropical nature. Rice-fields deluged with water, and neatly divided by thin little mounds from each other, plantations of cocoa-nut and areca-nut trees with thin graceful stems and umbrella-like waving branches at the top—long strips of land in

cultivation here and there amidst these, loaded with various vegetables unknown to temperate regions, some protected partially from the sun by coverings, others wooing its fiery rays; and above them all, the great luminary himself, small, of a white heat, fierce in his scorching vigour, and casting a glow over the whole sky, blue though it was, which rendered it almost impossible to turn the eye upward in any direction. Although the forms of the vegetation and the aspect of the country were equally new, yet there was a monotony about this first day's journey, in consequence of the level character of the district, which we did not subsequently experience. Now and then a group of natives, naked generally to the waist, variegated the scene, their dark skins, and the bright colours of the handkerchiefs worn on their heads, or as girdles, being in vivid contrast to each other, whilst men, women, and children, as they proceeded, seemed all equally at a loss for time to say all that they had to say, so rapid and incessant was their talking.

We stopped for the night at a bungalow, half-way between Colombo and Kandy, beautifully situated in a valley, formed by a semicircular group of hills, amongst which the road wound

on to the east in its uninterrupted course. As the sun sank, large, clear and unclouded in the west, the full moon rose with a splendour peculiarly her own in the clear air of the tropics, upon the east. I know not how to give an idea of the loveliness of that night, as we enjoyed it, walking in the verandah of the bungalow, and bathing as it were in the flood of silver glory poured down so profusely by the pale queen of night upon the earth? Not even upon the ocean have I witnessed a splendour equal to that! The stars twinkled dimly here and there, obscured by the more powerful beams of the moon, whilst the whole earth seemed lit up with intensely burnished silver mirrors, reflecting floods of light in every direction. The dark shadows on the hill sides were rendered still darker by the soft glow which diffused itself equally upon all the salient points of the landscape. If one could choose, where all was loveliness, perhaps the palm trees presented the most strikingly new and bewitching aspect. Their long graceful leaves, wet with dew, shone with a mild radiance as the flood of light was poured down upon them, whilst, between their ever moving branches, the rays of the moon made their way timidly as it were to the earth,

where an exact impression of the graceful tracery above was pictured out upon the grass in black and silver, never at rest, but always lovely. All nature seemed to enjoy the glorious spectacle.—"Most glorious night," I involuntarily exclaimed with the poet, "thou wert not sent for slumber." From the minutest insects in the air to the hugest denizens of the forest, all seemed equally impressed with the same idea, that it were treason to the majesty of nature not to enjoy such a scene. The air was filled at intervals with the various noises that a luxuriant tropical fauna alone can produce; bellowing from the woods, the wild shriek or shrill cry of the monkeys mingling there with the trumpeting of the elephant; croakings from the river and marshes; loud buzzings from the trees and air; whilst birds called to and answered each other with incessant rapidity: all intermingled and alternated with each other at intervals, between which a silence as of universal awe or death, crept over the landscape—the nearer and sharper sounds ceased, the silent circle widened, and gradually the more distant reverberations ended, and then there was a perfect calm for a time, holy, pure, and exciting in its peacefulness so different from the tumult which

preceded and succeeded it. The scene is stamped upon my mind still, and will probably never be effaced. And yet I have not mentioned the most exquisite of all the scenes of that bright evening! It was love that lent its charm to the whole. I was the witness of the happiness of two noble specimens of our race, as they reflected love from each other's eyes, drinking in deep draughts of the intoxicating sentiment with every glance. It would have been a sin on such an evening not to be grateful and happy, and no shade of jealousy darkened my heart as I rejoiced with them in that glorious prospect. I had never seen the lady otherwise than as the companion of her husband, and therefore I looked upon their love and relationship as a natural thing, which did not interfere with me, and which, if wise, I too could afar off, participate in, or, at all events, sympathize with. When I saw her face shining in the pale moonbeams, her sparkling eyes and black hair, contrasting vividly with the pure whiteness of her brow, and of her neck, and whilst I felt her warm hand resting on my thinly covered arm, I looked upon her as I looked upon the landscape, as an object of loveliness, on which my eyes might feast, and which memory might treasure in my heart, but

which nearer approach would probably but sully or disturb. As I saw her gaze directed towards the stars, and heard her sigh, saying, that she was sorry she had not studied astrology, yes, sigh in the very wantonness of happiness, and as I saw the clear intelligent eye and brow of her husband turned towards her, whilst a good-humoured smile played around his lips, I felt that we require but a sensitive heart to enjoy the happiness of others, and that he must have a bad one who cannot see that happiness without envy.

"My husband smiles at the idea of astrology, do you not think there is more in that 'poetry of heaven,'" said she, turning to me, "than he is willing to admit?"

"You are too polite, I am sure, to say there is nothing in it, after such an appeal," said he, quickly; "but, Emma, I am equally sure your own reason declares to you the folly and absurdity of the pretended science."

"My reason, as it has been cultivated, may," was her reply, "but my heart, my dear Ernest, wishes it were otherwise, and often tells me that it is so."

"The heart is an erring guide in matters of science," said he.

"Why should it be so?" she asked. "Is there, then, an opposition between the two? if so, God grant I may ever follow the dictates of the heart, and leave the reason, with its cold, selfish, calculating wisdom, behind me. The heart is everywhere the same, whilst reason differs everywhere. The heart prompted a thousand years ago as it prompts now; reason, a thousand years ago, taught a hundred things which it laughs at now. I, at all events, will cherish the unchangeable."

"Your German philosophy, my dear Emma," he urged, "has misled you. There is no opposition between the two—the cultivated heart and cultivated reason say one and the same thing—at least, the more they are cultivated the more nearly they assimilate."

"What do you think on the subject?" he added, turning to me.

Thus directly appealed to, I could not avoid the discussion further, although I feared it might lead to dangerous ground.

"I am inclined to agree with Mrs. Hofer's German philosophy, as you call it," said I, "that where the heart and the head differ, the former is to be preferred. The impulses of the heart, eminently subjective as they are, are

more likely to be true than the reasonings, purely objective, for the most part, of the head. But both certainly require cultivation, and the due cultivation of the heart appears to me to be a far more difficult thing than that of the head. As to astrology, there is something fascinating and poetical in the supposition that our destinies are written in the everlasting firmament; but is it not making ourselves of too much, and the stars of too little importance, to conceive such a thing possible?"

"Like my husband," Mrs. Hofer replied, "you are a sceptic, with reference to man's higher and nobler nature; you have no belief in that inner world which shadows forth so truly the outer. Did I assert that the stars were there—there, in that glorious canopy," said she, disengaging her hand from my arm, and stopping to point to them, "merely that man might read his destiny in them, there would be truth in your objection—but no, I believe they are there for other and infinitely holier and higher purposes. Is it not, however, consistent with the divine economy of nature, that one thing should serve many ends, and do we not see a thousand examples of such on earth?"

"There is much ingenuity, but little logic in your observation," replied Hofer. "Astronomy reveals too much of the stars to permit astrology to be true, and if astrology be true, all our modern science is false."

"And that same modern science," I observed, "I fear Mrs. Hofer will regard as destroying all the poetry of life."

"Yes," she replied, "material science goes far to do so, but not mental. I fear it is too often forgotten, however, that astrology was once the universal belief of mankind, and is still believed in by a majority of the human race."

"That," said her husband, "cannot be allowed to be an argument in favour of its truth. A thousand bubbles float over the heads of mankind for centuries, are admired, examined, believed in, sung, and praised enthusiastically, and at last, burst to be seen no more;—nay, men have fought, strangling each other with death-grips, to seize such bubbles, and lo! when they touch them, they dissolve into thin air, and leave not a wrack behind."

"Well," said his fair partner, gaily, "the Budhists are astrologers; I will learn the science of them, at all events, during my residence in the jungle, and then I shall be better

able to contest the point. In the meantime, although our hearts would prompt us to remain here all night, basking in this lovely moonlight, yet our heads tell us, if we are to journey early to-morrow, we had better retire. There is no opposition, you see, between them; shall we obey both?"

"A truly feminine method of concluding the argument," said her husband, as they bid me adieu, leaving me to meditate a little longer in the moonlight.

The road, from the bungalow at which we passed the night, to Kandy, lay through some of the wildest and noblest mountain scenes in the East. Indeed the difficulties in the way of its construction, presented by the nature of the country, were such that it has been justly styled the "Simplon of the East." We were amply repaid for the monotony of the previous day's travel, and as we got deeper and deeper amongst "the everlasting hills," our spirits became invigorated and our bodies refreshed, by the cooler air and more variegated landscape. Such was the steepness of the way in some places, that we preferred leaving our carriage, and proceeding on foot, often gaining the brow of an eminence in this way, from

which an extensive view could be obtained on every side. From this eminence, the plains we had left became gradually more and more apparent, stretching far to the west, in an ever-widening prospect, whilst, before us, the rugged and confused mountain masses rose, more and more irregularly and with greater vastness and wildness. "There is more of the stern reality of nature here than one sees in Jamaica," said Hofer, "where cultivation, at least along the ordinary highways, is more extended and universal than in Ceylon." Now and then we skirted the edge of a primeval forest that stretched far away amongst the hills and valleys, presenting a rich contrast, in its gorgeous green livery, to the naked rocks and bleak mountain sides, with which it was often associated. In many places the mountain rose almost perpendicularly upon the left, whilst on the right, from the edge of the road on which we stood, it descended, bleak, fearful, and precipitous, to the valley beneath; not even a rail, nothing but a few scanty bushes, sown and nurtured by nature on the hill-side, intervening between the traveller and destruction. It is a grand sight to see the mountain torrents, in such situations, rushing impetuously

down the sides of the hills, foaming on their way as if chafed by the opposition of the rocks and the vegetation which impede their progress. Roaring here over a stony bed, there leaping indignantly from one crag to another, as if determined on success—at one time cooped up in a deep, narrow gorge hoarsely complaining, but still struggling onwards,—at another, spreading out into a wider reservoir, as if peace had been attained at last, and it were content. But, no, ever restless, ever changing, like the world of which it forms a part, it finds a vent somewhere, and resumes its brawling, struggling, character, until lost in the river or the ocean. What an illustration, I have often thought, of the headlong career of passion?

The pass of Kaduganava is one of the great engineering feats of the road. So rocky and precipitous were the mountains on either side, —so narrow, rugged, and uncompromising the deep dells between them—that it was only by continued blasting, a way could be torn out of the sides of the hills. Indeed, in one place, a complete tunnel was thus formed through a mass of rock, that reminds one of the side of a gigantic elephant, and which now stretches over the road, joining the almost perpendicular

heights above, with the equally precipitous declivities below. "The nation that can make a road from Colombo to Kandy, through the Kaduganava pass," said an old Singhalese proverb, "will ever be the rulers of Ceylon." The road is made, and its makers *are* the rulers of the fair island,—"the pearl drop on the brow of India," as its people delight to call it,—but all that is contained in that little word "ever," can never, as long as time lasts, be fulfilled. Fearful is it to stand on the edge of the fairy-like road that creeps so modestly along the hill side, and look down into the awful chasm below. The tops of a few bushes present themselves at a considerable depth, deeper down a few rocks, and the indistinctly-seen form of a torrent, making its way below—deeper still a dun, dark haze, impenetrable to the sight, in which all distinct vision is lost, but from the depths of that vast chasm come up the confused sounds of the strife of elements waged there incessantly—water and rocks in never-ending conflict, battling with each other, the weaker ever eating into and wearing away the stronger in its persevering flow. One shudders while fancying the sensations that would accompany a fall into that deep dell—

the headlong passing by the quivering tops of the bushes seen far beneath—the rapid gyrations, as whirling downwards to destruction, rocks, trees, chasms, and smooth mountain sides would be passed—the blind plunging into the depths, beneath which the eye cannot pierce, and in which imagination is almost lost; a fitting emblem of the grave which would assuredly be found at the bottom, wherever that may be, or if bottom there be to it at all.

On the sides of this celebrated pass, as well as upon its summit, there are several valuable coffee estates, on one of which we were hospitably entertained during the heat of the day; and as the drive thence to Kandy was short and easy, we prolonged our stay with its kind inmates far into the evening. Mr. Massey, the proprietor and superintendent of the estate at which we stopped, gave us a hearty welcome; and as the Hofers had met him and his wife in Colombo, the greeting between them was like that of old friends rather than of only casual acquaintances. Out of Europe Englishmen appear to me to form friendships sooner than any other portion of mankind. Aware, probably, that they differ from every other class of the

human species in many notable respects, they who would frown at each other without knowing why in England, will cordially extend the hand, and welcome with a bright smile their compatriots in the far East or West. So it was in the present instance. Hofer and Massey had little in common, except that they were coffee-planters; yet their greeting was of the most cordial character. Mrs. Hofer and Mrs. Massey were still more dissimilar; but they were both Englishwomen in Ceylon, and this appeared a sufficient reason for their intimacy and friendship.

The bungalow of the Parahara estate, as Mr. Massey's was called, was well situated on the side of the hill, a deep mass of the primeval forest rising behind it, and the estate stretching on each side and below, in a wide amphitheatre. From the opposite hill, as we approached, the effect was extremely picturesque; and one could scarcely help thinking, on looking at it, that, with a suitable companion, any man alive to the beauties of nature might spend his life happily there, did not experience too probably cut short the reflection by asking whether happiness depended upon external cir-

cumstances in any great, or even more trivial, degree?

As we drove up to the verandah, three fair-haired children, their looks telling of northern lands and more bracing climates, were playing in it, watched and attended by as many native servants. One female and two males, at all events, we saw paying the usual attention of *bonnes* to their little charges, by laughing and chatting in the corner, whilst "Misse Mary" was on the point of poking out little "Masse Henry's" eye with a pair of scissors she had picked up somewhere, in vainly essaying to clip his somewhat redundant locks. Our arrival created, of course, a general sensation, and a dispersion of the verandah group. The ayah, or native female servant (catching up "little Masse Henry" just as he was on the point of shrilly screaming forth his disapprobation of his sister's scissors' performance), went to inform her mistress of our arrival. The two well-bearded and moustached guardians of the other pledges gazed intently on the equipage, on the coachman, on the foreign *mahathmas*,* on the servants that brought up the rear, whilst

* The Singhalese *saheb* or Mr.

they talked incessantly to each other, the one stroking his fine black beard, the other vigorously engaged in scratching his head, and then examining his nails.

Mrs. Massey soon made her appearance, and welcomed us. She was one of those women who at thirty contrive to look as if they were between forty and fifty, and then often retain precisely the same expression of countenance for thirty years more.

"I knew you would be here about this time," said she, "and I told William so; but he would go to look after the new sowings: men, but particularly coffee-planters, are so obstinate."

"Especially when there are new sowings to look after, I fancy," said Hofer, bowing.

"O, they are never without excuses, Mr. Hofer, as Mrs. Hofer will one day find," said our hostess, leading the lady off, and giving directions to the servants respecting our entertainment.

Mr. Massey, a plain burly man of about fifty, shortly after made his appearance, in the orthodox plantation dress of a Ceylon coffee-planter; that is to say, with coarse canvas

shoes, and leech gaiters tied over the checked pantaloons at the knee, a short coat of a similar check, a black belt at the waist, and a pith hat that defied the sun. There is much to be said for the comfort of this dress and its adaptation to jungle wear; but much certainly could not be said for its appearance on the person of our friend Massey. A rotund stomach of large dimensions loomed still larger over the tightly-fitting gaiters, and made a ridiculous contrast —"a barrel balanced on a pair of tongs," was the simile by which Hofer subsequently described it, although I willingly confess there was much exaggeration in the comparison.

"Well, Mr. Massey," said his spouse, on first observing him, "did I not tell you they would be here this morning? Yet you would go out."

"You are always right, my love," he prudently answered, whilst Hofer and his wife exchanged amused glances. "You are always right, my love. I trust dinner is nearly ready."

The fair dame was mollified by her husband's prudent submission, and calling a servant, Jayatillike by name, told him to tell the

appoo,* or butler, to hurry the dinner as much as possible.

As good a dinner as a well-kept estate in the jungle could afford was speedily provided, and we attacked it with appetites such as a mountain journey can alone supply. After it had been discussed, the conversation turned on our estate, and on my uncle's measures respecting it, which met with but qualified praise.

"I was there," said our host to me, "when your uncle's partner, Mr. Roquelaire, the Frenchman, died; and a more melancholy scene it has never been my lot to witness."

"I heard that it was, indeed, a lamentable occurrence," said I, "although I have not been able to arrive at all the particulars."

"Mr. Roquelaire," said our host, "had been in the island for many years. He was an experienced Java planter, and, like all of us, had hoped to make enough to enable him to return to his native land, and settle there, in the prime of life. His first speculation in Ceylon, however, was a failure, owing to the caprice which directed the making of roads in the neighbourhood. He spent much money upon an extensive piece of forest land; and had it

* The Appoo corresponds to the Indian *Khansamah*.

been made accessible by a high-road running near it, as he and every one else expected, for the estimates had been already prepared, and Government had announced its intention of prosecuting the work, it would have been a most valuable possession. The engineer had advised the construction of the road as I have said—the estimates were sent in—nay, a commencement had actually been made in its formation—when the Colonial Secretary, unfortunately for poor Roquelaire, bought a piece of land, at a distance of fifteen miles from his, and the road suddenly diverged in that direction, forsaking the neighbourhood of Roquelaire's property, and the valley in which it was situated, altogether. Others were equally aggrieved with himself. The case was brought before the Legislative Council, but the Government majority carried the day against the planters, and there was no redress. A private road was then talked of, but was only talked of; and as it would have been too extensive for Roquelaire alone to have undertaken, he entered into partnership with your uncle, and opened the estate for him; and a more flourishing plantation, up to the period of his death, did not exist in Ceylon."

"Resolved, then, to settle in the island, he wrote to France, asking a young lady, to whom he had, from her infancy almost, been attached, to link her lot with his, and she consented. Louise Morin was a Parisienne, delicate, finely-formed, and *spirituelle.* Having made acquaintance with an English family going to Bombay, she accompanied them overland. Roquelaire was counting the days that would intervene before he could lead his bride from Colombo to the estate, where he had fitted up his bungalow with exquisite taste for her reception. Ere it came near the time for the arrival of our little island steamer with the mails and passengers from Bombay, he had prepared everything for his departure to Colombo to meet her. It was on a Monday that he was to have left the estate; on the Saturday previous, with two friends who had joined him for the purpose, as it was an idle period of the year, he went out elephant-shooting, a sport of which he was particularly fond. One of his companions was a rash young fellow, a countryman of his, who unnecessarily exposed himself to danger. The elephants were being driven up the hill by the beaters, near the summit of which stood Roquelaire and his companions, at some dis-

tance from each other. Roquelaire brought one down in a moment with the two barrels of his never-failing rifle, and having leaped upon a crag to avoid the death-rush of his huge foe, he saw his young friend in imminent danger. He had awaited, like his more experienced companions, the approach of an elephant, and had fired, but without their precision, and a large tusker was rapidly approaching him, mad with pain and rage. Some rocks were near, amongst which the inexperienced youth clambered; but the elephant was intent on pursuit, and, had it not been for Roquelaire's devotion and heroism, he would probably have lost his life. As it was, the immediate advance of Roquelaire, with a fresh rifle, turned the attention of the monster upon himself, and, as the broad forehead of the enraged animal was turned directly towards him, the experienced sportsman felt no fears for himself. The unerring rifle was raised, and a zinc bullet was sent directly into the brain. Roquelaire turned to avoid the dying struggles and convulsive rush forward of the wounded animal, but an unobserved creeper caught his foot, and he fell directly in the elephant's path. He had no time to raise himself again, for the tottering monster advanced

with wonderful rapidity, and fell dead directly upon the body of his destroyer.

"It was some time ere poor Roquelaire could be released from his terrible situation; he was perfectly insensible, and his companions believed him dead as they carried him to the bungalow; but it was not so. The natives speedily succeeded in restoring symptoms of life, and a medical man was procured, with as little delay as possible, from Kandy. But irreparable injury had been done—some of the bones of the chest were broken—and no hopes were held out of ultimate recovery, although no idea could be given as to when death would actually occur.

"The bodily torture which Roquelaire endured was nothing compared with his mental anxiety, and this mental anxiety, the surgeon assured me, hastened his death. Knowing that his bride was now near Ceylon, he was maddened at the idea of her landing alone in Colombo, and of her probably being left, by his death, without a friend in the island. The name of Louise Morin was ever on his lips, and the idea of her, doubtless, filled his heart.

"Your uncle received the bride on her arrival in Colombo, and broke the intelligence to her

as delicately as possible. What a revulsion must it have caused in her mind! She had been looking out for Colombo with high hopes of seeing her affianced lover anxiously awaiting her, of meeting with a bride's welcome, when alas! that of the widow was in store for her. She called here on her way to the estate, and I accompanied her during the rest of her journey."

"Leaving me at a very critical period, I must add," said Mrs. Massey, "but then Mademoiselle Morin was really very enchanting, every one said."

"The poor girl was bathed in tears almost the whole way," continued the imperturbable Massey, unheeding the interruption; "at Kandy we heard that Roquelaire was better, and as no one could venture to tell her that there was no chance of permanent recovery, she passed at once from the extreme depths of dejection to all the wildness of unbridled hope.

"It was towards evening when we arrived at your estate on horseback, for the road was impassable for a carriage—we dismounted at some distance from the bungalow that the patient might not be excited by the sound of the horses' feet. As we entered his bed-

room softly, the surgeon was sitting by his side—Roquelaire's face was turned from us, as he gazed at the setting sun, now half concealed by the forest—he looked round, and saw his bride who had just completed her long journey from Paris to Ceylon to be his! 'My Louise, my Louise!' he exclaimed in French, as she bent over him, hot tears dropping from her eyes as she kissed his flushed cheek. 'I am happy now, very happy,' said he, faintly, 'and, doubtless, all will yet be well.' She could not say a single word, but contented herself with pressing his hand in her own. 'Have you seen the bungalow?' he asked. 'Do you like Ceylon? Shall we not be happy, very happy here? O my Louise,' —the lips faintly moved further, and she bent down to hear his words—there was a pause—she lifted her head, and, with a terrible calmness, said to us—'he is dead.' It was even so! The conflict was over, the joy of seeing her had been too much for him; but nothing, the surgeon assured us, could possibly have saved him, even had this meeting never taken place, as every moment threatened death. Who that had seen that fair and elegant form leaning over the dead body of her betrothed one—who

that had thought of the thousands of miles she had traversed to embrace a dead lover, could help weeping like a child as I did, with her?"

"But what became of her, Mr. Massey?" asked Mrs. Hofer, earnestly, her eyes bedewed with tears.

"She returned with me," he answered, "and, before we got to Kandy, she was seized with a brain fever, which was on the point of uniting again those whom fate had so cruelly separated. But she recovered slowly—her maid, whom she had left in Colombo, tended her, affectionately, and I was seldom absent from the house. On her recovery, she spent a few weeks with us here."

"My Henry was born whilst Mr. Massey was waiting upon her," said his aggrieved spouse.

"She returned to Paris, shortly after, and has taken the veil, I am informed," concluded the worthy husband.

"She could not have done better. One, whose heart is dead to the world, will still find consolation and interest in religious exercises and benevolent offices," said Mrs. Hofer. "Would that Protestantism afforded a similar

refuge to the weary in soul and the broken in heart!"

"Bless me, Mrs. Hofer," exclaimed Mrs. Massey, "do you wish that we had nunneries in our Protestant religion?"

"I do," replied the fair enthusiast, stoutly. "I do, because I think there are thousands, who, like Louise Morin, are so sick of the world and so sorrow-laden, that they would find the only alleviation their woes admitted of, in a religious house, and amongst companions suited to their tastes and dispositions —companions similarly prostrated in mind or body with themselves."

"Well, I have always looked upon them as dreadful places," replied the amazed Mrs. Massey, "and I thought all Protestants did so too."

"We are often nurtured in such a belief from infancy in England, and thus look at these, as at many other things, through false glasses that distort the objects regarded," observed Mrs. Hofer; "but ignore the good, reject anything merely because it has been abused sometimes, and what, on the face of this fair earth will you retain? Not Christianity, certainly, for have not its holy precepts, preaching love and

benevolence, been made the pretexts for torturing and slaughtering thousands of our race —thousands who were better, nobler far, than the millions who were spared, or the few who have been applauded at other times for virtues that involved neither sacrifice nor self-denial in their practice?"

"I am content to accept my religion as our ancestors handed it down to us," replied Mrs. Massey, "and should be sorry to see any steps taken that would lead us nearer to Popery, and probably land us there at last."

Here the conversation ended. Mrs. Massey was content as she had had the last word. Her husband looked approbation of what Mrs. Hofer said, but did not venture to express it openly. Time and experience had taught him prudence, and Hofer and I abstained from joining in the discussion, as it was peculiarly a topic for the ladies, and the temper of one of them could not be depended upon.

Strangely are we affected by the woes of others, even of those whom we have little or no chance of ever seeing or becoming acquainted with! The story of poor Louise Morin and the unfortunate Roquelaire made a deep impression on our hearts. The Parahara estate

was sacred to us from that hour, and was ever afterwards associated with it in our minds. We could scarcely endure the ordinary tattle of the table after the rehearsal of this melancholy drama of real life, and were all equally anxious to pursue our journey. Mrs. Massey's eloquence in describing the woes of her existence was powerless to arrest our attention, nor could Massey himself say anything of coffee or the coolies that did not appear to grate upon our feelings.

By moonlight that evening we drove into Kandy—our journey was, for the most part, a silent one; nor, indeed, was there much to excite our admiration or interest in the way. We descended into the large valley which encloses the hills that surround Kandy; and after passing a few inequalities of ground, trifling in comparison with what we had already gone over, we approached the great bridge which leads across the principal river of Ceylon—the Mahaweli—directly into Kandy. This bridge is of sandal wood, and crosses the river in one wide span of two hundred and five feet; an interesting and imposing object in the variegated landscape of which it forms a part.

Arrived in Kandy we separated. I found

Mr. Pinto, my uncle's Portuguese agent from the estate, awaiting me at the "rest-house," or hotel, where I spent the night; and, next morning, rode off in company with him, anxious to inspect the property of which, for the future, I was to be master—the scene of the tragical death of poor Roquelaire, and of the first keen agony of his bride. The Hofers remained in Kandy, partly to cultivate the society which it afforded, and partly to give time for the erection of a substantial bungalow on their property, which they designated the "Lanka Estate"—Lanka having been the ancient native name of Ceylon.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ESTATE—COFFEE.

"This drink, Sir——
—— it takes away the performance."
Macbeth, act ii. sc. 3.

Seen from a distance there is little to recommend a coffee-estate that has been but a short time in cultivation. During the greater part of the year, the long charred trunks of trees that have been felled to clear the land, and have lain ever since in the furrows between the coffee-bushes, are but too conspicuous. When the plant is in flower, however, there is a beauty in the general aspect that makes up for the monotonous ugliness of the rest of the season. The unsightly trunks are lost in the delicate white blossom, whilst a delightful perfume sweeps over the hill side, borne far away into the valleys by the wind. Nothing

can be more grateful to the sight than the pure white colour of the blossom nestling amid the bright green of the leaves. It has been truly said, that "although it is an evergreen, few plants exhibit a greater variety of appearance throughout the year than the coffee-shrub."*

It does not grow well in low situations, and is therefore cultivated on the sides of the mountains, between fifteen hundred and four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Nor will it thrive on table-lands, although they may be of the requisite elevation, as it requires shade and shelter, both from sun and wind, in order thoroughly to develope its best qualities, and to bring it to perfection. In Ceylon, indeed, scientific considerations, and, in many instances, the experience of all other countries, have been so completely ignored and neglected that the qualities of the berry produced are as various as the situations in which the plant is reared, and the amount of attention paid to its

* The Coffea is a genus of Cinchonaceous plants, containing many species, and known by its tubular corolla, with four or five spreading divisions; stamens arising from the naked throat of the corolla, and either extending beyond it or enclosed within it; and a succulent berry containing two cells lined with a cartilaginous membrane, like parchment, in each of which cells there is a single seed, convex at the back and deeply furrowed in front, in consequence of the albumen being rolled inwards.

wants and requirements. The best and the worst descriptions that find their way into the English market have been equally shipped from Ceylon, when a little care and attention on the part of the cultivators would have removed the bad specimens altogether, and thus given the island a better name as a coffee-producing country.

In opening an estate, the situation of the land, the directions of the monsoon winds, the amount of shade available, and the probable supply of moisture from the neighbouring heights, should all be taken into consideration —the best estates having been invariably those which, well sheltered and shaded, are situated in such an amphitheatre-like depression on the side of a lofty mountain, as insures a rich soil—the accumulations of ages washed down from the hills above—and a plentiful supply of moisture even in the dryest part of the year. This moisture may not always consist of streams or mountain torrents, but merely of the dews or of the clouds condensed on the hill-top, and constantly percolating through the hill-side to the soil beneath. Much have Ceylon planters been laughed at for asserting that abundance of rocks was almost indis-

pensable to the proper growth of the shrub, and that no plantations should be formed where rocks do not abound; yet there is truth in the observation when properly understood. The soil between the large rocks, so plentiful on some hill-sides, is of the richest possible description, and plants placed in it are sure to thrive, just as the forest did before, if in other respects the situation be favourable. But when people couple their observation about the rocks with another, that the coffee-shrub loves a poor soil, they are altogether mistaken, as experience, all over the world, proves.

Clearing the ground of the forest is an arduous undertaking, requiring the most unremitting care on the part of the superintendent to have it properly done. The trees on being felled are not lopped into convenient lengths for burning as in America, but are merely deprived of their branches, allowed to dry for some time and then set fire to, the large charred stems being subsequently laid in convenient rows, between which the young plants taken from the nursery are planted. When the hill-side is steep and a large mass of the forest thickly fills the air, it is sometimes sufficient to notch the trees half through on

the side turned away from the valley beneath. This done, a few of the largest trees at the top are simultaneously cut through and allowed to fall with all their weight on those half-notched immediately below them. These fall with the momentum of the others, and in their turn weigh down the line immediately below, and so it proceeds until the entire vegetation of the hill-side lies shattered and fallen in the most frightful confusion. This operation is accompanied by quick rapid reports from the crashing timber that reverberate round the hills and valleys like the irregular discharge of cannon; the neighbouring echoes taking up the sound, till it is lost in the distance, when all is again still for a time.

When the berry is ripe, indicated by its rich red colour, every one on the estate is in a constant state of activity—men, women, and children conveying, in hot haste, baskets of the berries to the pulping-house, there to be separated from the pulp, which surrounds the coffee-bean within, just as the rich juicy fruit surrounds the "stone" in the cherry. This pulp is of little or no use, although occasionally given to animals that are not fastidious in their diet; whilst the berry, still surrounded by a

horny coating resembling parchment, is dried a little in the sun to admit of this covering being the more easily removed. The "parchment," as it is called, stripped off, the berry is fit for packing. The different descriptions are sorted, the finer being labelled "Mocha," and the whole sent in canvas bags to the coast for exportation. The pulper and a mill for removing the parchment are the only machinery required for the working of an estate, even of large dimensions, all the rest being done by hand, or with the assistance of the diminutive bullocks of the natives.

Even the coarsest-grained native coffee is by no means so inferior in flavour to the finest peaberry as people in England suppose. The great difference generally consists in the way in which the beverage is prepared. As soon as the operation of roasting is completed—an operation which requires care and attention not to have it overdone—the coffee should be ground at once and diluted. The subtle aroma which resides in the essential oil of the berry is gradually dissipated after roasting, and of course still more after being ground. In order to enjoy the full flavour in perfection, the berry should pass at once from the roasting-pan to

the mill, and thence to the coffee-pot; and again, after having been made, should be mixed, when almost at a boiling heat, with the hot milk. It must be very bad coffee indeed which, if these precautions be taken, will not afford an agreeable and exhilarating drink. Two great evils are constantly perpetrated in England in its preparation, which are more guarded against in almost all other countries, and which materially impair its flavour and strength—keeping the coffee a considerable time after roasting or grinding, by which its strength is diminished, and its delicate and volatile aroma lost; and mixing the milk with it after it has been allowed partially to cool. Experience taught us to avoid these errors in the jungle; and it was not till Mr. Pinto had repeatedly made both kinds in perfection that I began to discover the difference between the exquisitely delicate flavour of the peaberry, or finest description, and the coarser, equally strong, but less delicate taste of the larger, rougher, and more unsightly qualities.

Our estate was situated on the side of a lofty mountain, stretching down to a rivulet that wound about its base; beyond which a wide extent of level land opened out to the

East, sheltered on three sides by lofty hills. The bungalow was built on a level projecting portion of the hill's side, in the very centre of the cultivated part of the property, for as yet but a fourth of the land which it comprised had been cleared and planted. Further down the mountain, and concealed by thick forest from the bungalow, lay the coolies' "lines"—the residence of the native labourers—miserable sheds, low, filthy, and stifling, in which they and their families were all huddled together without decency or comfort. To this method of life they had been accustomed; and Mr. Pinto informed me that any attempt on my part to alter it would but be attended with discontent and desertion. Certain I am that were these labourers slaves, it would be for their owner's interest to afford them better-ventilated, loftier, and more comfortable abodes; yet they were quite contented with them—peals of laughter bursting from these "lines" at night, and during Sundays and holidays, proved that their occupants did not lead what they considered a miserable or hopeless life. Nor were they worse off with us than with others; but, on the contrary, rather better, as the rivulet was in the immediate vicinity, and

there was, therefore, no want of water, did any desire to render their habitations at all cleanlier. I subsequently made the trial I intended, notwithstanding Mr. Pinto's advice, by dividing one of the sheds into compartments for the families; but I found it worse than useless. It abridged the space allotted to them, without any corresponding advantage, for the undivided portion assigned to the bachelors soon became crowded with both companies, so that the evil, instead of being diminished, was increased, whilst my *cānganies*, or head-workmen, informed me, that they had compared the rooms to cattle-stalls, and that those were laughed at who occupied them. Perseverance might perhaps have overcome their prejudices, but I had not the necessary time for it, and gave up the trial in disgust.

An amazing amount of sympathy has been lately wasted by the British public on the condition of the slaves in America—that public has but to turn to a portion of the world with which it is more intimately connected, in order to discover abuses as gross, methods of life as repulsive, tyranny as flagrant, as any that exists on the other side of the Atlantic. In India all these are to be found, if the inquiry

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be but made. As a class, I believe the Ceylon coffee-planters were kind and humane, as I have no doubt the Carolina and Mississippi cotton-planters are, but there were Legrees and Haleys amongst them too, and always will be as long as human nature continues as it is. What redress could the poor coolie, for instance, have against his European master who illtreated him, miles away in the jungle, far from a magistrate or a court, with all his fellows up in arms against him, lest they should lose their employment, and his wife and family almost at the complete mercy of his persecutor, or of that persecutor's assistants? In such circumstances there must be despotism on a small scale, and, wherever that exists, there will occasionally be cruelty and injustice.

The following burlesque account of a pretended paper, supposed to have been read by a member before the Ceylon Agricultural Society, notwithstanding its gross exaggeration, proves the extent to which the unfortunate coolie is at the mercy of his European employer, even in the matter of wages, how much more then in personal ill-treatment, when his companions cannot be expected to take part with him, lest they should thereby endanger

their situations, and lose their only means of livelihood.

"A member of the name of Squeery next read a very clear composition, treating upon an improved system of working a coffee or sugar estate, with the least possible amount of funds. His plan was to keep a well-paid agent in the low-country, to offer high wages to labourers, and of course secure great numbers at all times. By the end of the month great fault is to be found with the coolies, which ends in their being discharged, minus their pay, and a fresh lot is sent up by the Colombo agent. As a matter of course the blackguards go to the District Judge, and he issues summonses which must be attended to; in the mean time fresh labour is secured, which, in due course, is disposed of as the last; so that cases multiply exceedingly. But mark the result! By a wise law of nature, it takes an ordinary District Judge at least three years to decide a case of this kind; should he, however, be so foolish as to settle the thing in two, you can appeal, which will give you two more. Now by the time the first of these cases is decided, you are getting in a crop, and the proceeds of it enables you to meet the many claims against the whole

for labour in past years. So that the sum actually required to be spent in the first instance, need be but trifling, if these practical hints are acted upon."*

It is amusing, when contemplating the almost universal use of coffee at present, to turn one's attention to the storm which its first introduction into England created. In the time of the Commonwealth, and under Charles the Second, coffee-houses seem to have been first opened in London, and this "Turkish drink," as it was called, to have become a general favourite with their frequenters—the beaux, and idlers, and newsmongers of the metropolis. Great was the wrath, however, of those whose trades or employments were endangered by the use of the new beverage, and a storm of indignation arose against the innocent shrub, which threatened to drive it for ever from our shores, or to bury it under a load of falsehood and abuse. The pamphlets which appeared at the time on the subject, prove the violence of the opposing parties. Poetry and prose were exhausted in depicting the evil effects of the habitual use of coffee, in language such as

* "Life in the Jungle, by Sampson Brown," p. 90. Colombo, Herald Press, 1845.

cannot now be quoted; nay the very head and front of its supposed offending seems to have been of such a character, that modern refinement or modern affectation would scarcely permit the subject to be hinted at at present, much less openly canvassed. The following were the titles of a few of the broad sheets which were devoted to the vituperation or expulsion of the obnoxious drink: "Bacchinalia Cœlestia—a Poem in praise of Punch," published in Charles the Second's time, for he is named in it, but without date, in which the various gods and goddesses introduced, do not hesitate to speak their minds openly on the subject—all lauding, of course, the good old Punch, which coffee threatened to dethrone. "Rebellion's Antidote" was another pamphlet on the subject, being "a Dialogue between Coffee and Tea." "Printed by George Croom, at the sign of the Blue Bell, Thames Street, over against Baynard's Castle, 1685." "A Broadside against Coffee, or the Marriage of the Turk. Printed for J. L. 1672," was, as its title imports, a fierce diatribe, far too coarse, although amusing, for modern "ears polite"—the following lines, however, which are almost the only ones I could quote without censure, will give some idea of its animus—

"Bold Asian brat! with speed our confines flee,
Water, tho' common, is too good for thee."

"This canting Coffee has his crew enricht,
And both the water and the men bewitcht."

"But to cure Drunkards it has got great Fame,
Posset or Porridge, will 't not do the same?
Confusion huddles all into one scene,
Like Noah's ark, the clean and the unclean.
But now, alas! the Drench has credit got,
And he's no Gentleman that drinks it not.
That such a Dwarf should rise to such a stature!
But Custom is but a remove from Nature;
A little Dish, and a large Coffee-house,
What is it, but a Mountain and a Mouse?"

But enough of J. L.'s doggerel—useful, however, in two respects, to prove at once the abuse still lavished on coffee in 1672, and also its common use at that time in London; for "he's no Gentleman that drinks it not," according to J. L.'s own confession.

A few years before, in 1663, an anonymous writer had similarly railed against it in good set terms, under the title of "A Cup of Coffee; or, Coffee in its true Colors." The following is quoted from this "Cup:"—

"Fie, friends to the gross Turkey-shore, shall then
These less than Coffee's self, these Coffee-men,
These sons of nothing, that can hardly make
Their broth, for laughing how the jest does take,
Yet grin, and give you for the Vine's pure Blood
A loathsome Potion, not yet understood,
Syrrup of Soot, or Essence of Old Shooes,
Dasht with Diurnals and the Books of News?"

"News from the Coffe-House. Printed by E. Crooch, for Thomas Vere, at the Cock, in St. John's St., London, 1667, with Alowance" —was equally severe.

"The Maiden's Complaint against Coffee" was certainly not written by a maiden, nor calculated to be read by such. It must have appeared during or before 1663, although without date. More able, but not more decent, was "The Women's Petition against Coffee; representing to Public Consideration the grand Inconveniences accruing to their Sex from the Excessive Use of that Drying, Enfeebling Liquor. 1674."

Under such a load of abuse, and such torrents of hostile verse and prose, it might be supposed that the much-hated berry would have lost ground, but such was not the case; its advocates were up in arms in its defence, and were probably quite as disinterested in their praise of it, as its adversaries in their hostility. Whilst, on the one side, there was scarcely an evil under which humanity laboured that was not, in some form or other, attributed by its enemies to the use of coffee; so, on the other, there was not a disease which it was incapable of curing—so rife were assertions of

the boldest and the most absurd character. Perhaps the earliest defence of it, although unfortunately without date, was "The Vertue of Coffee Drink, first publiquely made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rósee." "Made and sold in St. Michael's Alley, in Cornhill, by Pasqua Rósee, at the signe of his own head."

"The Vertues of Coffee," a long panegyric of the new beverage in verse, appeared in 1663, but was far inferior, both in wit and in point, to the tirades which it professed to answer.

A more interesting and more able production was—"The Coffee-Man's Granado, discharged upon the Maiden's Complaint against Coffee, wherein is discovered several strange, wonderful, and miraculous cures performed by COFFEE (the like never heard of since the Creation). Written by Don Bellicosgo Armuthaz, to confute the Author of that lying pamphlet," wherein the valorous knight stoutly denied the evils said to be produced upon the frame by the use of coffee, and challenged investigation, asserting, furthermore, that rheumatism, gout, stone, quinsy, and a host of other diseases, were curable by its use. Don Bellicosgo Armuthaz's warlike production made its appearance likewise in 1663.

"The Men's Answer to the Women's Petition against Coffee," was not a whit more delicate or refined, than the pamphlet to which it professed to reply. It bears the date of 1674.

In the same year appeared a far more temperate production on the subject, although equally extravagant in its broad and unqualified assertions, entitled, "A brief Description of the excellent Virtues of that sober and wholesome Drink called Coffee, and its incomparable Effects in preventing or curing most Diseases incident to Human Bodies. London, printed for Paul Greenwood, and are to be sold at the sign of the Coffee-Mill and Tobacco Roll, in Cloth Fair, near West Smithfield, who selleth the best Arabian Coffee-Powder and Chocolate made in Cake or Roll after the Spanish fashion, &c."

"The Natural History of Coffee, printed for Christopher Wilkinson, at the Black Boy, over against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street," in 1682, professed to be a scientific treatise on the subject, exhibiting a caricature of a coffee-bush as a frontispiece, but was in reality nothing more or less than a preposterous panegyric of the drink, which, by that time, had

doubtless firmly established itself as a common article of consumption in London.

There is something at once interesting and humiliating in now looking back at the struggle which ensued upon the introduction of the harmless berry—interesting in the proofs which it affords of the frequency with which, even then, the press was appealed to, and humiliating when we consider the character of the struggle and the way in which it was carried on. Some interested in its abuse and disuse, others in its more extensive diffusion, but both employing the same weapons—wit, lying, and obscenity—to sustain their assertions, and give piquancy and attractiveness to their effusions. In a survey of the entire struggle it is almost impossible to discover the simple truth from a consideration of the opposite statements, and is not the same true at present of all discussions in which unlimited and unbounded assertion can be hazarded?

CHAPTER V.

A NATIVE CHIEF, MARANDHAN.

"I cannot hide what I am; I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour."

Much Ado About Nothing, act i., sc. 3.

SHORTLY after my arrival on the estate, which I found in a flourishing condition, under Mr. Pinto's management, I made acquaintance with some of the European and native gentry of the vicinity. Of the latter I was particularly struck with the appearance and intelligence of a Modliar, or Kandian Colonel, named Marandhan. My first visit to him made such an impression upon my mind, that I have never forgotten it, notwithstanding the friendship which subsequently sprang up between us.

The sloping mountain's side which formed the most accessible portion of our estate, and

on which the bungalow was situated, stretched, as I have said, to a rivulet in the valley beneath. Crossing the rivulet, I made my way through a patch of forest, abruptly terminated by a mass of overhanging rocks of the most wild, irregular, and desolate description. Stretching for five miles from east to west, this natural barrier formed the boundary of our property—its weather-beaten summits exhibiting forms the most fantastical and picturesque that can be imagined. In some places covered with moss or some species of tropical lichen, in others bare and bleached with the constant exposure, these rocks reminded me forcibly of the similar groups upon the sides of the mountains in Dove Dale, in Derbyshire, resembling—

> "Temples like those amongst the Hindoos,
> Churches, spires and abbey windows,
> And turrets all with ivy green."

To find a way for one's horse through this strange natural barrier, was by no means an easy matter, but, once through, my further progress was unimpeded, although it was some time before I met with a road. The ground was uncultivated, even, and covered, for the most part, with long tufted grass—such land

as is in Ceylon called "patua"—resembling, I suppose, the prairies of the far West.

Dashing then through this tufted grass, with a salutary dread of snakes and serpents, I make my way rapidly along; keeping on either side and ahead, what the sailors would call a bright look-out for some wild adversary, or more subtle assailant, for the leopards and tic-polongas are equally fond of the open grass land at some seasons of the year. At length there are symptoms of cultivation in the neighbourhood. A large open plot of ground, saturated with water, bears traces of having borne a recent crop, and "Uncle Toby," my redoubted steed, covers his fetlocks at every plunge, as he flounders through it. There is a hard bank at one side, however, which has evidently served the purpose of a road, and, making my way to this, "Uncle Toby" is more contented and snorts forth his approbation. A little further on we meet a labourer apparently going forth to plough, or more probably, passing from one field to another for that purpose. His plough, a miserable piece of wood with a crooked stick fastened on the end, (one extremity of which he holds whilst the other scratches the ground

when actually "ploughing," as they designate that operation), is, for the present, thrown over his shoulder, whilst two diminutive bullocks creep on, at a snail's pace, before him. They go quickly enough for him, however, for he is in no hurry whatever. My appearance on the bank has evidently disconcerted him, and, putting his plough on the ground, he stares vacantly at me—eyes, mouth, and nose, all dilated to their utmost; for a white man on a horse is not an every-day sight in this out-of-the-way district. The bullocks calmly crop what little vegetation they can, whilst their master thus enjoys his stare.

"Is that Marandhan Modliar's house?" I shout to him in my best Singhalese.

"It is, my lord," is the reply wafted to me after a little, and I pass on.

The house to which I pointed, a white-walled, thatched, and somewhat extensive cottage-looking tenement, surrounded by numerous mud cabins, stood right before me in a kind of hollow formed by the undulating ground. "Uncle Toby" seemed perfectly aware of the state of the case, for he pushed on bravely and briskly, whilst, looking over my shoulder, I saw my friend the ploughman

slowly picking up his plough and creeping on again after his cattle, as I disappeared from his gaze round the corner.

Having met Marandhan at the magistrate's in our post town of Ruminacaddee, I had informed him of my intention of calling on him on this particular day. He was therefore prepared for my approach, and I found him hospitably awaiting me in the verandah as I rode up. Except for the group of poor cottages which surrounded his tenement, and for the amazing numbers of little darkies all jabbering Singhalese, and running hither and thither, for the most part in a state of complete nudity, there was not much to distinguish his house from that of a European, externally. Amongst the smaller fry, the children doubtless of the dependants on this small feudal lord, (for I could not believe that he was the father of the mall,) my arrival created a great sensation, and many of them whispered comments to each other on my white face, which, had I caught them, would not probably have been considered by me as very flattering, for they have an ugly habit, these Singhalese, to us perfectly unnatural, of painting their devils white instead of black. Many of these little ones, those

especially who kept carefully at a respectable distance, and peeped from behind a wooden pillar, or over the shoulder of a braver companion, or from behind their mother's scanty drapery, had never seen a white man before, although the aforesaid paintings in their temples were familiar to them, and there is, therefore, no necessity to indicate further for whom they probably took me. Even a few pice which I scattered amongst them did not seem to relieve their minds on this point; yet some of the bolder, those who had remained nearest, bravely laughed at their fears, and advanced one step nearer, to show that they, at all events, were not afraid.

Rising from his chair, Marandhan saluted me with a hearty shake of the hand, and expressed fluently in English his pleasure at this the first visit with which a European gentleman had ever deigned to honour him. He was a fine specimen of his class. Let me try and bring him before the reader, as he stood before me at that moment. Imagine, then, a middle-sized man, with a darkish face, not by any means black, scarcely approaching to black by any conceivable degrees;—the colour of well-milked coffee, is the simile that naturally

suggests itself to me; a variegated silk handkerchief, tied, turban-fashion, round his head; a close-fitting vest covering the upper, and a roll of muslin, forming an ample girdle, the middle, whilst full petticoats, looped up between the legs, giving the appearance of wide trousers, concealed the lower portion of his person, his feet being thrust into a pair of Chinese-looking slippers, peaked and turned up at the toes. In such a guise, his hand extended to grasp mine, Marandhan was a noticeable object, such as no one could pass by, whose eyes and mind were active, without feeling an impression that it was a living, breathing man, of some mark and likelihood, that was thus tricked out externally—as we all are, according to the fashion of our time and country.

The reader is disposed to smile at the looped-up petticoats, the ample muslin girdle, and the rings which adorned his ears. Nay, let us not smile; let us begin to judge men by other than tailors' eyes, and to think more of the furniture within the cranium than of its external ornaments; for whether a man wears a silk handkerchief tied round it, or a beaver hat a foot high above it, makes little matter in the

long run; nor to the world within is it of the slightest consequence whether the hair be long, lank, tied in a knot behind, as Marandhan wears his, or more artistically disposed in well-cared ringlets on the reflecting European's head. Noble thoughts and grand ideas may have occupied both internally, and doubtless both are seeking ardently, as all thinking men do seek, to solve this strange enigma of a nineteenth-century world, with such lights and helps as Europe and Asia respectively can afford for that purpose.

Having conducted me to an apartment within, ornamented with several elaborately-carved articles of Singhalese workmanship, and the walls of which were hung with various trophies of the Marandhan family—a family once of great note in the island—my host pointed to a chair, and we seated ourselves. A servant shortly after entered with fruits, sweetmeats, and wine, which I found pleasant and refreshing after my long ride. Cigars were subsequently introduced, and we smoked in concert till the conclusion of my stay; an energetic and interesting conversation being maintained between us during the whole time. Of this conversation I noted down shortly after a few fragments.

"So many of my countrymen," I began, "have assured me that the native chiefs desire to withdraw themselves from European society, that I fear I may have been rude in visiting you as I have done."

"Far from it," said he; "we of the Kandian provinces do not certainly desire to be measured by the standard of our coast fellow-countrymen, whose meanness and sycophancy we, for the most part, despise; and, as European gentlemen know little of the distinction between the Singhalese of the coast and the Kandians of the mountains, we shun that supercilious contempt to which the others subject themselves. You are certainly the first European gentleman that has taken the trouble to find out my poor abode and to visit it; but I have all my life lived in intimacy with some or other of your countrymen, either here or in Kandy."

"You do not, then, regard the natives of the coast as being equal to those of the interior?" I observed, surprised.

"I regard them as being as much our inferiors in intellectual and moral qualities as they certainly are in physical," said Marandhan, firmly.

"I am inclined to agree with you," said I, "short as has been my acquaintance with either. Of their physical inferiority there cannot be a doubt—and to this the bracing air of your mountains and table-lands, doubtless, much conduces, whilst their lives are spent amid the heat and enervating tropical luxuriance of the lower coast district. But this fact seems generally understood by Englishmen, so far as my experience goes—they invariably rank the Kandian far above the lowland Singhalese."

"They do, I believe, in words," he answered, "but not always in act. Accustomed to the servility and debasement of the coast, they treat, too frequently, with supercilious injustice, the claims of the Kandian to be recognised as a man, and not to be cuffed and petted alternately, as a spaniel of the tamest character. Hence, frequently, our shyness. I have always remarked, however, that those who have but lately left England have less of this intolerable hauteur than those long resident on the coast."

"Your words, Modliar, convey a quiet sarcasm, which I fear we too often deserve," said I. "We are all creatures of habit, indeed, and if a man has been brought up, or has even only associated for years, with 'spaniels of the

tamest character,' he is likely to became somewhat overbearing."

"It is erroneous to suppose, however, that the contrast between the Kandian and the Singhalese is solely the result of physical circumstances or conditions, or, indeed, chiefly so," continued mine host; "the history of our country, which few Englishmen know anything about, shows plainly that other causes besides temperature and situation have been at work to produce this contrast."

"I fear I too must plead ignorance of the history to which you allude," I observed.

"It would be well for us, Sir," he continued, "if, indeed, it can at all be well with slaves such as we are, did all Englishmen know something of our history, ere they came to govern or to dwell amongst us; they would respect us more, believe me—if, as I said, any lingering remnants of respect can anywhere be fished out of deep human contempt for slaves. Our royal and noble families can trace back their pedigrees through lines of statesmen and warriors to the time of your era and before. A noble whose family only boasted of such antiquity as your Howards and Stanleys, would, amongst us, be considered 'a new man.' You smile at these

comparisons, doubtless, if not externally, at least internally; you may so; yet, what your Howards and Stanleys are now, and have been in days gone by, our Molligoddes and Kapittipolas, with similar lights and influences, might have been. Nor are we without our Agincourts and Cressys, our Blenheims and Waterloos, although on a smaller scale. There was a time, Sir, when Ceylonese arms conquered all Southern India, the country of our natural enemies—our France, in fact. There were invasions on both sides frequently, and the Gulf of Manaar has as often been covered by warlike armaments as the English Channel; for years our superiority was confessed—our kings carried all before them, extending their arms from India to the Eastern peninsula, where our religion was permanently planted, a living monument of our former prowess. Not very long after William the Conqueror destroyed Saxon liberty in England, Prackrama, our king, was successfully carrying the arms and warriors of Ceylon into Burmah and Cambodia, which he thoroughly subdued.* Pardon me, Sir, but I love to linger over these deeds of other years,

* In the Appendix will be found an account of the reign of Prackrama.

when the title I bear* was the symbol of command over a thousand men, and not an almost unmeaning civic distinction. Miserable is the nation that can but boast of the deeds of its ancestors, whilst it mourns existing debasement, without the faintest hope of eradicating it!

"I intended to show you why, as history tells us, the Singhalese of the coast and the Kandian of the mountains are not like fellow-countrymen, nay, are most unlike. It was early in the sixteenth century, as you count centuries, although in our twenty-second, that the Portuguese first landed in this island. Their guns and ships equally astonished the degenerate men of the day, for civil wars and inhuman tyranny had accomplished their usual feat of destroying the spirit of the nation.

"The coast was speedily conquered by them, but all their attempts upon the mountainous interior, defended as it was by Kandian valour, miserably failed, and, for one hundred and fifty years, the heart of our island beat as freely and as manlike as ever, although the extremities had been trained to obey their new masters. The Dutch came, and, aided by Kandian arms, they drove out the Portuguese,

* That of *Modliar*.

under the promise of liberating the island, but the forts were strong upon the coast, its wealth was enticing, and they seized for themselves that, of which they had succeeded, by our help, in depriving their enemies. Violent were the efforts to dislodge them—the low-lands continued theirs notwithstanding—and for nearly one hundred and fifty years more seemed contented with its new masters. Thus you see our coast-Singhalese fellow-countrymen have served three sets of sovereigns in succession, whilst *our* bondage, I mean that of the Kandian provinces, is but as that of yesterday in comparison; free for more than two thousand years, we have been slaves for thirty, and what are thirty years in the life-time of a nation? Is it any wonder then that there should be a contrast between the two?"

"Yes," I replied, "this does indeed sufficiently account for the wide difference between the Kandians and the Singhalese, but it appears to me that, with a very pardonable national vanity, you attribute the long independence of the Kandians to a different motive from the true one. Surely the natural features of the country would be sufficient to repel any invaders. Do not mistake me. My object is

not to prove that the Kandians are not brave—all allow that fact—but where natural difficulties of an almost insuperable character presented themselves, surely we need not look for any other cause of defeat. The immense superiority of European over Asiatic arms, and the perfection to which the science of slaughtering man has been brought in the West, puts the consideration of personal bravery almost out of the question."

"The rugged mountains," replied Marandhan, "which encircle, like the quills on the porcupine, the heart of our island, doubtless did much to protect us, but these difficulties were again and again surmounted by the enterprising Portuguese. Their armies frequently made their way to Kandy, but were always ultimately expelled. They took advantage to the utmost of the disputes of the princes, and always added new elements of discord when they could, in disputed successions or contests for the throne; but without ultimate success. Nay so far from assured success of any kind, that often, of all their coast possessions, a fort or two was alone left to them—the hard walls of which formed impenetrable obstacles to unscientific Asiatic valour. Yet there were they

cooped up for months, sometimes for years, by a blockading army of Kandians, which, without artillery and the command of the sea, could do nothing effectual, till in their despair and famine, whilst still looking anxiously sea-ward for supplies, they actually began to eat one another! This is no romance, Sir, nor the coinage of an overheated brain, but these are the words of sober history and truth, as the Portuguese chroniclers and your own, avouch, for I have taken some pains to make myself acquainted with their works."

"You are right, Modliar. These facts are but little known, I fear, to Europeans generally, and it would probably be well for her children, if the history of Ceylon were more studied by all who make her rich low-lands, or her rugged mountain sides, their home."

"The study of that history would, I believe," said he, somewhat bitterly, "make your countrymen think something more of us—spaniels though we may appear to be upon the coast—at the same time that it must make the Englishman think more of himself, and of his country; for must not the reflection occur to him—what the Portuguese and Dutch, whilst living in the island for three hundred years,

could not accomplish by force or fraud, we, before we had been twenty, had fully effected?"

"But were not the British invited into the interior to aid in dethroning some inhuman monster, and then forced to extend their dominion by breach of treaty on the part of the Kandian authorities, involving the massacre of some British troops?" I asked. "I retain some confused images of this kind, dimly floating over the surface of my memory, from what little I have read of these matters."

"A people in possession of the coast," replied the Modliar, "all powerful by sea, and completely masters of the adjoining continent, would find little difficulty in getting invitations into the interior; nor was there an Eastern despot, I suppose, that ever lived that might not be made to appear inhuman when his actions were properly coloured to horrify an European audience. I know nothing of the secrets of cabinets, or of the working of that political machine, a Court, but I can easily conceive a disappointed or discarded minister wishing to embarrass his successor in every possible way, and little scrupulous of the means, when passion or interest urged him on; such a minister, we are told, fled to Colombo, and asked the assist-

ance of a British force against the tyrant who would employ him no longer, and against the stability of whose throne he had been plotting. I have known some who were intimately acquainted with the private life of the last King of Kandy, and they accused him of weakness of intellect, and of headlong fits of passion, but of nothing worse. Certainly not of worse things than sovereigns now upheld in India at Hyderabad and Lucknow, by the British authorities, and whose throne, in fact, rests upon British bayonets, are constantly guilty of. But the nation that has not the spirit to die in the struggle for freedom deserves its abasement, and it is useless to extenuate the circumstances on either side; the result is palpable—on all sides we have but to half open our eyes to see it too. A country enslaved—a nobility falling into the depths of servility—a religion tottering under the incessant attacks, open and secret, of that patronized by our rulers. Altogether as miserable and lamentable a spectacle as the eye of man probably ever witnessed."

"The theme is a melancholy one for you, who feel so acutely, Modliar," said I; "but, believe me, I did not introduce it from any

evil motives, or even from a vain curiosity. If it be any consolation to you to know that you have made one European think better of you and of Ceylon, you have that consolation; and it will be long indeed ere I forget the eloquence, both of tongue and eye, with which you assert your country's claims to respect. But surely there are lights as well as shadows in this grand historic painting. Is there not social improvement visible? Is not education spreading amongst the people? Are not war and bloodshed put an end to in the island? No more disputes, their history written in characters of blood, for the throne; no more warring of coast with hills, or hills with coast; no more foreign invasion or domestic disturbance." *

"Thanks for your kind words," said he. "They, like cool draughts for the fevered blood, have their value and their use. As to the present state of things, we, in our Oriental palm-leaf books, have a fable, often referred to, that illustrates it. A company of ants had collected, with long toil and incessant labour, a great heap of corn. 'Now,' said they, 'we

* It must be remembered that this conversation was held some years before the late rebellion under Lord Torrington's administration.

have worked enough, let us enjoy.' Hereupon violent disputes arose amongst them as to the division of their store. Some would have too much for the present; others wanted their whole portion at once; others declared they should feed in common. At length they decided that a venerable grey-beard, assisted by able diplomatists, should decide the disputes, having authority to enforce his decisions. A big burly fellow, with an excellent appetite, got a good round share, and professed himself contented, but, in the night, tried notwithstanding to steal some more. He was brought before the grey-beard. 'Let his portion be taken from him,' said the judge, 'and distributed amongst others. Nevertheless, he shall be fed daily, if he works hard, and must not starve; and if he, by repentance, proves his sorrow, he shall be restored to our favour, and get a share at last nearly equal to that which he has forfeited.' The big burly fellow was discontented however, and stealing off, like a thief as he was, came to a sparrow who had found great difficulty in providing for her numerous young ones. Her he told of the store, and of the weak point of the ant-hill. Collecting her little ones, she flew directly

to the neighbourhood, and conveyed them all there in safety, one by one. Then speedily making an entry into the ant-hill—'My friends,' said she, 'you are all quarrelling here; brethren should live in peace and amity. These stores of corn are the cause of all your troubles. I wish to make you happier, and therefore I shall relieve you of what is to you a serious annoyance.' So saying, she called her brood, and the corn stores were speedily demolished—all that could not then and there be eaten, being conveyed to her nest. 'And *my* share,' whispered the big burly fellow that had brought her. 'Traitor, you do well to remind me of your treachery to your relations,' she exclaimed, as she picked him up in her bill, and he disappeared. All that remained of the ants, from that moment, were on a footing of equality—there was no fear of any further disputes respecting the division of property amongst them."

"Your apologue is amusing, Modliar, at all events," said I, smiling, "if not very apt; but it does appear to me that you take the gloomiest view of things. You surely will allow that the civilization of the West, with its world-

traversing ships and engines of every kind to diminish human toil, is a superior thing to that of the East, with its empty despotic shows, and stand-still-do-nothingness. Progress is the law of humanity as established by nature; immobility was the law of Eastern despotism, and hence it was unnatural; and, like all unnatural things, was destined to speedy destruction, root and branch."

"I am not by any means insensible to the grand facts of European civilization," replied Marandhan; "but whether they lead, with their restless uneasy change, to heaven or to hell, I am not aware. No paradise of man, it appears to me, is to be found in this ever-rolling, never-stopping whirl of frothy commotion. Far otherwise. Ships capable of traversing the ocean in all directions, and journeying from pole to pole, and from antipodes to antipodes, are grand facts in this new civilization of the West; but we, in times past, have had the like, although by no means equal—far inferior, doubtless, to yours: but these very ships are themselves an element in that ever-whirling frothy change. They make men look to change, and not to permanence, as their greatest happi-

ness; and that is, in my mind, a lie. And then, as to your engines, that diminish human labour, do your people work less, or require to work less, now than before? nay, if the accounts I see in books, be true, the labouring poor of England find it difficult to keep ragged or naked starvation from their very doors. Indeed, I have heard gentlemen from England say, that the poor of Ceylon are infinitely better off than those of their own country. In God's name then, may we not ask, if not for the benefit and happiness of your own people, for whose do you come and make India and Ceylon subject, the Cape, America, and innumerable islands here and there? Strange advance that leaves more misery at home than it finds abroad! strange glory that cannot even hide hunger, destitution, and want of all things, in its ample cloak!"

"The very superabundance of the population of England proves the prosperity of the country," said I.

"Then so did that of Bengal under its worst tyrants—tyrants, at whose doings virtuous England has held up her hands in horror," was his reply.

"The cases are not analogous," I argued.

"Tropical luxuriance supplies that food in the one case, which, in the other, must be wrung hardly from a scanty soil. But it is not so much in physical, as in moral and mental respects, that European civilization stands so pre-eminent. The science, the philosophy of Europe, is of the highest character that this earth has yet seen. Man, with a hammer in his hand, breaks the rocks, and finds the handwriting of ages on them; from which handwriting he decyphers the history of his planet, thousands, perhaps millions, of years before he appeared on it. He shapes a tube, and wanders in the immensity of space, through other systems and other suns, and sees wide universes on every side. Surely, Modliar, there is a nobility in such thoughts, which even the meanest may conceive, that tells well for our European civilization in this much abused nineteenth century?"

"You are younger than I am," said he, quietly, "and have higher and brighter hopes. Thoughts such as you have hinted at, wonderfully feed our vanity, and are, in my mind, extremely deceitful. Man, as you say, finds out everything about everything, except about himself; and that knowledge about himself is pre-

cisely of the most importance to him. Whether he knows more of himself, with all those pyrotechnic flashes, that dazzle, but do not illumine some of us, at all events, I cannot pretend absolutely to determine. But I shall bring in the testimony of a man who, for fifty years I have heard, was at the head of European literature, and who was an ardent cultivator, and successful explorer in that field of science you praise so much. What says he, with all his modern lights, pyrotechnic and otherwise?

> 'Stars silent roll over us,
> Graves under us silent.'

Profoundly significant appear to me these few words, meaning, among other things, that he, for his part, had not learned much of the origin or destiny of humanity from all his researches."

"I am amazed," I replied, "at your depreciation of these ennobling thoughts. To me they appear to be of practical importance the most extraordinary, inasmuch as they cultivate the soul, and make it look something further than the eye can see. They give it a tone it cannot otherwise acquire—an elevation, a superiority, a power and vigour unattainable in any other way. Nor did I conceive it possible

that an enlightened mind like yours should for a moment uphold Eastern in preference to Western civilization."

"Let us talk over the matter then," replied mine host, bringing his chair nearer to mine, "quietly and argumentatively. Take another cigar; it conduces to thought. Yes, I must confess, I look upon these noble thoughts as so many air balloons, yielding mighty rumblings when struck and wonderful to gaze at, but difficult of practical application to any useful purpose on this earth. To ask me to prefer Western to Eastern civilization is to ask me to prefer Christianity to Budhism, which I cannot do. The civilization of Ceylon, of Tartary, of Chin-India is Budhistic—that of Europe is Christian; and retaining my prejudices, if you will—convictions, I should have said—in favour of Budhism, I must prefer its influence in most ways. But I am ready to talk over the matter quietly with you."

"At some other time, then,"* said I. "I have already trespassed too much on your goodness, and am deeply grateful for the in-

* My subsequent conversations with Marandhan on the subject of Budhism and Christianity will be found in the Appendix to the second volume.

formation you have given me, and the pleasure I have received in conversing with you."

So saying, I took my leave, my stock of knowledge increased, my eyes very considerably opened on many points, by this conversation.

CHAPTER VI.

A DAY AT A FRIEND'S—SNAKES AND MONKEYS.

"There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it."
Julius Cæsar, act i., sc. 2.

The incidents of the planter's life are not generally of a very strange or exciting character. The felling of a new piece of forest; the planting of the newly-cleared ground; the engaging of a new gang of coolies or labourers, and their subsequent dismission, when the picking and manufacturing periods are over; the occasional starting of a leopard or bear in the uncleared land; the destruction caused by some wild elephant, banished from his herd, and an outcast from society generally; the happy anticipations of a heavy crop, or the gloomy forebodings of a more than ordinarily light one; these, with an occasional journey to some

friends in the neighbourhood, to Kandy or to Colombo, form the staple of the varieties of his existence. To these must be added the arrival of his letters, and particularly of the English mail. That is, indeed, a joyous time! How he luxuriates in the well-known address that heads the letter from home, telling, probably, of boyish days, raising happy associations, recalling a host of incidents that the cobwebs of memory have been gradually rendering dim and dingy in his mind. The old familiar handwriting, too—it is dear to the banished exile, nay, beloved by him. But how much more the quaint old thoughts, the remarks on his letters, so full of home and simplicity—it is breathing English air again to read them! The same stereotyped advice that a fond mother has been inculcating from the day he first left her watchful eye—the same anxious exhortations of sisters and maiden aunts to be careful, and not to expose himself heedlessly or rashly to danger from wild animals, and by no means to associate much with that horrid Mr. A., that reckless Mr. B., or that plausible, but dangerous, Mr. C. The sly hints of the more "knowing ones," that it would be well to avoid exaggeration of all kinds, are equally

amusing, as an exhibition of self-satisfied humanity, that would show itself so much above the common, gently hinting many things, openly asserting few or none — qualification built on qualification, until the entire epistle grows into one gigantic "if" and "but."

The fact is, no man can live long in the jungle without encountering many adventures, which the aforesaid "knowing ones" would deem highly problematical, if not absolutely false; brought into constant contact, in some way or other, with the wild denizens of the forest, he must either be a witness to, or hear of, dangers, escapes, struggles, and accidents, that many would doubt, and some absolutely reject as untrue. Unlimited scepticism leads, perhaps, to more errors than unlimited credulity; and there can be no doubt that the latter is the happier quality of the two. Every one has heard of the sagacity of that good old Scotch dame, whose son, an apprentice on board a West Indian ship, returned to her, brimful of news, from his first voyage. "Flying fish, Jock," said she, with a wise shake of the head; "na, na, lad, ye'se no get me to believe that. Sich-a-like monsters I never heerd tell on before; and dootless, Jock, an' ther' war sich

the Bible would say someat aboot them." "Oh, then," said Jock, "I suppose, mither, there's no use in telling you of the sugar-mountains and the rum-river in Jamaica? But you speer't at me, mither, about what I saw, and sae I tell't you." "Noo, Jock," said the old dame, smiling sagaciously—"noo, Jock, your talkin' the words of truth and soberness, I ken weel, for a' the sugar and the rum, I heerd your father often say, comes from that part, and sae I see nae reason why they should na have their mountains of sugar there weel eneugh, ay and their rivers of rum tae."

We had been very busy getting in our crops—every hand hard at work—every corner of the plantation alive with men from earliest dawn to the latest glimpse of light, picking the berry or bringing it by bullocks or by hand to the pulping machine or to the drying platform. New coolies at work to be looked after, much of every kind of work requiring to be done, and but little time to do it in—the manager's eyes required everywhere, whilst he, heated and excited, moves rapidly from place to place, now inspecting the pickers, and anon galloping off to the machinery, forming all the way abstruse calculations as to the probable result of the

season. All bustle and excitement, healthy hopeful work too that year—the "out-turn," as we called it, rather above the average.

At such a period, there was no time for calling, and, for some months, I saw little or nothing of the Hofers. At length, when the bags of coffee were almost all despatched on the road to Colombo, and a little breathing time allowed, a servant from Lanka brought me a note from Hofer, asking me to come and spend the following day with them. I joyfully assented.

Starting early I reached their estate in time for breakfast. Their bungalow was situated on the levelled top of a round and gently sloping hill—a small round hill, about twice the size of that Primrose, which reminds the true Londoner of the Alps, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains; a vast amphitheatre, in fact, from the centre of which rose this Lanka hill, and on the flattened summit stood their bungalow. A strange situation, and picturesque, but not more so than that of many other bungalows in the district; highly convenient, moreover, inasmuch as the sides of the surrounding mountains, on which the cultivation was chiefly carried on, were all more or less distinctly visible from its verandas. As I crested the

southern hill, and turned "Uncle Toby's" head downwards into the valley, now intervening between me and the Lanka bungalow, I had a beautiful bird's eye view of the entire estate—the sides of the gigantic mountains contrasting strangely with the little artificial-like mound in the centre, on the summit of which the bungalow and works seemed like those little painted toy-houses of which children are so fond. A small stream completely encircled the central hills, entering "the happy valley," as we planters called it, from the west, and dividing, so as to encircle the mound, before it made its exit, brawling and foaming through a chasm on the east. Here and there on the sides of the amphitheatre by which I was surrounded, patches of the forest remained in the narrow chinks or chasms with which the hills abound, affording to the eye a pleasant relief in the dull uniformity of the lines of fallen trees, with the small coffee bushes just beginning to be visible at a little distance between them. On the northern side, that facing me as I rode downwards, the jungle was untouched, and still waved in its primeval luxuriance.

Arrived at the little stream, over which a substantial bridge led the way to the bungalow

above, I passed the "lines," or dwellings of the coolies, situated behind a clump of mangoe trees, through which the eager occupants inspected the strange *mahathma* and his horse, both, to the uncultivated natives, equal objects of interest.

On reaching the summit of the hill, on which the bungalow stood, I found the breakfast-table most invitingly laid out on the western or shaded side of the verandah, whilst the tall graceful figure of mine hostess, garnished with a broad-brimmed Spanish hat, tended the flowers bordering the road. A servant having held my bridle and stirrups, I dismounted and advanced to salute Mrs. Hofer, who was now standing at the edge of the verandah to receive me. The Spanish hat added a new charm to her lovely countenance, which was flushed with heat and toil, whilst her hair fell in thick, massive, black ringlets over her shoulders. Her form was well set off in a tasteful dressing-gown, tied round the waist with cords from which depended two tassels. Altogether there was a bizarre, and yet an exquisitely graceful, air about her, which heightened the charm of her purely feminine beauty.

"Ernest, like yourself," said she, as I shook

hands with her, "has been taking a long ride this morning, and would have gone to meet you had not business taken him in another direction. But you would like to wash your hands—Mamdeli!" Mamdeli appeared. "Take the *mahathma* into Mr. Hofer's dressing-room."

Hofer soon after made his appearance, and we sat down to breakfast.

We were seated in the open verandah, thoroughly shaded from the sun, with a view to the west of the most striking character. There were the two gigantic hills opposite and at some little distance, whilst through the valley between, the Paloya flowed into this happy region, as if lovingly to embrace the bungalow-crowned hill on the summit of which we sat. Nearer to us was a garden tended by Mrs. Hofer herself, the walks and flowers of which ended in the thick brush-wood and mightier forest vegetation stretching down to the little stream. It was a scene to make any man's heart glad who could find gladness anywhere in nature. Yet I thought I could distinguish a shade of melancholy pass over my fair hostess' features, as the joyous laugh of children was borne faintly on the breeze from the labourers' cottages below. It

might possibly have been fancy on my part, but it certainly left the impression on my mind that she would be happier had she a little one to rear tenderly and wisely amid this profusion of natural beauty. Hofer was in excellent spirits, and seemed to be ignorant of, or to ignore, this feeling, if any such existed, on his wife's part. Our conversation, as might be supposed, was principally of the crops, of our late bustle and hurry and hard work, of his felling and planting, of his nursery, of the laziness of the coolies, and the cunning falsehoods of the *cangānies*,* of the miserable bullocks, and the difficulty of getting an adequate supply, of the comparative excellences and defects of the various pulping machines in use, and of the various measures which we severally adopted in many matters—all interesting themes to each of us, but by no means so to others. Nor did the state of the market escape our astute observations, the last mercantile circulars and private advices being frequently referred to, as we discussed that point.

Breakfast concluded, Hofer took me to see a

* Each gang of coolies has a head-man to watch over and direct it, and he is called its *cangāny*.

new piece of machinery, lately contrived and erected by himself, which he had found, but for one or two accidents caused by the excessive stupidity of the coolies, as he said, work admirably well. He had adopted too a new method of preserving the roads on his plantation during the rains, with which, at present, he was very busy, but, as this new method had not yet been tested by our tropical deluges, I did not feel much anxiety to witness it.

About twelve o'clock, Mrs. Hofer being ready, we started eastward for a ride, for she was an excellent horsewoman, and fond of the exercise. Hofer accompanied us for a short distance, and then darted off in another direction to see what success had attended the fishing in the Paloya, which he had ordered in the morning. Crossing the stream, we commenced the ascent of the hill on the other side, which we performed leisurely and cautiously, the road not being of the best. Here we had an opportunity for some conversation.

"You seem to have resigned yourself completely to a jungle life," said I, "and to have determined to make yourself content with it."

"There is much in it," she replied, "that I like exceedingly. I was always passionately

fond of the country and of a country life, and the beauty of nature here charms me—the want of society is not very distressing, but I should be happier if the natives were more improvable—they look upon me with suspicion, and do not seem capable of believing that I can wish to assist them from a benevolent motive. There is a little village at the other side of this hill to which I have frequently ridden, in the hope of being of service to some of its inhabitants, but there is only one woman in it that seems at all disposed to be grateful, or even to like my approach, and she, poor thing, finds a relief in my visits only probably because she is miserable."

"The Kandians are naturally shy, I fancy," was my reply, "presenting, in this respect, a striking contrast with the frank confidence of the coolies from Malabar."

"I do not know much of these coolies," said she, "being totally ignorant of their language, but what little I do know of them is far from favourable. They seem deceitful, mercenary, and lost to all sense of decency and propriety."

"If you judge Asiatics by your English standard, you will certainly find them wanting sadly," I remarked, smiling. "You must re-

member these are the poorest and least civilized of their class, who travel hundreds of miles to work for a season on our plantations, starving themselves the while, in order to return with their paltry savings (to them, valuable hoards) to their country and families. This alone is, in my mind, a redeeming characteristic—they slave here, not so much for present, as for future, advantage, and very often, to share their little pittance ultimately with starving relations at home. Such is the result of a superabundance of population, the greatest evil, I am beginning to think, whatever political economists may say to the contrary, that can afflict a nation."

"There is doubtless much reason in what you say in their favour," she replied, after a pause, "but with all the shyness of the Kandians, I prefer them."

"The hardships these Malabar coolies undergo, in travelling on foot through the jungles of southern India and those of northern Ceylon, are but little known," I added. "They must arrive, within a certain limited period, in the plantation district, for their supply of food is small, or otherwise they would perish in the forests—hence accidents of a comparatively

trivial kind are often death to them, for their comrades cannot wait; the race is for life, and they must sacrifice one, or run the risk of being all destroyed. Hence the disabled member of the gang is necessarily abandoned, and deep in the recesses of the forests, amid wild beasts and serpents, the poor sufferers are left with a handful of rice and a shell of water to meet death, all alone under the most horrible of all possible forms. Can any picture that the most highly-coloured romance ever presented, be more terrible? The outcast is stretched perhaps beneath a tree by the side of the seldom-trodden path in that cheerless waste—rich vegetation in ample profusion all around him, but no hope! He begs and intreats, but the other members of his gang are inexorable. It is his life or theirs! They have carried him ten or twenty miles already, they can do no more—he seems to become worse instead of better, and now lying helplessly at the foot of that tree, he sees them leave the little bowl of rice, the little shell of water, by his side. His outstretched hands, his agonizing wailings are disregarded; he sees them making their way, one by one, through the thick vegetation in front, the long

line ever pressing onwards — hope before, misery, despair, and death, behind. At length they are all gone, and in the heaven or on the earth, there seems for him no comfort, no ray of light. Think of night gradually approaching under such circumstances—another human being will probably not approach the spot for days or weeks, and he knows that well. Fancy the slimy snake or wilder leopard stealing towards him, glaring on him, whilst he sees the fiery eyes or the forked tongue gradually approaching, without a chance of avoiding the intended slaughter."

"O, it is too horrible to think of," exclaimed my fair companion, shuddering, "and yet I know that not a season approaches without some such scenes occurring in the recesses of the jungle."

"Some such," I repeated, "many such. Have you ever questioned your *cangānies* about them?"

"Never," said she, "nor is it a pleasant task to probe the recesses of human misery. But now that you have brought the matter so vividly before me, I shall look upon them more pitifully than I have done."

"Such a scene only described to you, believe

me, Mrs. Hofer," I replied, "makes *you* feel more deeply than its enactment before their eyes, affects *them*. The most feeling of God's creatures on earth, women, are almost daily witnesses to such scenes, and they survive them; nay, not merely survive them, but are as merry as though they had been witnesses of joy all their lives, a week after."

"A fact which certainly does not say much for their 'feeling,'" she replied.

"Nay, we must not judge them by too high a standard," I urged. "It is a mercy to these women that their feelings are not acute, in our acceptation of the word, for acute they certainly are, even amongst them, when compared with those of the men."

"All which, in my mind, amounts to this," she answered, "that the women are unfeeling enough, the men absolute brutes."

I did not argue the point further, for the road here improved, and we cantered on.

Arrived at the little village Mrs. Hofer had spoken of, the poor woman whose gratitude had been excited by her kindness, came forth from her cottage to bless and praise her in the most glowing terms. A few inquiries respecting the prospects of the little piece of land her son and

she were now cultivating, enabled so to do by my companion's liberality, were asked and answered, and we proceeded on our ride to a waterfall in the neighbourhood, a favourite resort of the excursionists from Lanka. It was a beautifully-secluded spot—one of those natural scenes of surpassing loveliness with which the magnificent island abounds. Two vast rocks, with almost perpendicular faces, covered with moss, or something resembling it, met at right angles, and stretched far apart on either side at their extremities. The stream, a tributary of the Paloya, darted from the corner at the summit, in one unbroken sheet, into an abyss below, a depth of eighty or ninety feet, whilst a grassy knoll, covering a rocky base, directly in front, afforded an excellent platform for witnessing it. This grassy knoll was bordered by bushes which fringed the base of the huge masses of rock on either side, and behind it was bounded by a thick forest; altogether, a spot more completely sheltered from the rays of the sun, or affording a more beautiful view, it would not be easy to discover anywhere. It owed its suitability for a pic-nic party partly to nature, and partly to Mrs. Hofer's judicious improvements—improvements which consisted alone in repressing the

luxuriant vegetation, which, if allowed, would have encroached again, as it had done before, upon the table-like plot of grass so admirably adapted for accommodating a party.

Servants, who had arrived before us, by a shorter path through the hills, were here in attendance to take our horses, and we found a carpet spread upon the turf, ready for our reception, with an inviting-looking basket in its midst. Seating ourselves in oriental fashion (after the manner of tailors, as a European would say), *sans cérémonie*, we dived into the recesses of the aforesaid basket, in which we found some sandwiches, a cold fowl, and—greatest luxury of all, after our fatiguing ride of an hour and a-half—some bottles of deliciously cool beer. I fear when the genuine Cockney so carelessly reads the words, "Allsopp's Pale Ale," or "Bass's India Ale," in going through the streets of London, he seldom realises to himself the delight with which the weary traveller in India or Ceylon sees these words on the outside of a full bottle—I say a full bottle, for your planter has as little affection for an empty one as Falstaff had for an "unfilled can"—champaign is an excellent drink, if you don't anticipate a dinner after it, but for a

breakfast after a hard ride, or a luncheon in the jungle, there is nothing equal to the sparkling glass of cool Bass or Allsopp. The frame is, perhaps, on fire, this is the condiment to extinguish the flames; exhausted with physical or mental fatigue, with a thermometer ranging between 80° and 90°, nothing half so gently-inspiriting as the white-capped draught of pale India ale; but then it must be of the right description, not opened a month too early or too late—a gentle simmer of white foam on the top, not breaking out into a deluge of froth, which proves it over-ripe, nor having to be coaxed into a little foam, which proves it too flat. They say George the Fourth could take a longer time to drink a glass of generous wine than any other man, thereby enjoying it to the utmost; but such Epicurism will not do with our genuine pale India; it must be quaffed, not hurriedly, but without pause—be the quantity large or small, it should not remain in the glass a minute.

"This jungle-life has a strange tendency to develope Epicureanism in the male portion of humanity," observed Mrs. Hofer, as I made some of these remarks to her, on her putting down her glass of ale, half-finished only.

"If Epicureanism mean the making the best of the circumstances in which we are placed, your remark is a very just one," I answered; "there is so little of accustomed comfort and luxury here—I mean that comfort and luxury to which every Englishman above actual want is used—that it is incumbent on us to make the most of the circumstances in which we are placed, and of the few enjoyments left."

"You remind me of Hudibras," answered my companion.

> "He was in logic a great critic,
> Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
> He could distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and south-west side."

"Nor was he unlike you in being able to give reasons for everything,

> "For when he happened to break off,
> In th' middle of his speech, or cough,
> H' had hard words ready to show why,
> And tell what rules he did it by."

"Laugh at me if you will," was my reply, "but to me the making the most of the circumstances in which we are placed appears the truest philosophy."

"As an abstract truth nothing can be more certain," quickly rejoined my fair antagonist,

" but when your dictum is applied to the proper method of quaffing glasses of ale, methinks it has little to do with philosophy."

" Here comes Hofer," said I, " we will refer the point to him."

Hofer had scarcely taken his place beside us, and given us the best possible illustration of how glasses of ale should be drunk, when a servant, who had been in attendance at a little distance, came towards us with the startling intelligence that a snake at that moment was making its way into the folds of Mrs. Hofer's riding-habit. He was a judicious fellow, that servant, cool and cautious, prefacing his information with the remark that he was not himself aware whether it was a venomous one or not, but that if it was, our only chance of safety lay in not disturbing it at that moment! It was a frightful state of things—the joy and hilarity which had beamed on our countenances a moment before, were changed, as by the wand of a magician, into anxiety and terror. Mrs. Hofer turned deadly pale, but maintained her position heroically, feeling or fancying she felt —at that moment the same thing—the gliding of the slimy reptile over the folds of her dress, fortunately voluminous and thick. But what

was to be done? To attack it as it lay, was fraught with the most imminent danger to the lady, whose marble-like features sufficiently attested the agony she endured.

"I have sent one of the grooms for a little milk to a cottage not far off, where they keep goats," coolly observed the servant, "the snake will come out to the milk, and, as long as it is undisturbed, there is nothing to fear, it will bite no one." I know not at this moment which of us endured the most suffering for those few brief minutes. The milk came in an open saucer-like vessel, and, advancing as near as he considered judicious, the servant, deliberately, as if about to feed a favourite kitten, put down the bait which was to lure the enemy to its destruction, whilst he departed into the forest for a bamboo. Our riding whips were near us, and these Hofer and I grasped with grim resolution. For another minute all was silence and anxious expectation. At length, as Hofer subsequently informed me, for sitting nearly opposite as I was to the lady, I could not see it—at length the head of the snake, its forked tongue playing over its jaws, emerged from the folds of the riding-habit, and gradually approached the milk, gradually but too slowly,

for Mrs. Hofer could endure no more. Seeing by her husband's face that the crisis had arrived, her nerves failed at the moment, and, with a loud shriek, she threw herself forward. I caught her in my arms, and she almost immediately became insensible, whilst the snake retreating into the folds of the dress, which was not yet sufficiently extended to discover the disgusting animal completely, remained motionless.

One would scarcely believe it, but as long as the reptile remained quiet, I cared not at that moment how long it might so continue. There was an enjoyment in feeling that lovely head upon my shoulder, the mouth almost touching my cheek, and in grasping that exquisite form round the waist, awkward though our attitude, half-standing, half-kneeling, was, that rendered me oblivious, for the time being, of the danger, and whilst Hofer and servants were engaged with the snake in the tail of the dress, I was occupied solely with the statue-like head. I poured out a glass of brandy, and tried to get her to swallow a mouthful, and I bathed her temples with the same liquid immediately after. At length —I cannot tell how long afterwards, her eyes

gradually, languishingly, opened and looked up at me.

No remedy could more effectually have roused her, than the position in which she found herself on recovering—the eyes, half-shut before, opened at once, a faint frown contracting the brow—the head was raised, and whispering, in a terrified way, "the snake," she stood up, as well as the disarranged habit would permit. The snake thought I, ay truly, the snake! what of it? Why the poor animal was on the grass, at no great distance, and they were all belabouring it vigorously—the servants with bamboos, Hofer with his riding whip. It had been dead long ago doubtless. I felt certain of that fact, and laughed at them heartily.

"And after all," said I, approaching them, "it's perfectly harmless."

"Is it?" said Hofer, turning quickly round, his whole face, grim and determined before, relaxing at once into a smile—"Is it?"

"Of course it is," said I, taking a hold of the head (for I felt morally certain it could not have endured one-half that it had endured and retain a spark of life); "of course it is. You see there are no fangs here," and I boldly opened the mouth. Whether it was a venom-

ous snake or not, I was and am profoundly ignorant, but not a tenth of the snakes in the world are venomous, they say; so the probability is I was right. The natives said nothing. They are wonderfully judicious people. Hofer and I laughed long and heartily at the transaction, and even the lady herself, after sipping a little brandy and water, condescended to smile; so that we rode back in the best possible spirits. I thought she rather avoided my eyes during the rest of the day, but her manner was as kind as ever; so I suppose it was all fancy on my part. One is so fond of flattering oneself!

We spent a wonderfully pleasant evening after this little adventure; the incident itself, indeed, lending a zest to our enjoyment, and affording an ample theme for conversation. The waterfall lost, from that day, however, a kind patron in our hostess, but such a result was natural, and could not possibly be averted.

The party which assembled at Hofer's to dinner consisted of the magistrate of Ruminacaddee and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mouat by name, Captain Lister of the Ceylon Rifles, and Mr. Fowler a coffee-planter of the vicinity. How instinctive are not our first likings and

dislikings of strangers! I had met Mr. Mouat on joining the estate; he had visited me two or three times since, proved himself an admirable companion, full of life and anecdote and humour, and yet I felt an antipathy to him. He was a small muscular man, with an intelligent face, surmounted by an ample forehead, shaded on either side by straight black hair. Detracting from these advantages, however, and neutralizing their effect on the observer's mind, were two cold, lack-lustre eyes, ever staring, or if twinkling, the twinkle seemed one of malice rather than of benevolence or humour. Not his pleasant manner, nor his racy stories, nor his keen enjoyment of a pleasant party, could remove the impression which his eyes first made upon my mind; and I found in the course of conversation with mine hostess before his arrival, that Mrs. Hofer's impression was similar to my own. He had evidently observed this, and took the most assiduous pains to remove that impression, at all events from the mind of our fair hostess, and doubtless had taken such pains before. Mrs. Mouat, his wife, was a fat pursy little body, whose impression seemed constantly to be that she was always in somebody's way. She would look round the room,

as if to find some hole or corner where she would certainly not incommode any one. With an overwhelming sense of her own nonentity, as far as importance went, she amused, or vexed, or distressed those around her, according to their temper and disposition. Twitching her chair the half-quarter of an inch to one side, she hoped she was not incommoding you. You assured her not in the least—quite the contrary, and would fancy it was all over; but, no! a minute after she begs you will forgive her for shaking the table, or spilling the salt, or scattering the pepper about, or some other delinquency which you would never have noticed had not she herself called your attention to it, Her conversation consisted principally of yes!—no!—ah!—indeed!—very! and such like monosyllables, expressive of anything or nothing at will. Nor was she particular as to the way in which these interesting monosyllables were applied. After a pleasant narration that would make Saturn himself, the gloomiest of men and gods, break forth into a smile, she would merely salute you with an unmeaning and insipid "indeed!" casting a furtive glance under the sideboard opposite, at the same time, as if the reflection crossed her

mind at the instant that, safely ensconced under that, she would be in nobody's way. I sometimes felt tempted to assure her that it would be well to try some of these holes and corners, in order to relieve her mind; but I refrained. She had three children, and how she ever contrived to get through life with them I never could discover, for she was precisely the same at home as abroad, at least on two or three occasions that I happened to call. Seated uneasily on the corner of an ottoman or the edge of a chair, she stroked her dear boy's head, and simpered out, yes!—no!—ah!—indeed!—very! just as usual, until I felt strongly tempted to smash the pier-glass with a chair, to see if I could not get anything else out of her.

Captain Lister was an excellent elephant-hunter—one of those fine sportsmen with whom Ceylon abounds. And yet to look at him one would not fancy he was a likely person for such sport. Tall and corpulent, he was the oiliest of living men. His hair, which had a slight tinge of yellow in it, otherwise one would call it white, was scanty, whilst his whiskers of the same hue, were abundant. Constantly mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, he seemed

to have worn the hair away above it, and hence its great height. He was fond of a good dinner; and the time which he could spare from military duties and elephant shooting (a sport, of which his success in it probably made him inordinately fond) was devoted, according to his friend Mouat, to experimentalizing in sauces. Although somewhat heavy, Lister was a decidedly good fellow, with an amazing fund of anecdote and story, chiefly relating to his favourite pursuit and his own exploits in it; not that I would insinuate that he was vain or ostentatious—quite the reverse—no one who who had ever looked upon his glowing, mild, and benevolent countenance could fancy so for a moment. Circumstances threw him and Mouat much together, on their first arrival in the island, and they maintained a friendly intercourse up to this time, although meeting but seldom. Lister, I suppose, was not always so corpulent as at the time of which I write, and having been successful in early life as a mighty hunter, had been thus led on to consider the sport an essential employment for him—the slaughtering of elephants in fact, one of those things he was sent into the world to do, and which must be done.

Our conversation at dinner turned chiefly upon snakes in general, and *the* snake in particular, on which subject Lister and Mouat both gave us much information, long since forgotten. I have a distinct recollection, however, of having been complimented on the discovery that our adversary of the morning was a harmless one; and of having borne my budding honours with all possible modesty. The conversation subsequently turned, how I know not, upon native duplicity *v.* native honesty; Hofer maintaining that the Kandians were not a whit worse than other people in similar positions elsewhere.

"I quite agree with you," said the magistrate; "duplicity is the rule all over the world, honesty the exception."

"I should be very sorry to adopt your estimate of humanity, Mr. Mouat," said Mrs. Hofer, ever ready to do battle for the noble, the virtuous, and the true.

"If you judge mankind by yourself, you will certainly think honesty the invariable rule, and duplicity an impossibility," answered he; "but alas! it is a truth, that men in my position particularly, and all men, I fancy, in every position, who have seen much of life, must

sooner or later discover, that men, when they are honest, are so from habit, interest, or fear, not from principle—that falsehood and dishonesty are natural to the nine hundred and ninety-nine; truth and honesty to the thousandth only."

"I cannot, in your presence," said she, "speak of my experience in Ceylon; but during the entire course of my life in England I was brought much into connexion with the country people, in Bedfordshire, and truth and honesty, I can truly assert, amongst them at least, are a hundred-fold more common than you would lead us to suppose. Nay, truth and honesty are, amongst them, the rule, whatever you may fancy to the contrary."

"My experience," was his reply, "has lain principally with the town-people and the natives of Ceylon, and that may perhaps be the cause of our difference."

"I do not adopt Mr. Mouat's opinion in its widest acceptation; but you must remember, Emma," said Hofer, "that you saw the country people of Bedfordshire under the most favourable circumstances. Your family was known in the neighbourhood, and had been stationary there a long time—the poor around were grate-

ful for assistance received from it, and the worst features of their characters would be hidden from the view of a young lady with some pretensions to refinement."

"Under what circumstances then, would you judge of mankind?" boldly argued the fair enthusiast; "if those who have lived in the midst of a certain population, constantly seeing, and being seen by, them, are not to judge of the virtue or vice they daily exhibit, who shall do so? You object, and probably Mr. Mouat also objects, to my experience, but I have a more weighty objection to bring against his—the experience of a magistrate lies amongst the worst, not amongst the best, of mankind, no, nor even amongst the average, and if such experience is to be accounted that most fit for forming the foundation of a judgment, the dweller in a hospital might be excused for considering all mankind diseased. Do you not agree with me, Mrs. Mouat?"

"Yes," said that interesting lady, casting her eyes furtively behind the door.

Both the gentlemen were silent.

"In my opinion," said Fowler, "your experience is the most valuable of the three, Mrs. Hofer, for, as you say, Mr. Mouat sees more

of the knavery than of the excellence of man, and my friend Hofer has spent his life in moving so rapidly from place to place, and country to country, that he cannot have obtained that intimate acquaintance with any one district or population, necessary to form an opinion of this kind. Those who remain long in one locality alone, mingling much amongst the various classes of people resident there, appear to me to be the only people capable of forming, or likely to form, a correct estimate."

"There is, doubtless, much truth in your observation, so far as I am concerned," said the magistrate; "but it must also be remembered that much, very much depends upon the point of view from which we regard the world. If influenced, like our hostess, by benevolence and philanthropy alone, we shall shut our eyes to the vices, and open them to the virtues, of those around us."

"Precisely in the same way," said Captain Lister, "as a planter judges a horse—that is, he has a point of view, as Mouat calls it, of his own; he doesn't care for points or pedigree, all he wants is go—go of all kinds, up hills and down hills, and over rocks and through marshes, without any reference to paces or appearance."

"Undoubtedly," said Mrs. Hofer, always strenuous and earnest in upholding her convictions—"Undoubtedly, the aspect of anything is modified by the subjective bias and idiosyncrasy, the strength and cultivation of the mind that considers it, as well as by the circumstances in which the individual is placed, hence the impossibility of making all, or even a majority of, mankind think alike on any one subject; but if we find around us in the world, self-denial and benevolence, a firm adherence to virtue and religion, honour and integrity, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, are we not bound to raise our voices against the monstrous doctrine, that all virtue is hypocrisy, all excellence selfishness, all honesty disguised interest!"

"I probably expressed myself too unguardedly," said the magistrate, his cold, inanimate eyes lighting up for an instant, as he looked on the warm and animated face of our chivalrous hostess, —"I certainly did not mean to go so far in my assertions. I meant merely that it appeared to me that vice was more common than virtue; but even in that I may be mistaken—I should not at all wonder if I were."

This conversation, trivial as it may be con-

sidered, left a deep impression upon my mind; I could not help contrasting the honest, hearty, open convictions, openly expressed, of the lady, with the half-implied, half-asserted hesitations and retractations of the worthy magistrate—the one symbolic of the daring confidence of youthful ardour in the pursuit of the noble and the true; the other typical of the doubt, hesitation, uncertainty, and craft, which an extended acquaintance with mankind but too often fosters in the minds of the irresolute or the vicious.

"What of astrology?" I asked of Mrs. Hofer, before she and her automaton-like guest left the table—"You talked at Ambepusse of studying it when you got into the jungle."

"I have begun the study," she replied, "and like it well. An old priest from the wihare at Mirrepolla, comes to me thrice a-week, and from him I get lessons in Singhalese and in astrology."

"You don't mean to say you believe in astrology?" asked Lister, bluntly.

"No," she replied—"I do not yet know enough of it to believe or disbelieve it, but my impression is, that there must be more in a science, once so universally admitted as truth,

than men now-a-days are willing to acknowledge."

"That there is some great or leading truth at the bottom which the mystifications of ages have but enveloped in a mass of absurdity and no-meaning verbiage, appears probable enough," said Mouat.

"If you can arrive at that truth," said Hofer, "you may be recompensed for the trouble and toil of the investigation, but my impression is, that you will indignantly thrust the whole study from you some day soon, as a vast lie."

"I do not think so," she replied, and then turning to Mrs. Mouat, she added—"your husband and I, I am happy to discover, are likely to find some points of agreement in our various opinions."

"Very," replied the fat little lady, for she had just emerged from a long-protracted yawn, and was now feeling her jaws perhaps to make sure that there was no dislocation—the probability was, therefore, that she had not heard the observation addressed to her, but had only a vague idea that a word was required, and thought "very" the safest. The ladies soon after left the table.

"You hinted at dinner, Mouat," said Hofer to him, after a pause, "that our friend Captain Lister had a peculiar antipathy to monkeys. Am I right in supposing that thereby hangs a tale?"

"You are," replied the little man, his eyes absolutely twinkling with malicious wit, as he turned them upon the Captain, who had moved uneasily in his chair when he heard Hofer's question.

"An absurd story," said Lister; "but yet one that Mouat is fond of relating—why, I could never discover, for really it does not appear to me worthy of the flourish of trumpets with which he introduces it."

"But you will let us hear it, Captain," I urged.

"Why Mouat will be sure to tell it to you some time or other, and therefore I had rather he told it now, as I can point out his exaggerations and misstatements as he proceeds."

"It was a simple enough matter in itself," began Mouat; "and really I do not see why Lister fears exaggerations on my part. As an illustration of the accidents that one is liable to in this 'garden of the East,' it is right that you griffins should be made acquainted with it,

for it is only by the misfortunes of ourselves or others that we can learn experience. There are two things that Lister is fond of—a good dinner and a fair encounter with an elephant. He is not more delicate in carving his haunch of venison than in striking a tusker; and he is equally good in making away with both. Mrs. Mouat, you are aware, keeps her own sheep, and I always try and have a supply of good claret in the house, in the hope of alluring him occasionally to Ruminacaddee. No man should come to Ceylon to satisfy his gastronomic propensities; and Lister has been heard to say that the tough beef and scraggy mutton of Ceylon had required an amount of patience and endurance on his part during the days of the years of his pilgrimage in the island, to which that of Job only could be advantageously compared."

"You see what a long-winded peroration he comes out with," said Lister, interrupting him. "I may have made some remark of that kind at a time when execrable food only was to be got; but what has that to do with the monkeys?"

"Softly, Lister, softly," was the reply; "I am coming to them. The preliminary circumstances require explanation. I was on the

bench one afternoon, about three o'clock, when a servant made his way to me with a scrap of paper, on which were written a few lines in pencil, intimating that Lister was in the neighbourhood; that, being on duty not far from Ruminacaddee, he had determined on paying us a visit, and that he had sent his horse-keeper on before with his horse, whilst he took a bath in the little lake which the Paloya forms about a mile from our house, in the Sreepah valley. I sent the note to Mrs. Mouat, in order that she might take care that our reputation for hospitality should not suffer on the occasion. About half an hour afterwards I left the bench, expecting to find Lister at home; but he had not arrived. Having waited for some time longer, and still seeing no sign of our guest, I proposed to Mrs. Mouat that we should take a walk towards the valley, and meet Lister on his route to our bungalow. She assented, and we set off in the direction of the pleasant little lake, through which the Paloya flows so quietly. You have seen it, I suppose?"

Hofer and I intimated together that we had not. Fowler had.

"Have you not?" he continued. "It's a

remarkably nice place for swimming, and perfectly safe."

"A remarkably nice place, and perfectly safe!" echoed Lister, with a groan.

"The hills rise gently on all sides of it," continued Mouat, "but particularly so on that leading to our bungalow, from which it is separated by a dense forest, through which I have had a path constructed. The jungle does not extend to the water's edge, for there is a pleasant shingly beach on all sides, sloping gradually down to the water. Clear as crystal is the lake itself, and uninfested either by snakes or alligators.

"Advancing towards the valley along the path, Mrs. Mouat and myself were equally surprised at not seeing anything of our portly friend. At length, we approached a little ridge, on the side of the hill, from which the whole lake could be discovered, and, feeling firmly convinced that no man could have been so long bathing, I insisted on my wife's advancing with me, which she did rather reluctantly. Standing on this little ridge, to our astonishment, we saw Lister upright in the middle of the miniature lake, with his hat on his head, and the water up to his neck. 'Why,

Lister,' I shouted out, 'in the name of all that is wonderful, what are you doing there in the middle of the water, dressed?' 'Ahem,' said he, 'I heard you coming—I'm not exactly dressed; in fact—' and as he spoke he took off his hat, disclosing in the action a bare arm and shoulder. My wife returned precipitately to the bungalow, and I advanced. 'In fact,' continued Lister, as he walked deliberately to the shore, 'I've lost all my clothes, and as you're magistrate here, I trust you'll investigate the matter. It does not speak much for the vigilance with which justice is executed in Ruminacaddee, that a man cannot bathe a mile from the magistrate's bungalow, without having all his clothes stolen.'"

"A very natural reflection on my part," interposed Lister, interrupting Mouat's recital, "considering the circumstances I was placed in, and ignorant as I was—"

"'All your clothes!' said I," continued Mouat, 'all, except your hat! and, let me see, why you've got one stocking on.' That was the entire stock of clothing with which he made his exit from the lake, and sat down upon a large smooth stone to talk about it. His hat

and one stocking! It was all that I could do to keep my countenance; but in spite of the most vigorous resolutions to that effect, a grin would occasionally distend my mouth and disclose my teeth, as I contemplated the portly figure before me, sitting on a stone, the hat and one stocking forming his entire available wardrobe. 'It's no laughing matter,' said Lister, indignantly; 'the suit of clothes I have lost is a jungle suit of checked cloth, and, anticipating a ride back to our quarters early to-morrow, I did not bring any others, and now, as you see, they are all gone. I cannot dine at your house, or ride to Neapla in this condition.' 'Certainly not,' said I. 'You can neither do the one nor the other—as magistrate it is my duty to see that decency is not outraged in my district.' 'I suppose, then, it is your duty likewise to see that robberies of this nefarious kind are not committed with impunity,' said he. 'Where did you put your clothes?' I asked, mustering up all the gravity possible under the circumstances, in order to investigate the matter judicially. 'I put them all on this stone,' he answered, 'on which I am now sitting, together with two bathing

sheets, left by my horsekeeper.' 'And where did you find the hat and the odd stocking?' I asked again. 'Finding my clothes gone when I came out of the lake, about an hour ago I suppose, I searched on every side, at first supposing that some one was playing a very unpleasant practical joke upon me; not being able to find them, I returned into the water and took an additional swim, in the hope that they would be restored. Finding them still gone, however, when I again came out, I got annoyed, and shouted out lustily, but no one heard me. I searched vigorously everywhere in the neighbouring jungle, as far as I could safely penetrate in this condition, and at length I found, over there, my hat, and a little further on, one stocking; but more there was not, although I advanced considerably further.' 'I have it,' I exclaimed; 'the monkeys have been here, and have run off with the clothes; they often play pranks of that kind, and, not being able to manage the huge pith hat, they abandoned it; one of them must have dropped the stocking.' 'Hang the monkeys!' exclaimed Lister, energetically; 'but it is only a very slight consolation to know that your sagacity has discovered that fact, if it cannot do more.' 'And

your watch?' I asked. 'My watch is, fortunately, safe,' was the reply; 'I put it on the flat branch of that tree, and there it is still.'

"A servant from the bungalow here interrupted our colloquy by informing us, as he stared, open-eyed, at Lister's appearance, that Mrs. Mouat had sent her compliments, and told him to say that dinner was ready.

"'Dinner!' groaned Lister, as he surveyed his forlorn condition, 'dinner ready, dished, perhaps, and I in this state!'

"'Bring down a suit of clothes from the bungalow,' said I to the servant, 'and tell the peons* to search the jungle on that side for the Captain's clothes.'"

"'Bring down a suit of clothes from the bungalow,' re-echoed Lister; 'whose clothes?' 'Why, mine to be sure,' I replied; 'you would not have Mrs. Mouat's, would you?'"

"It's all very laughable, I don't doubt, gentlemen," said Lister, again interrupting Mouat, and rising from his chair, "but, by Jove, I never heard a man tell a simple anecdote with so much verbiage as Mouat. For my part he

* Native police.

gives me a headache, he talks so much. I'll go and join the ladies."

So saying, the Captain left us, and Mouat proceeded with his story—

" 'Do you seriously think that I shall ever get your clothes on?' asked Lister, when the servant had gone, not a muscle of his countenance betraying the slighest inclination to a smile. 'I really don't know,' said I, 'but we must try at all events. Something must be done.' 'True; something must be done, as you say,' he repeated; 'and, besides, the dinner's ready,—spoilt by this time, I dare say,' and he brought down his open hand with startling energy upon his bare thigh. I endeavoured to keep my countenance still, but it was useless; the Sreepah valley rung with my laughter as I contemplated the extraordinary picture before me. Would that I were an artist, and I should commit it at once to canvas!

"The peons soon made their appearance, and commenced searching the jungle energetically for the missing garments, whilst I secured the watch. At length the servant returned with the suit of clothes, and, as Lister seized the pantaloons and held them up before him for inspection, I felt convinced at once

that they would never encase those herculean limbs or that protuberant form. Lister sighed deeply as he looked at them, and shook his head ominously. 'But the shirt,' I suggested, 'why not put it on first?' 'O, certainly,' said he, 'that must go on.' With some coaxing the shirt was insinuated over his ample shoulders, and his hands were got out at the proper extremities. True, the wrists and collar would not button, and the whole affair scarcely reached beyond his hips, but, as he said, these were minor inconveniences; the important fact was, that he had a shirt on.

"The pantaloons were essayed next. It was not without much insinuation, coaxing, and management that the shirt had been got into its natural position, but what shall I say of the persevering efforts made to drag the pantaloons into their proper places! Could they have spoken they would doubtless have remonstrated, stating that they had never been intended to fit limbs double the size of their owner's, especially when the aforesaid limbs were quite wet, for, in his haste, Lister had forgotten to dry them properly before essaying the nether garments. It was utterly impossible for me to assist him in any way—the stern, grim air of determina-

tion with which he tugged and pulled, and writhed and twisted the garment upon his limbs, and his limbs into the garment, would have been too much for the most imperturbable countenance that ever a man possessed. He was too intent upon his exertions, however, to heed me, and when one of the servants gently offered assistance, he knocked him aside. 'Hurra! hur-r-r-ra!' he shouted at length, as he seated himself once more, overcome with his indefatigable exertions, aud the big round drops coursing each other from his forehead. He had hallooed, however, before he was out of the wood; true, both his legs, quivering in their tight covering, were encased, and the feet were both apparent at the proper ends, but the unfortunate article of dress, straining almost to bursting in every stitch, was yet to be drawn up over the ample rotundity of the Captain's portly figure, and this I foresaw would be no joke to accomplish, if not absolutely impossible.

"At length, muttering 'dinner' again, he resumed his exertions with a forced air of desperate calmness. This time I endeavoured to assist by dragging the pantaloons up. 'Stop! stop!' shouted Lister; 'easy, Mouat,

easy; they're splitting.' They *were* splitting, and scarcely had one thread gone when another followed it, till, notwithstanding the cessation of our exertions, it was very apparent that the two legs of the garment would, in a moment, be entirely separated the one from the other. Such was soon actually the case; and Lister, groaning again, sat himself disconsolately down upon the stone to vent his disappointment and annoyance upon me, the servants, the pantaloons, and the monkeys. 'These must be taken off again,' said I to him, anxious that the whole transaction were ended, for I felt hungry and exhausted with laughter. 'Taken off again!' he growled forth, in no very amiable key; 'yes, I suppose they must; a worse-made pair I never saw; I wonder you wear such clothes.'

"To put them on had been a matter of no little difficulty—to take them off was apparently impossible. The legs not having been properly dried, as I said, the pantaloons stuck to them with a tenacity, increased tenfold by the tightness with which they were stretched over the limbs. There was this in favour of their removal, however, a circumstance not to be undervalued in such a position—that the

legs of the pantaloons had now completely parted company, and might therefore be taken off, one at a time. 'Gatchee, pull them off,' said I to the servant, whose exertions to assist Lister before had been so ill-requited. Gatchee squatted down in front of the huge figure on the stone, and catching a hold of one of the legs, attempted to drag its close bandage off it. He tugged and strained, and puffed and pulled, sometimes standing, sometimes kneeling, sometimes squatting again, as Singhalese servant never had done before, but all to no purpose. The tenacious garment, so laboriously fixed in its position, resisted all efforts to be removed with a force and perseverance that completely belied Lister's statement that they were rotten—to this day he maintains that they could not have been a sound pair, or they would not have split as they did!

" Whilst Gatchee was thus pulling and straining to remove what had been got on with so much difficulty, one of the peons returned with the Captain's waistcoat, which he had found in the jungle, informing us at the same time, that the monkeys, knowing they were pursued, were travelling, in an immense herd, rapidly away to the south-east, still obsti-

nately retaining possession of their unwonted booty. 'Why don't you throw something at them, you donkeys, and they will throw the clothes at you?' asked Lister, savagely, as he arrayed himself in the waistcoat which completely hid many of the defects of the shirt, as it buttoned up almost to the throat. 'We tried that *Mahathma*,' said the peon, making sideways for the forest, for he did not like the expression of Lister's face—'we tried that, *Mahathma*, and they would not throw anything down. The waistcoat caught in a branch of the tree by the arm-hole, and the monkey tore it a little in trying to pull it away.' 'Either the monkey that ran away with it, or the donkey that got it off the tree, tore it, I see,' said Lister, 'but I don't believe you pelted the scoundrels well, or else they would throw them all at you.' 'They are far away in the forest, *Mahathma*,' urged the peon, still making silently and stealthily for the jungle, 'and they can travel there faster than we can.' 'I shall put a bullet into every grinning jackanapes of them all that I can catch henceforth,' muttered Lister, sternly, 'I have always spared them hitherto, but I shall not do so for the future—baboons, chimpanzees, orang-otangs, or mon-

keys, whatever name they may go under, it's all the same to me; I'll pay them off for this, some day.'

"Another servant now made his appearance from the bungalow, bearing a fresh bundle of clothes, which we proceeded to investigate. Mrs. Mouat, doubtless informed of the difficulty which detained us, had discovered the only possible means of overcoming it—she had sent down a pair of my *pyjamas*,* and a dressing gown. It was strange we had not thought of these before, for the pyjamas were wide enough to go round three men of my bulk, and the dressing gown was ample and loose. 'Yes,' said Lister, a ray of light animating his countenance, as I distended the wide pyjamas to their utmost, 'yes,' those look hopeful; but I must have these off first—here Gatchee, pull like a man! and he seated himself for that purpose again. Gatchee pulled again more violently than ever, but as unsuccessfully, and Lister, irritated by these repeated mishaps and annoyances, put his foot against the unfortunate darkey's chest, and sent him headlong into the lake—'there,' said the much-tormented, half-naked Captain, as the turbaned head dis-

* Sleeping trowsers, made full and wide, in Oriental fashion.

appeared in the water,—'there, I'll teach you to grin, you coffee-faced monkey; have you learned nothing better yet, under your worshipful master, than to laugh at his guests, when they get into misfortune?' Gatchee soon emerged from his involuntary bath unhurt, and made his way to the bungalow, not feeling disposed to offer his services to the much persecuted Captain any more. 'Quite right, Lister,' said I, apologetically, seeing there was no harm done, 'the rascal had no right to grin at you—in fact there is nothing to laugh at: but how are we to remove these casings of which your legs seem so tenacious.' 'They must be ripped up,' said Lister, eagerly, the bright thought striking him at the instant, as he hastily surveyed the aspect of affairs. 'Ripped up, certainly,' said I, 'a capital idea,' and I took out my penknife forthwith. A few threads cut down the side, the rest speedily gave way, and a few seconds after we had thus dissected the unfortunate pantaloons, Lister was decently clothed in the pyjamus and dressing gown. 'Can I sit at your table in this condition?' he asked in a lachrymose tone, as he surveyed himself. 'Certainly,' I replied, 'you'll do admirably now. You know we are not over-particular in the jungle.'

"And truly the figure he then presented was a strange one! The dressing-gown, loose and easy as it was for me, was straining in every stitch between the shoulders and down the arms, whilst such was its tightness that it was absolutely impossible for him to put his arms straight down by his sides, so that they curved out like the handles of some of those antique vases—'the ears,' as they classically term them—which jut out semicircularly on either side. The sleeves reached more than half way between the elbow and the wrist, whilst the shirt was apparent an inch further. Round the portly person of the ill-used Captain the dressing-gown would not of course meet by several inches, 'but that,' said he, as he attempted it, 'is of little consequence, seeing that I have my own waistcoat on.' If the upper portion of his person, however, was ludicrous, the lower was infinitely more so. The pyjamas were by no means loose for him, and as they were well hoisted up to conceal the top under the waistcoat, they did not reach very far below the knee, leaving the rest of the leg exposed, for he had discarded the odd stocking, and was now endeavouring to walk in an ample pair of slippers.

"No sooner was the outer man thus encased in the best way that circumstances would permit, than his thoughts, as I anticipated, turned upon dinner. 'The mutton will be done to rags,' said he, as he tramped vigorously towards the bungalow. 'That will be the fault of the monkeys, not of the cook,' said I. 'Monkeys—monkeys,' he repeated, 'I owe them one. Of all the shouting, roaring, jabbering, grinning, crawling, jumping inhabitants of the forest, I hate them most. I always hated them. They're the ugliest and nastiest animals alive.' 'To say nothing of their thieving propensities,' I added. 'Yes, to say nothing of their thieving propensities,' said he, 'but I'll pay them off. Not another reptile of them shall escape me when I have a gun in my hand;' and so saying he brought down his hand vehemently, as is his wont, upon his thigh.

"A few twitches from the shoulder of the dressing-gown warned him that he must not be too energetic, or else the arms would part company, as the legs of the other garment had before. 'Miserably made clothes you do wear in the jungle,' said he, turning his head to try if by any means he could see the threatened

danger; and then brooding over his late mishap, and anticipating the coming dinner, he made his way in silence to the bungalow. Mrs. Mouat's gravity was a little upset when she first saw him, but once seated at dinner, all went off well, nor had so much injury been done to the viands as we had feared—the claret at all events, as he triumphantly remarked, would not be spoiled by waiting. His coat, torn almost to shreds, was brought in late in the evening by the peons, but of none of the other articles missing could they discover a trace. Doubtless the monkeys had hidden them on finding themselves pursued. Next morning, therefore, Lister had to ride back to Neapla in my pyjamas, and an odd enough figure he cut in them on horseback."

Mouat's strange narrative concluded, we rose to seek Lister and the ladies, but my imagination was so busy with the various incidents that had been thus recently related, that I could pay but little attention to anything else, and once or twice when Mrs. Hofer was telling us of the sorrows of some poor Singhalese in the neighbourhood, who would have been starved to death had not she assisted them, I found myself grinning egregiously as

I looked at Lister, and thought of his misfortunes, greatly to the astonishment, and sometimes to the indignation, of the fair narrator.

It was late that night ere I turned my horse's head homewards, for our long moonlight ride. For a short distance my route lay with that of the party of Ruminacaddee, which was not much more than three miles from Lanka, and, on leaving them, Fowler and I rode leisurely along conversing of many things, —the adventure of the snake, the misfortunes of Lister, and the worth and amiability of Mrs. Hofer.

CHAPTER VII.

ADAM'S PEAK.

> "These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
> Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome."
> *Richard II.*, act ii., sc. 3.

There is, perhaps, no natural object in Ceylon that so powerfully arrests the attention of the visitor or traveller as the remarkable mountain called Adam's Peak. It can be seen clearly from all the south-western coast, and from a considerable distance at sea, ever pointing with its bare, insulated, cone-shaped summit to the skies—sometimes clear and well-defined on the bright blue, or white, behind it, but more generally cloud-capped, and either altogether enveloped in its watery shroud, or only partially seen here and there, as if battling manfully with its enemies.

It is sacred to every class of the natives.

The Mohammedans, equally with the uneducated and ignorant Christians, believing that the Garden of Eden was situated in Ceylon, further assert that, on the summit of this mountain, Adam stood for a thousand years on one leg, as a penance, leaving behind him an impression of his foot in the granite rock. The Hindus, not to be behind them in absurdity, state that one of their legendary kings or gods —a giant, called Rama, or Siva, for traditions differ—in making his way into India, put one foot on the summit of the peak, whilst he stepped out to Adam's Bridge, in the extreme north of the island, with the other, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles, and so left the foot-impression on the summit which has been ever since so remarkable an attestation, at once of his power and size. But the Budhists alone crowd to the top to worship there, notwithstanding all the dangers and fatigues of the way; and their story of course connects this strange foot-impression with the legendary history of their own great prophet.

The genius of the place, says their tradition, having heard of Budha's arrival in Ceylon, went to him, and, worshipping, requested him to leave an impression of his foot on the moun-

tain of which he was the guardian, that it might be worshipped during the five thousand years his religion would last on earth. To induce the man-god to comply with his request, the crafty genius repeated at length the praises of the mountain. The flowers on its sides and near the summit, he compared to a magnificent garment and head-dress—the hum of the bees, as they sped through the air, laden with honey, to the music of lutes—the birds, to bells sending forth sweet chimes—the waving trees, agitated by the wind, to a band of dancers. All, he declared, acknowledged the supremacy of Budha. The trees offered fruits and flowers to him.; the reptiles on the marshes, the fish in the streams, the birds on the branches, the elephants, leopards, bears, deer, monkeys, hares, and other animals in the jungle, all worshipped him. Budha consented. He went through the air with his five hundred followers, and great was the concourse, and magnificent the assembly that crowded the mountain in consequence.

The genius of the place, attended by thousands of similar spirits, with their queens, who made music, and carried flags and banners, and scattered about gold and gems, stood by

Budha's right hand. The gods were all there—Sekra and Maha, Brahma and Iswara—all inferior to the Budha—with their attendant trains, were there, "and like the rolling of the great ocean upon Maha Meru, or the Yugandhara rocks, was the sound of their arrival." In the midst of the assembled spirits, Budha, looking towards the east, put his foot on the hard granite, and lo! the impression was made—"a seal to show that Lanka, or Ceylon, is the inheritance of Budha, and that his religion will here flourish for ever."*

I had determined, from the first moment that I saw Adam's Peak, when at Point de Gallè, to ascend it, if the ascent were possible; and, finding that it was so, that several pilgrims yearly went up, although at considerable risk, I was determined, sooner or later, to make my way to the summit. When the idle season had arrived on the estate—all the year's produce bagged and despatched, and nothing but the ordinary routine of weeding to be done, I found myself called off to Colombo by business—Hofer was there too, and we determined together to ascend the Peak, before we returned to the jungle. It was not much out of our

* Abridged from the "Manual of Budhism," by R. S. Hardy.

way, and a delay of a few days on the route would be amply recompensed by the novelty of an ascent, and the pleasure of spending a night upon the summit, to say nothing of the inspection of the far-famed foot-impression itself. True, it was not the time when pilgrims usually made their way to the top from motives of piety; but that did not disconcert us much, rather, perhaps, on the other hand added a zest to our anticipated enjoyment, as we should be alone, far away from all abode of humanity, after plunging into the recesses of the mountain.

It was therefore with considerable pleasure that we made our way together one morning about four o'clock, from the Fort of Colombo, mounted upon horses with which we were thoroughly acquainted, and which were equally well acquainted with us. My steed was the redoubted Uncle Toby, a small, black Arab, strong as an elephant, muscular to excess, and withal enjoying a spirit and energy that would have made him work till he dropped down dead, merely by the incitement of the voice, had any one been barbarous enough to make the trial. His figure reminded me of the portraits of the Godolphin Arabian, whom he

resembled in his strange length and breadth of neck, in his glossy black coat, and in the fine curve of his back. Yet he was no racer, far from it; merely a serviceable hack, of great strength and indomitable perseverance; "*go* of all kinds in him," as Captain Lister would have expressed it, "up hill and down hill, in jungle or on cleared land, on an estate or in the streets of Kandy, *go* of every description, and *good* go too, though not absolutely the best, good in safety, in perseverance, in courage, though not the best in speed." Hofer's horse was a well-trained country animal, admirably suited for the jungle, and by no means bad-looking; so that we regarded ourselves as well mounted for the journey. Our few traps and considerable quantity of provisions were carried by ten coolies, headed by a guide, a Singhalese, who had been to the summit before, knew a little English, and was to act as cook during the expedition

The coolies and the guide—the latter delighting in the euphonious appellation of *Poonchy*—had been despatched to the first station the day before, and, on our arrival, we found Poonchy busily engaged in the mysteries of cooking; he and the coolies occupying a large

barn-like building, which had been tastefully prepared for our reception by placing two three-legged chairs, obtained from the neighbouring head-man or village chief, near a nondescript board elevated on four sticks stuck into the earthen floor, which contrivance the aforesaid Poonchy dignified by the name and title of a "table." It appeared strange to us that they had put the table-cloths on the chairs instead of the table, but we learned on inquiry, that this was the head-man's contrivance to show "plenty honour to masters," as Poonchy expressed it. Having sufficiently admired these arrangements we washed and then sat down to breakfast, all the time exposed to the wondering or curious gaze of every man, woman, and child the little village contained, who crowded one side of the building on which the architect had forgotten to construct a wall, and pertinaciously remained there, notwithstanding Poonchy's incessant abuse of them. It was useless talking to him; he was one of those hopeless individuals who will have their own way, feeling quite sure that whoever else may be wrong, they must be right.

Breakfast dispatched, we set about making ourselves comfortable, and, for this purpose,

Hofer took two of the chairs, the one to sit upon, the other for his feet, whilst I endeavoured to make myself equally comfortable with a chair and the "table," an additional chair having been added to our stock of furniture by the indefatigable Poonchy, as a "sideboard." The endeavour however, to render ourselves more at ease was unsuccessful; in a moment of thoughtlessness, Hofer, his feet resting on one chair, tilted himself back on the hind legs of the other, a position for which they were evidently not prepared, for, giving way, he and they sought the ground together. Nor did I fare better. The extraordinary contrivance which Poonchy dignified with the name of table, disdained the ignoble duty of supporting my feet, and no sooner did Hofer, who had been leaning against it on the opposite side to me disappear, than it gradually and gracefully descended after him.

Our road, during our journey in the evening, lay through a fine sporting country. A few years have, I believe, made a great change in the district in the way of improvement, but in 1843, the neighbourhood of Sitawaka was as wild as any tiger-hunter could desire. The leopards were more numerous perhaps in

other parts of the island, but every other species of game abounded in the country through which we were journeying. Our progress, therefore, it may be easily conceived, was by no means a rapid one, for as we had not very far to go, and had plenty of time in which to accomplish our journey, we indulged in a little straggling shooting by the way. We were now approaching our destination for the evening, and perceiving symptoms in the sky of a coming storm, pushed on our horses to get under shelter as soon as possible. A smart trot, however, brought us speedily up to a company of natives, whom we soon recognized as our guide and coolies. They had started many hours before us, and we fondly anticipated that already preparations for dinner were far advanced. The cause of their detention was speedily made apparent to us in the huge footmarks of an elephant which appeared to have recently passed along the road in the same direction as that in which we were travelling. There were numerous indications around, to prove that it was a *rogue* elephant, and hence their alarm and hesitation. One who has not witnessed it can scarcely have an idea

of the dread with which a native of Ceylon is affected when under the impression that a *rogue* elephant is in his vicinity.

A herd of wild elephants is comparatively harmless, and I have frequently passed within a short distance of them unmolested. On horseback the solitary traveller is perfectly safe, though he may accidentally find himself in the middle of a herd; and even the pedestrian runs little chance of molestation under similar circumstances; but with a *rogue* the case is altogether different. Why this particular designation was applied to them I never could discover, it being quite inadequate to convey any idea of the mad and savage fury of the animal. The "rogue" appears to be one banished, for some misdemeanour probably, from his herd—generally, but not invariably, a male—and from that moment devoting himself to the slaughter of all animal life and the destruction of all property that comes within his reach. Hence, whilst the natives have little dread of travelling on a road on which the footmarks of numerous elephants are apparent, they are almost paralyzed by fear when they find the recent traces of a solitary wild prowler on their

path. To a European these traces would probably never be perceptible. He might travel across them for days, and never observe them; but to the quick eye of the natives the huge footmark is at once apparent; the direction in which the animal travels is discovered in a moment, and indications at once sought to ascertain the fact of its being alone or in company—a rogue or tame.

The halting of our coolies was, therefore; at once accounted for, although they had no hesitation to advance with us, feeling safe in our horses and rifles. Even a rogue elephant will scarcely attack a man on horseback, unless wounded or greatly enraged, such is the natural antipathy between his species and that of the horse—an antipathy which is quite reciprocal. Having carefully loaded our rifles with zinc bullets—the lead being often too soft for the forehead of the elephant—we proceeded with increased alacrity, neither Hofer nor myself displeased at the prospect of an adventure. Having judiciously made all necessary dispositions and arrangements in case of an attack, and determined on our line of conduct, we pursued the train of thought until we were canvassing what was to be done with the monster's

tusks after he had fallen, when the huge footsteps branched off from our path deep into the jungle, whither, at that late hour, it would have been madness to pursue our intended antagonist. Our guide was certain that we had not seen the last of him, declaring that he had only left the road to skirt the village, which we were approaching, and that we should probably hear or see more of him next day.

Nothing particularly interesting occurred at the little village where we passed the night, save that our good humour was not increased by the delay which attended the preparations for dinner—a delay occasioned by the stoppage of the coolies on their road, but which, to our astonishment and indignation, we found was increased by Poonchy's determination to have his own dinner before he provided us with ours —his only excuse being, that such was always "black man's custom."

Next morning we departed in excellent spirits, more anxious than ever for a glimpse at, and an encounter with, our disturber of the previous evening. Nor were our wishes vain. The coolies, with our guide, had as usual gone on ahead in the morning, and we were waging

a desultory warfare against the few jackals and hares which we occasionally met, when a remarkably fine spotted deer crossed our path, and rushed into the adjoining forest. Our horses were fresh, the forest was open, and neither of us could resist the temptation of dashing after it, for it had appeared, and disappeared so rapidly as to prevent our having a shot. Five minutes hard riding brought us to the foot of a hill, comparatively destitute of vegetation; up which, straight before us, the deer, which was a large noble one, was rapidly fleeing. We pulled our horses up on a spot commanding a full view of the entire hill side, our rifles, loaded with ball in both barrels, being in our hands. Hofer fired as he sat, whilst I, less confident of my horse's steadiness, jumped from his back, and fired somewhat more leisurely. The animal received both balls—one in his foot, the other close to the spine—and, staggering on a few paces, fell dead under a magnificent mangoe tree. Our grooms were speedily at our heels, and, in company with them, we ascended the hill, near the summit of which the deer had fallen, at once to inspect our prize and to obtain a view of the surrounding country. The animal was a beau-

tiful specimen of the class to which he belonged—large in size, comparatively speaking, that is, about the size of a full-grown goat, and covered with the most variegated and lovely variety of spots upon his glossy coat. As we were not likely to have anything better for dinner at Ratnapoora, we resolved to have him conveyed there, and, for that purpose, ordered the grooms to carry him to the nearest station, where two extra coolies could be pressed into our service.

This matter concluded, we leisurely skirted the hills, proceeding towards the summit, and advancing in the same direction as the road which wound round its base. From our new position we had a fine view of the country around. The coolies were just visible at a considerable distance a-head, fear or laziness evidently preventing them from advancing with any rapidity. We were on the point of mounting to resume our journey, when Hofer called my attention to a strange commotion in the jungle at a little distance from the coolies, who were flying from it in all directions. In another moment we saw a large tusk elephant emerging from the thicket, and making directly for the little party.

A more formidable thing than a charge from an enraged elephant can scarcely be imagined. His trunk elevated in the air, whilst he trumpets forth loudly his rage or hatred, he shuffles his huge carcase along at a pace more rapid than any one would conceive possible when regarding the unwieldy bulk of the animal alone. The bushes bend before him as he advances—the branches of the trees snap off with sharp, rapid reports—the animals in the neigbouring jungle, alarmed at the danger, hoot, whoop, scream, cry, bellow, and roar to the utmost, in alarm or in anger, and the whole welkin rings with the commotion.

Our baggage was of course flung down in all directions by the coolies as they made for the nearest trees. The elephant paused for a moment over the articles strewed in his way, but only for a moment, and hurling a portmanteau high into the air, advanced as before, bellowing madly. The natives are, of course, expert climbers, so that, ere he approached, all the coolies had made their way into the trees, and appeared to be perfectly safe—all but one, who had still a leg within reach of the monster's trunk when he approached the tree in which the unfortunate man, paralyzed by

fear, no doubt, was climbing. To the others who surrounded him, and to us from the brow of the neigbouring hill, it appeared that the man was sufficiently high in the tree to prevent his being caught and dragged down by the infuriated animal. Whether he was so caught, however, or was only struck and fell through excessive fear, certain it is we saw him fall backwards on the uplifted head of the elephant! In a moment the body of the unfortunate man was whirling high in the air, and at length descended with a frightful thump upon the ground, only to be trampled immediately afterwards into a shapeless mass!

His success in this instance, which was all the work of a moment or two, appeared but to increase the savage fury of the monster. He rushed at the tree nearest to him, into which two of the little band had climbed, his broad forehead coming with thundering force upon the trunk, and shaking it in every twig—he struck and dug at it with his tusks—he grasped it with his trunk—retreated to a little distance and made another assault with his broad, heavy forehead, butting, as a ram would do against an antagonist—again was the tree shaken, every leaf quivering violently, but no sign of

tumbling about it, a slight list to one side was the only perceptible result—its occupants holding on for life all the time, and shouting violently in the extremity of their fear, or in the vain hope of frightening the animal away.

Whilst all this was proceeding we were reloading the discharged barrels of our rifles, and, having mounted, drew off the attention of the elephant from the coolies, by shouting, as we awaited him on our vantage ground, on the brow of the hill. No sooner did the enemy perceive us than he turned away from the tree, which he seemed intent on bringing down, and made directly for the spot on which we were drawn up ready to receive him—our grooms having climbed high into the largest tree in our vicinity. We were aware that firing at random, or at any great distance, was useless, and that our only chance of bringing him down lay in the accuracy of our aim and his proximity when we fired. We therefore awaited his approach with what calmness we could. Before the elephant had come within range, however, "Uncle Toby," my excellent steed, took fright at the dreadful picture before him, and, starting off, bore me, with frightful rapidity, down the steepest part of the hill's

side. What became of Hofer I did not then know, although I heard the clear ring of his rifle behind me as I was borne triumphantly down the bank. His horse, as I subsequently learned, had behaved admirably well, never swerving in the least until he had fired. His ball, we afterwards discovered, had entered the left eye, and must have given excruciating pain, but was not fatal. Hofer then wheeled round his horse, and followed me down the declivity, aware that the elephant, from the great weight of its head, is unable to go down a steep hill with any rapidity. There was this difference, however, between us, that whilst Uncle Toby had the bit clenched in his teeth and was perfectly unmanageable from excessive fear, Hofer's horse was completely in hand, and he could do with him what he pleased. The elephant laboured after us, blood streaming from his eye, and his whole appearance indicating excessive fury and intense pain. When I had now nearly reached the base of the hill—our enemy having been left far behind—my horse, in his wild gallop, threw his fore-legs into a little swamp, where they sank deeply. I was thrown far away over his head, whilst he rolled helplessly on his side. I was not

hurt, but the loss of a moment might have been the loss of my life, so, jumping up, I grasped my rifle more firmly than ever, and stood upon the defensive. A moment of intense interest to both of us succeeded—life or death hung upon the issue, for the elephant, having witnessed the accident, left the pursuit of Hofer, and directed his steps towards me. There might have been time to climb into a tree, but I did not make the attempt—my whole mind being on fire with the earnest desire to bring down the monster. Hofer, seeing what had happened, drew up his horse on the hill's side—the elephant, still advancing, soon came in a line with him, his left, and now blind side, being turned towards him. Seeing that he was not observed, Hofer dismounted, and proceeded to take aim immediately behind the shoulder-blade, as the animal laboured heavily along. Precisely at the moment when I discharged both barrels full into the broad forehead, Hofer's ball penetrated his side. A momentary check to the animal's progress seemed the only result of this double fire at the instant—he advanced twenty paces or so further, and then fell headlong to the earth, turning over gradually on

his right side, and beating the ground ineffectually with his trunk. Uncle Toby had only just left the spot a few minutes before to scamper wildly away on the road that we had come, where the elephant now lay extended before us, an occasional convulsive twitch of one of his legs or of his trunk the only failing symptoms of life. The huge mass of his body stood higher than my chest as he lay thus helplessly where he had fallen, making an occasional but ineffectual effort to lift his head off the marsh in which it was half imbedded.

Most people, I believe, feel danger affect the nerves to the greatest degree after it has passed. I am sure it was so with me. When the enormous brute was charging rapidly down the hill, when there seemed no chance of escape by flight, and the slightest accident might have been death—under these circumstances my nerves were so strung to their greatest tension that there was no agitation. I was as able then to take advantage of the slightest turn in my favour, as if our sport had been most harmless, and we had been hunting a hare instead of an elephant. But now that the peril was past, now that the body of the

huge animal lay extended before me in all the impotence of death, a sense of the danger I had been in rushed upon me with redoubled force, and I was amazingly agitated.

It may be easily imagined with what pleasure we added the tusks to our trophies, and with what self-gratulation and laudation we listened calmly to the tales which Poonchy had collected or invented of the numerous depredations made in the neighbourhood by our slaughtered foe—of the lives lost, of the plantations destroyed, the trees uprooted, the terror inspired, and the dangers to which travellers were exposed—all done or caused, according to Poonchy's account, by the animal of which we had just rid the country. Nor, strange to say, although at other times we regarded Poonchy as an unconscionable liar, did we perceive at the moment anything absurd or unlikely in his assertions—nay, we were quite willing "for that occasion only," to swallow all he gave us, however hard the *pabulum* might subsequently prove of digestion.

At Ratnapoora we were obliged to leave our horses—Uncle Toby having been recovered only after great labour and a day's loss—as the rest of our journey was to be performed on

foot. The principal dangers which we anticipated for the future were swollen torrents, precipitous rocks, and the stoppage of the provision supplies, by the accidents to which the coolies were as liable amongst the mountains as ourselves. We were now at the base of the extraordinary mountain hallowed by the superstitions of so many different races and religions, and as its vast sides and conical top were made more apparent by our proximity, and were better defined to the gaze, the desire to attain the summit became all the stronger and more intense. No village can be more picturesquely situated than Ratnapoora, "the city of diamonds," as the name imports. Built on irregular hilly ground, sloping down on one side to a fine river, the Kalany, and on the other into an extensive valley, of which there is an excellent view from almost every portion of the town, it is itself in a very amphitheatre of mountains, large and small. Its principal height crowned by an old fort, long since deserted by the military, and handed over to the district judge for a court, and to the missionaries for a chapel—there is something venerable about its character, at the same time that the extreme beauty of its situation makes

that in it remarkable and interesting which elsewhere, perhaps, would be common-place or even ugly.

Unfortunately the day after our arrival at Ratnapoora was a very wet one, and the consequence was that every little stream on our road was considerably swollen. The first we crossed was the Kalany River, that which flows into the sea, near Colombo, and we found it in one part of the ford, near the left bank, much deeper than we had anticipated. Wading through the water was the only method of crossing available, and, for some time after we had left the Ratnapoora side, it was shallow enough, although raging rapidly on, and covered with white foam. When we came into the deepest part of the bed, however, it was with difficulty that we could keep our long sticks fixed at the bottom of the stream to serve as a support and assistance; such was the violence with which the stream rushed on. Our coolies managed to support each other across with admirable tact—their bundles slung on bamboos raised on their heads, each bamboo being carried on the heads of two men, one at each end. We were obliged to put up for the night in a miserable shed, at a wild place called

Ginnemallee, and as it rained during the night we were plentifully bedewed, through our half-thatched roof, whilst, from the open sides, the fine rain beat in too copiously for our comfort.

Nor did the next day's travelling make amends for the discomfort of the preceding night's lodging. We had no sooner set out than we found ourselves assailed on all sides by one of the greatest plagues in Ceylon—the leeches. The previous rain had moistened the soil and brought them out in hundreds on our path. Every portion of the ground, nay even the vegetation was alive with them—they were to be seen leaping from the stones or dried branches in every direction, full of life and vigour. Few who have not practically experienced it can have any idea of the annoyance caused by these disgusting reptiles. The leech-gaiters, made of closely-woven cotton-cloth, and tied over the pantaloons at the knee, defend the feet from their assaults—without these, the legs would be covered with them, for they will penetrate any ordinary description of stocking, and find their way above and beneath any ordinary boot. But on the entire distance between Ginnemallee and Pallabatula, the last-inhabited district on the ascent, they

abounded, not on the ground only, as is usual in the coffee estate, but on the bushes and branches of the trees, so that as we brushed past them in the narrow jungle path, we were literally covered with the blood-thirsty vermin. At every little bungalow, by the road-side at which we stopped, we were obliged to make a general inspection of our persons to rid them of the enemy—nor was this inspection a pleasant operation, seeing that it had thrice to be made in the presence of a miscellaneous crowd of men, women, and children, who pertinaciously maintained their positions around the open sheds, dignified on the ascent with the name of "bungalows," and in which we divested ourselves of our clothing and engaged in the disagreeable search. However, it was necessary to do so and there was no help for it; if the female portion of the population in the wild recesses of Adam's Peak were lost to decency, it was not our fault.

Often did we discover six or eight of the leeches forming a radiated circle around a single point, like the spokes of a miniature wheel, all filling amazingly at our expense—at first, thin as fine threads, but gradually distending till the swollen body could scarcely

remain attached by the head. Nor was the detaching of them so simple a matter as many would suppose. To have pulled them off might have produced sores, and caused a considerable flow of blood from the wound for a time; we were obliged to sprinkle salt upon them, before they would voluntarily relinquish their hold, and not even then without giving a sharp twitch to the sufferer. Their first bite, on attaching themselves to the skin, was imperceptible, so insinuatingly was the proboscis introduced, so that the individual, honoured by their attentions, was not aware of the attack until the cold clammy body, distended almost to bursting, rolled about heavily on the skin. It is a consolation to know that they do sometimes burst themselves outright, as I have been informed, although I was never a witness of the fact.

It was with delight we found that the so-called "rest-house," at Pallabatula, the last inhabited station on the ascent, was surrounded by a sandy gravel which precluded the leeches from making their way into it, and that but one more search for them under our clothes was required to render us free from this plague for a time. Having refreshed ourselves after

our fatigue by a luxurious loll and a dinner of rice and fowl curry, the best that the culinary talent of Poonchy could supply, to which some slices of ham and some bottles of Allsopp gave the necessary European character to render it satisfactory, we determined to recruit our strength and spirits by a day's rest to prepare us for the more arduous task which still awaited us, Poonchy having kindly informed us that the road yet to be travelled, was "plenty more bad" than that which we had come.

A wihara, at Pallabatula, contains the cover of the sacred footstep on the summit, placed there during the period of pilgrimage by the wily priests annually, to prevent the too curious eyes of the faithful from discovering what a humbug the far-famed foot-impression is in reality. It was a large metal lid, something of the shape of a foot, the toes being distinctly marked on it, the whole covered over in a gaudy extravagant manner, with glass diamonds and gilded ornaments, more glittering and glaring than beautiful. The scene, as we surveyed this cover, was one well suited for the artist. In the large, gloomy, half-lighted temple, the monstrous foot-cover (five feet long) lay upon the ground—two priests of

Budha on one side with yellow robes, bare heads, and shaven crowns, reverentially looking down upon it as the great treasure of their temple, and an honour to themselves as its guardians; at the other end, we, the two Europeans, from a far-off isle of North-Western Europe, surveying the same object with far different thoughts and impressions; whilst a crowd of natives gazed in through the open door, obstructing the little light which gained admission there, and regarding the whole scene with religious awe. Not a word was spoken—in silence the priests stood, their eyes fixed on the sacred covering—in silence we stood opposite to them, struck with its great size, and the glitter caused in the obscurity by its numerous ornaments—in silence the people without strained their necks and eyes to catch a glimpse of it. A scene like that, short lived though it was, lives in the memory with a robuster life than a thousand incidents of a more exciting or more animated character. As the period of pilgrimage approaches, this covering is conveyed, with great ceremony, to the summit, where it remains upon the foot-impression till the last batch of pilgrims has departed. For the rest of the year it is kept in the centre

of the largest room at the temple of Pallabatula in gloom and silence—the door never opened save to admit a noiseless priest to dust the apartment, or to exhibit, to prying tourists like ourselves, the holy treasure.

The same day that we inspected the celebrated cover, we went out shooting, to provide a few birds for dinner, and, unfortunately for the success of our expedition, whilst Hofer was crossing a little ravine, a splinter of iron-wood penetrated his canvas shoes and leech gaiters, and wounded his foot so severely, that he was obliged to give up all idea of making his way to the summit. The accident was not of so serious a character as to excite alarm in our minds for its ultimate consequences, but it was evident his foot required rest and care to prevent inflammation, and, as it was impossible to have him carried to the summit, greatly to his mortification and my disappointment, it was absolutely necessary for me to proceed alone, if I wished to reach the object of our journey.

The following morning, therefore, we parted, I taking with me six coolies and the guide, for the conveyance of cold ham, bread, curry and rice, a bottle of brandy, some beer, and such warm clothes as I was likely to require, not

forgetting of course my trusty old rifle and ammunition. Our road lay directly up the steep side of a bleak-looking hill that towered far above the puny village; two days before it had been the bed of a raging torrent, that had swept away every particle of mould and earth, leaving nothing but the huge rocks, bleak and grim-looking, jutting forth from the mountain's side, whilst the thickest jungle grew on either hand, and was often so interlaced over our heads as to render the path quite dark. Climbing up this "road," for it could not be called walking, was laborious in the extreme; it consisted in incessant clambering over the smooth time and water worn faces of the projecting rocks, sometimes on hands and feet, sometimes by the aid of the overhanging or over-arching boughs above, whilst frequently this very vegetation so useful at one time, was the cause of our greatest difficulties at another; the interlacing foliage being often so near the hill-side as to prevent our progressing, until we had cut or torn away a portion of it. I now discovered why the wary Poonchy had insisted upon each coolie having the smallest possible load, for it was not long before we all exhibited signs of great fatigue, and I began

to fear that the coolies might give up in despair. In addition to the difficulties of the way which I have enumerated, it must be remembered that we were constantly exposed to the danger of meeting with wild animals, and had we so encountered a herd of elephants for instance, coming down the mountain in single file, I know not what we should have done, or how indeed we could escape destruction at all, unless we succeeded in driving them from our path. As we proceeded the coolies and guide kept constantly shouting out at the highest pitch of their voices, in the hope of scaring elephants, leopards, bears, and wolves away; especially those in the rear, whose shouts were ever the loudest and shrillest, for those in front had some confidence in my rifle, and as I never lost sight of them whilst I clambered on, they felt comparatively safe. St. Pierre, I thought, might have taken this ascent to Deabetme instead of the black mountain of Bember, as an illustration of misfortune. "Misfortune is like the black mountain of Bember," says he, "at the extremity of the glowing kingdom of Lahore, whilst you are mounting you see nothing before you but sterile rocks, but when you have attained the

summit you see the sky over your head and the kingdom of Cashmere at your feet." Bember cannot be worse than Adam's Peak, and I am sure that the skies and valleys of Ceylon will bear comparison with those of Cashmere.

Two hours of this excessive fatigue brought us to a small empty bungalow, only four miles from Pallabatula, situated on a little level plain that lay directly in our way. A herd of wild elephants were amusing themselves on this plain. I did not venture to disturb them for two reasons, first I was very tired, and secondly, I was afraid of another life paying the forfeit of our curiosity. When we had occupied the bungalow, and the guide was busy with the preparation of breakfast, they slowly left the plain one after the other, as if recognizing our superior right to occupy it. Before breakfast was ready, I had fallen into a sound sleep, so overcome was I with the fatigue of the morning's travel, and very shortly after the meal had been dispatched, and I had refreshed myself with a contemplative cheroot, I was again "in the arms of Murphy,"* (as Paddy poetically expressed it.)

Before four o'clock in the afternoon our

* Anglicè—Morpheus.

journey was resumed on a road of a precisely similar description to that we had traversed in the morning—Poonchy having kindly informed me that we were now in the district most noted for leopards. A wilder region, I fancy, could scarcely be found in nature. Steep after steep of rocky acclivities was to be surmounted. To our right, at no very considerable distance, rose the mysterious Peak itself, whilst on its summit could be faintly discerned the wooden temple which Budhistic piety had long ages before erected over the sacred foot-impression. Like a child's Swiss cottage, or a fairy-like toy, did the elegant little structure appear, as we got a glimpse of it occasionally through some natural clearing in the woods. Behind us, spread out a large jungle-filled valley, over which the clouds and their shadows chased each other as a gleam of the sun occasionally broke through the gloom around. Many a cloud did we see floating near us, some above, some beneath, for we were now at an altitude of between four and five thousand feet, and the nimbi were numerous in our vicinity. Here all was nature in her wild, rude, elemental simplicity, no trace of man or of his works within our utmost ken, save the baby-

like temple perched on the extreme summit; even the very road itself was scooped out of the eternal hill's side by torrents!

Three miles of this travelling, occupying fully two hours, brought us to Deabetme, where a stone bungalow, without doors, which owed its erection to the piety and benevolence of some early king, received us. Here we were obliged to take up our quarters for the night, and more miserable and thoroughly comfortless quarters could not well be found in Ceylon or out of it. Both Poonchy and the coolies were anxious to push on, regarding the station as unlucky; but as there was no better bungalow to be met with as far as the summit, I overruled their objections. The house which we occupied was situated in the centre of a small piece of cleared land, encompassed by thick jungle, which descended steeply on three sides, and on the fourth spread out into a small irregular plain, through which the road wound to an adjoining ravine. When we reached the station, heavy masses of black clouds were forming round the hill on all sides of us. We were in the very centre of the rain-cloud, and everything about us was damp, cold, and comfortless. The loud "hoo-hoo" of a large species

of monkey might be distinctly heard in our vicinity; occasionally the growl of a leopard would reach our ears, shrill, sharp, and threatening; whilst more frequently the call of the elephant would boom forth from the surrounding jungle. These were the great guns amongst the incessant small-arms' fire of birds and jackals.

So dense was the watery vapour around, that all our efforts to kindle a fire were unsuccessful. Poonchy's flint and steel were useless, as, notwithstanding his most strenuous exertions, the tinder would not catch the spark. I speedily secured a light by means of a little gunpowder; but a light was not sufficient. An old newspaper would burn at Deabetme as elsewhere, because it had been in my pocket previously; but the wood seemed to have lost its combustible properties completely. So saturated was everything with the enveloping mist, that dried leaves smoked only, and the wood followed their example; but no bright cheerful blaze could be extracted from either, nor was it possible to warm either the provisions or ourselves by means of the smoke, however dense. We had not taken any wood with us, it being usual for parties stopping in these sheds to leave a few boughs behind

them for their successors, after they have used all the store which they find in them. The firewood was there, and the fire obtainable; but after using large quantities of gunpowder and paper to no purpose, we were obliged to give up the attempt in despair. I looked upon our want of success as a matter that bore solely upon our dinner; but Poonchy insisted upon it that our safety was at stake as well, for that, in our doorless edifice, the only security we could have, during the long hours of darkness, against snakes, bears, leopards, or even a rogue elephant, was a bright fire—an object which, when blazing in the darkness, effectually scares away the most daring of them.

The prospect of passing the night, therefore, as we were, was a miserable one enough, to say nothing of the danger; and, however good cold ham and bread and beer may be in their proper places, one feels that, with the air around saturated with moisture, the seats and clothing wet, the wind cold and raw, they are decidedly out of place. Yet pass the night there we must, for darkness had already set in, and it would have been madness to have attempted to travel in either direction under those circumstances.

Nothing remained but to make the best dispositions we could for the night. To block up the numerous doorways was impossible, for we had nothing with which to do so; and, as we examined our involuntary lodging more carefully, we found abundant evidence that the place was frequently visited by wild animals. In one corner I discovered a heap of bones, one of which was so remarkably like a human thigh-bone, that the very handling of it gave me an uncomfortable creeping feeling, as if I already felt by anticipation the gnawing of a leopard, polishing off my own. I fancy it must have originally belonged to a monkey: but at the time I certainly thought it was part of a human skeleton, and with that pleasant conviction I laid myself down for the night.

The coolies crowded into a corner, and lay there huddled together, wet and shivering. I put my rifle at my head, leaning against the wall, and kept a good substantial walking-stick, which had considerably aided my ascent, by my side, to be used in case the rifle hung fire, which, from the state of the atmosphere, was but too likely to take place. My couch consisted of a number of split bamboos, interlaced together by strong creepers taken from the

jungle, the whole supported, as usual, upon four posts stuck into the damp floor. Suppose an ordinary table, with a number of sharp grooves running lengthways from end to end, a multitude of cords bound round it, and plenty of water sprinkled over it, recently wiped off, and you have a tolerably accurate idea of my couch. On my person, wrapped up in a warm plaid, I kept my ammunition, and, thus prepared, lay down, not to sleep, but to wait for the morning.

It was almost as dark a night as ever brooded over the heavens. Not a star could be seen in the deep blackness that enveloped us on every side. Opposite to the bamboo couch on which I lay, half-reclining, half-sitting, was a small hole in the wall which fronted me, evidently intended, originally, for a window; there was scarcely light enough abroad to enable me to distinguish this aperture at all. When I had lain down, it was, of course, with the intention of not sleeping—indeed, I had slept so much after the severe fatigue of the morning that I had but little desire for it. In order to aid me, however, in keeping my resolution, I placed my brandy-bottle on the ground, at the head of my couch, having filled it with water, so as to make

very stiff grog of the contents. But, notwithstanding all the sleep I had had the previous day; notwithstanding the energy thrown into me by the contents of the bottle; notwithstanding the dangerous position I was in, I found myself soon nodding at the little window opposite. Five or six times had I roused myself, and endeavoured to shake off the sleepy god, who was fast seizing upon me, and as I did so, at long intervals, I found that the little window was each time becoming more and more distinct, and that the stars were beginning to make their way through the thick blackness without. At length I dozed off into a half-waking, half-sleeping condition, in which I must have continued for some time—that state in which the soul does not wholly resign her office, but performs it somewhat heavily.

I was aroused from my lethargy by a scraping, stealthy, crawling sort of sound in my vicinity. It was evidently produced by some animal on the ground—I had little doubt at the moment that it was a leopard, or one of those horrid brown bears, of which I had heard so much, and I began to think that a second life would be lost in this ill-fated expedition. I could not at first determine from the sound in

what direction the animal was proceeding, but I concluded, after a little, that he was in the neighbourhood of the coolies, and from their heavy breathing, I further concluded that they were asleep. If one of the party was to lose his life, I certainly should have preferred one of the coolies being the individual to myself. My hand was on my rifle, but to fire into the corner would have been madness, to shout out and wake them, useless or worse, for the animal might then feel himself called on to attack —so I awaited, with what coolness I might, the result. Slowly and stealthily, I heard the animal, with great distinctness, crawling from the coolie-quarter in the direction of the little window opposite me. A thousand thoughts flashed rapidly through my mind as I listened, with every nerve strung to its utmost tension, to the sound, peering eagerly, but fruitlessly, into the gloom within the building. At length he neared the aperture opposite, and, as he passed it, a sudden jerk upwards threw his head full into my field of vision, that is, the window. It was not the head of a leopard, nor of a bear, nor of a monkey, though to this last it bore most resemblance, but the head of a man, and, of course, of one of my own

coolies, for there were no other human beings nearer than Pallabatula, seven miles distant. Relinquishing the grasp of my rifle, I seized my walking-stick noiselessly, and awaited the result, as yet perfectly ignorant of the fellow's intentions, and unable, indeed, to form any rational prognostication of them. The certainty that it was a man, and, besides, only a Singhalese! was a great relief, and I breathed more freely. It must be remembered that all this time the usual nocturnal din of the jungle was going on outside with unabated fury, and yet so strangely were the nerves affected, that every movement in the bungalow was perfectly distinct to my ears.

I followed the man's motions as if by instinct, as he slowly and stealthily crawled round my couch, and it was not till I heard the shaking of the fluid in my brandy-bottle, that I became aware of his intentions. I brought my stick down heavily upon his back at the moment, uttering some exclamation as I did so. He roared out lustily, and, *miserabile dictu*, let fall the bottle. His cry, loud and piercing, awoke his brethren. They, doubtless, fancying a dozen rogue elephants were upon them, shouted as loudly in chorus—the whole bungalow rung

with cries as they still huddled closely together, their fears, probably, increased a thousand fold by finding one of their number absent. He, for his part, lay where he had fallen, still crying as if a wild beast were devouring him. I shouted out, I spoke in English and in Singhalese, I reasoned, I intreated, demanded, nay, I verily believe, I swore at them; but, for a time, without avail. Those in the corner evidently thought their companion was already a meal for some one, and he who lay near my couch probably conceived that I was threatening him for the loss I had sustained. At length he made his way to his fellows; they shrieked distractedly as he touched them; but, after a little, the tumult subsided, and I was heard. I explained to Poonchy (whose voice had been clearly and distinctly recognisable throughout the entire commotion as one of the loudest of the shouters), the cause of the scene, and he, with many contemptuous allusions to their cowardice, explained the matter to them. The moon was now rising over the top of the peak—the vapoury cloud had passed away—our bungalow was soon full of light—we tried the firewood again, and, after some trouble, succeeded in obtaining a blaze, under the genial influence

of which we all slept soundly till the morning; visions of the broken brandy-bottle, as it lay scattered over the ground beside my couch, the precious liquid all spilt, alone troubled my repose.

The journey of the ensuing morning did not greatly differ from that of the preceding day, save that it was of a more varied character. In some places we were descending for a short time, instead of ascending—at others, we were obliged to clamber over the faces of almost perpendicular rocks of great altitude. One of these rocks is between fifty and sixty feet high, and its ascent would be impossible, were it not for steps which some of the early kings caused to be cut over the entire face. At length I stood at the foot of the extraordinary cone which forms the summit of the mountain. It rises from the surrounding range like a huge sugar-loaf, two hundred feet high—rocky, and bleak, and stern, with a few hardy and stunted plants of temperate climates clinging to its sides. The air was delightfully cool and refreshing—the view around was magnificent, and, right in front of us, as we eat our morning's meal on a little grassy plot, by the side of a brawling stream, rose the mass of rock, on the top of which,

almost a point, the holy footstep is imprinted, surmounted by the picturesque little temple —the same mass that we had seen and gazed upon with such interest at sea, in Galle, in Colombo; everywhere in the island in fact. I felt delighted at the prospect of satisfying my curiosity at length, and even looked benevolently upon the coolie through whom I had lost my brandy!

The ascent of this cone is by no means easy. The steepness of the sides and the force with which the wind whistles round it, at a height approaching to eight thousand feet, are sufficient in themselves to render it anything but an easy matter to make one's way to the top, and were it not for the chains which are hung in some places to facilitate the ascent of the pilgrims, it would be both difficult and dangerous. The road winds up the western side in a zig-zag direction, like a strung series of Z's, consisting of a narrow pathway, formed partly by jutting rocks, and partly by incisions in the mountain's sides. The scrubby European-looking vegetation affords the adventurous traveller a hold occasionally as he passes some parts of unusual difficulty, whilst in others, the vegetation shuts him in completely, and he clambers along up a

kind of ravine. In three or four places a smooth rock is to be ascended, which would be a matter of no little difficulty, if not altogether impossible, were it not for the chains I have mentioned, which are firmly rivetted into the rocks above, and let down over the ascent; even with these, however, strength and agility are both required to get up securely and unassisted. The loss of his hold, or an awkward slip, would precipitate the traveller or pilgrim into eternity. Even women, it is said, annually ascend the Peak, in compliance with the dictates of religious enthusiasm, and there is scarcely a dangerous spot in the ascent, of which the guide will not be able to tell you some story connected with the loss of human life, usually females. The year in which our guide had previously ascended, the second before our expedition, two unfortunate female pilgrims had been blown over the side of the hill at one of those frightful corners on the road, where a square foot of rock alone preserves the traveller from destruction. On looking into the abyss below, I could discern a fragment of cloth waving on the gnarled stem of an oak-like bush, far, far, beneath us.

At length I stepped forth from a little en-

trance in the small wall, built round the hallowed precincts of the foot-impression. I was on the very summit of Adam's Peak, and, in my joy and triumph, I saluted the holy locality with a hearty "hurrah!"

The wall which had been built round the summit is about three feet high, and confines a quantity of earth, forming a pathway round the huge rock in the centre, over which the little temple is built. The temple itself consists merely of a picturesque roof, Chinese looking, supported on strong wooden pillars, and preserved from being blown down by massive iron chains inserted into the rocks around, reminding one of the cords from the top of a tent pole. On the eastern side the pathway is extensive enough to admit of a small bungalow having been erected, in which the priests reside during the period of pilgrimage. Here of course we took up our quarters, and I then proceeded to examine the great object of reverence, to adore which the enthusiastic natives encounter so many dangers. The sacred footstep is emphatically a humbug—a humbug of humbugs in fact. I had expected to find it something approaching a humbug, but not so egregious a one, as it proved to be. All that

exists naturally in the rock, is two oval cavities, about two feet from each other, one of which some vivid Eastern imagination conjured into a heel, the other into the impression of the ball of the foot—all the rest is evidently artificial—too evidently to leave the shadow of a doubt on the subject in the beholder's mind—the toes indeed are made with coarse lime or chunam, and, were it not for a border of the same, the outline of a foot would never be recognized. The extreme length of this "faint exaggeration of a footstep," as it has been happily called, is five feet three inches, its breadth varying from two feet five to two feet nine inches.

Nothing could be more bracing and delightful than the temperature at this great altitude. I felt it cold of course, but the thermometer, which I carried with me, did not descend lower than 47° during the day and night I was on the summit—a sufficient contrast from the 80° and 90° I had been lately experiencing in Colombo. The coolies, having first devoutly worshipped towards the "sri-pada," or holy footstep, but without venturing to examine it too closely, next proceeded to kindle a fire, and in a few minutes a cheerful blaze shone through the thatched walls of the little priest's bunga-

low. The natives were not accustomed to use a fire for warmth, and, as they crouched before it, they found doubtless to their annoyance that it did not warm their backs equally with the fronts of their bodies, and in order to secure a little of the genial heat for all, to my surprise, on entering, when I had finished my examination of the summit, I found them gyrating on their heels, like so many monkeys being roasted.

The night passed away without any incident of importance, and next morning I witnessed a scene which fully repaid me for all my previous toils—the rising of the sun. It was certainly the most magnificent sight I have ever witnessed. When I rose in the morning all was black below, nothing whatever could be distinguished, except a few streaks of light in the East. Gradually the rays shot further and further over the sky, and at length, standing in the foot-impression, on the highest pinnacle of the summit, I could discern a small portion of the sun himself. Still everything around and beneath was dark—the sky alone glowing with light, but all below like a vast black ocean of the most forbidding character. At length a hill in our vicinity was touched by the rays,

and there, in the gloom, it shone and glistened like a piece of burnished gold in a sea of pitch. Another and another mountain top caught the glow and stood prominently forth, shining gorgeously in the surrounding darkness. And so it went on—the shining islands ever increasing in size and becoming more numerous until nothing remained dark but the valleys between the highest hills, whilst the various tints of the clouds that hung on the mountain sides added a peculiar charm to the landscape. I could at length discover the Indian ocean to the west and south, and more than half the island was laid open, as in a vast panorama, to my inspection. To witness the rising of the sun from the summit of Adam's Peak, is a sight worth living and toiling for, and once witnessed, can never be forgotten—the impression, vivid almost as the reality, will live in the memory, however far we may be removed from the mountain in distance, or from the scene itself by time.

In the vast landscape that was thus spread out before me standing on that solitary cone, a mile and a-half in perpendicular height, from the level of the sea, I was particularly struck by the absence of any trace of man. Not a

single object which I could discern around or below recalled him or his works—all was nature in its highest and grandest sense. The thick forests that filled the valleys; the rocks, massive, bleak, and stern, that marked the hills' sides; the rivers or streams winding like threads of silver through the green or brown beneath; the clouds white, grey, and black, that dotted the landscape here and there—all was nature, and nature only, without being interfered with or marred by man. The scene reminded me of an eloquent passage in Jouffroy's works, in which he says:—"In the bosom of cities, man appears to be the principal concern of creation; his apparent superiority is there most signally displayed; he there seems to preside over the theatre of the world, or rather to occupy it himself. But when this being, so haughty, so powerful, so absorbed by his own interests in the crowds of cities, and in the midst of his fellows, chances to be brought into a vast and majestic scene of nature in view of the illimitable firmament, surrounded by the works of creation, which overwhelm him, if not by their intelligence at least by their magnitude; when from the summit of a mountain, or under the light of the stars, he beholds petty villages,

lost in forests, which themselves are lost in the extent of the prospect, and reflects that these villages are inhabited by frail and imperfect beings like himself; when he compares these beings and their abodes with the magnificent spectacle of external nature: when he compares this with the world, on whose surface it is but a point, and this world, in its turn, with the myriads of worlds that are suspended above him, and before which it is nothing—in the presence of such a spectacle, he views with pity the miserable conflicting passions of his fellow-man."

On returning to Pallabatula I found Hofer anxiously awaiting me. He had prepared a chair for himself, in which he was to be carried back to Ratnapoora—two bamboos being merely attached to it, one at each side of the seat, and thus he hoped to make the journey, hoisted on the shoulders of four coolies. The coolies were relieved every mile or so, and a dozen of them contrived to carry him safely, though slowly, along, so that we arrived at Ratnapoora, where our horses awaited us, without accident.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PLANTER'S PARTY.

"Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him."
Much Ado About Nothing, act v., sc. 1.

Notwithstanding the great distances of the various plantations from each other, the *réunions* of their owners and managers were common and frequent. In the idle season of the year Europeans were to be seen riding about in all directions through the miserable native paths, over districts which, anywhere else, would be declared impassable for horses. But no district was regarded as of this description in Ceylon, save the ascent of the Peak. Some would be encountered making their way to Colombo, for supplies of provisions or money; some on the road to Kandy; others going to visit a friend, or to spend a week on the table-land in the south-

east, called Newera Ellia—a delightful retreat amongst the mountains from the heat and monotony of the plains. Between 1843 and 1847 the cultivation of coffee was so rapidly extending on the island, as to promise the happiest results from the large influx of Europeans and of European capital.

Many estates were opened only to be sold again as soon as they came into bearing, to some one of the many capitalists who determined on embarking their money in the speculation, and in this way perhaps, there was more profit made than in any other. When a piece of land judiciously selected, was cleared of forest and planted with coffee, there were always buyers to be found, ready to give a much larger sum for the infant estate than it had cost—men, for the most part, quite ignorant of the details of cultivation themselves, and who preferred trusting the judgment of others, whom they supposed to know something of the matter. The risks attending the culture of the shrub are considerable, and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that very frequently excellent properties were thus brought into the market, the owners of which preferred realizing a profit at once to running the various risks of blights,

coffee bugs, and rats, which often appeared and disappeared unaccountably.

The Parala estate, on which my friend Fowler was situated pretty much in the same way as I on the one which I managed, that is, as superintendent and part proprietor, was nearly twenty miles distant. It consisted of five hundred acres of coffee, and about one thousand of forest land, up to this time untouched. It was a flourishing property, although it had recently been attacked by the rats, in the same unaccountable way as many other estates in the neighbourhood—the vermin having appeared and disappeared without any one being able to explain either where they had come from, or whither they had gone. However, that they had gone was certain, and no one in our district wished for their return merely that the scientific mystery should be cleared up. By nibbling at the new shoots of the stems and branches, they had injured thousands of plants and destroyed several, so that we were quite willing to rest ignorant of their whereabouts, rather than to encounter them again, to have our theories on the subject confirmed or disproved.

Notwithstanding such drawbacks as these,

however, Fowler's estate, like most others in the neighbourhood, was flourishing. The cultivation was everywhere extending, and the future of Ceylon looked bright and cheerful for it was never supposed that the tariff, on the faith of which all this outlay was made, all this capital embarked, would be suddenly, and without warning, altered. It was by the help of the protective duties on colonial produce alone that Ceylon was enabled to compete with Brazil and Java, and the anticipation that those duties would be removed had probably not entered into the head of a single speculator in Ceylon. At the time of which I write all was bright in the prospect, and there can be no doubt that fifty years of such prosperity would have infused the new life and vigour of the West into the oriental lethargy of the island. The trackless forests would have been reclaimed, man taking the place of the wild beast. Happy homes and smiling faces would have been seen where now the elephant and leopard roam undisturbed. The high lands, so admirably adapted to the European constitution, would doubtless be the homes of English farmers and gardeners, and Christian hymns ascend as thank-offerings from Christian hearts

in places hitherto trodden only by the wandering savages, who, under the name of Veddahs, lead a kind of wild-beast life in the forests of Ceylon. True, there is little prospect at present of such ultimate results speedily appearing, but then I saw no reason to doubt their complete realization.

Under such circumstances, with increased facilities for rapid communication with England, I could scarcely picture to myself a happier lot than that of the successful planter, living upon and working his own estate, with his family flourishing around him, spending the cooler portion of the year with them on his own property, and the warmer on some of the elevated tablelands of the south-east. But we were only the pioneers, I knew, of whose labours others must reap the advantage in comfort and plenty, and, as things were, it was not to be wondered at that most married men should feel discontented with their Ceylon life, as Hofer evidently soon began to feel, but I doubted not then, that ultimately all that I have shadowed forth, and more, would be accomplished.

Nothing could be more various than the dress and appearance of us, coffee-planters in Ceylon. Every man's clothes were cut after

his own fashion; some consulting ease and appearance, but the majority ease alone, in their habiliments. A short coat, not likely to impede or incommode one in the saddle; a black belt to support the pantaloons, and no waistcoat, were the most ordinary forms into which planting *insouciance* moulded its clothes. But, above all, were we distinguished by our diligent eschewing of the ugly black European hat. In Colombo, and indeed in the towns generally, this extraordinary appendage, so unsuited to a tropical climate, still maintained, and doubtless does maintain, its place, but the race of planters was wiser than to incommode itself by any such absurdity. The substitutes for it were as various as the tastes of the wearers, and the ingenuity of the workmen. Of these substitutes, of which the great majority were formed of pith, some resembled copper boilers reversed, in shape, with broad brims, and innumerable air-holes at the top; others, helmet-fashioned, had a peak in front and a wadded apron behind, just (as far as shape is concerned) as if a child's pinafore had been tied behind upon a jockey's cap, the object of this extraordinary curtain being to defend the back of the neck from the sun; others projected from the head outrageously,

caldron-fashion, as if the unfortunate individual had fallen, head foremost, into a whitewashed wooden washing basin, and, having made his way half through it, had there been fixed immovably; whilst not a few recalled to one's mind the helmet of Mambrino in Don Quixote. The hirsute faces, for I need scarcely say that few of us took the trouble to disfigure ourselves by shaving—the hirsute faces and strangely-equipped figures which appeared under these extraordinary head-coverings, formed as striking a contrast as can well be conceived, with what the same individuals would present in Rotten Row or Regent Street.

Our host Fowler, with whom Hofer and myself had become quite intimate, was a superior and an estimable man, disguising under a fierce, bushy black beard, of the most warlike appearance, great amiability and benevolence. His acquaintance Siggins, from a neighbouring plantation, was a strange character, one of those extraordinary compounds who affect singularity in the most trivial matters, and who seem to consider it a sufficient reason for doing anything, that no one else would think of doing so, or, for leaving it undone, that other people would do it. His intensely red whiskers and moustaches beau-

tifully harmonised in colour with by far the most prominent and peculiar feature of his countenance—his nose; in shape the organ was a Brougham, but in size and colour it differed materially from the standard of the type, projecting and peering upwards in awful contrast with the glistening glasses of the spectacles which were almost constantly above it. Like its prototype too, Siggins' remarkable nose was never at rest—at one time the observer might suppose it was holding discourse knowingly with one eye, at another that it was setting, in a facial quadrille, to one of the corners of the mouth. Now it was drooping, with melancholy despondency over the fiery moustache and ample lips, and, anon, it was raised twitchingly aloft as if internally singing an "Io triumphe" in gratitude for some recent blessing—depressed or elevated, however, in converse with one side or the other of the mouth, it still twitched convulsively as such a nose only could twitch, its colour at one moment scarcely crimson, whilst during the next it had mounted into an ample purple that threatened the precincts of the eyes with invasion. Long locks of light brown hair, straight as a ship's masts, hung

over Siggins' coat collar, and formed an agreeable contrast with the glowing face. Imagine, reader, such a head mounted to a height of six feet two, upon an ungainly awkward body, and you have the individual daguerreotyped in your mind's eye.

Besides these, there were a taciturn merchant from Colombo, Mr. Smith, not long settled in the island, and an officer of the Rifle-corps, a descendant of a Dutch family, Lieut. Vanstrut, who was justly proud of his uniform, which he would not part with, even in the jungle—justly proud I say of his uniform, for he had nothing else to be proud of. He happened to be on a visit to Fowler at the time, who was under some obligations to his family, or he certainly would not have been a member of a convivial jungle party.

These were all strangers to me, and therefore I have taken the trouble to say a word or two respecting each; but, besides these, there were Mouat and Hofer—the latter had quite recovered from the injury done to his foot, when ascending the Peak. I was sorry to see Hofer there—not that I thought married men should eschew bachelor's

parties, but that it seemed to me a sort of neglect to his lonely and beautiful wife, to leave her thus constantly by herself in the jungle—as he did at this period indeed, but too frequently. A childless home is, alas! likely to be an unhappy one, even under the most favourable circumstances, how much more so when thus isolated in the midst of the jungle! True she was the first, as I had seen, to urge him to seek enjoyment elsewhere; always cheerful, always apparently happy, and what between her household duties, her studies, her practice of painting and music, and her benevolent journeys, invariably professing her perfect happiness and contentment, whether her husband remained with her or not, but must not the quick eye of love have speedily discovered what was apparent even to the casual glance of the stranger? If Fowler and I could perceive and lament that he was now fonder of absence from home than he had been, how much more keenly must she have felt it! Who shall tell, I thought, as I rode home the next morning with him, how many bitter, salt tears have coursed each other down her cheeks during his absence! how many sighs of regret have burst from that heaving bosom, as thoughts of home and past happiness have moved the heart!

And yet, to all outward seeming, he was still the same affectionate husband he had been, and the few with whom they were intimate, but who did not observe them so closely as we did, would, probably, nay almost certainly, conclude that a happier, more loving, more contented couple than the Hofers did not exist. How false a test outward seeming is of real happiness! How small a portion the outward visible calamity woman has to bear, forms of the sorrow which her heart mourns over! How many a smiling face, particularly in her case, hides an aching heart! How fatal a blessing is not that sensibility, that sentiment, which forms one of her chief charms, and constitutes frequently, at the same time, her greatest source of misery!

It must not be concluded from this that Hofer was gloomy and his wife querulous. By no means! He was still hopeful, full of life, and joy, and vigour, as when I first met him in Colombo. He still paid every attention to his wife, anticipated her wants only to supply them, was tender, affectionate, nay loving in his manner, and she before him, and his friends, and all the world, was still the same bright, cheerful, beautiful model of womanly grace and womanly fondness she had been, when we tra-

velled together from Colombo. But he, unfortunately, wanted determination and a strong will, and, as a necessary consequence, perseverance. Change and variety were cravings of his nature which he had not learned to direct or to subdue. New schemes and new plans were ever luring him on to short bursts of exertion, and to him the greatest of evils was monotony and uniformity. One would have fancied that his wanderings over the world, in Europe, in America, in Asia, would have satisfied this roving, change-loving disposition, but it was not so. With strong intellect, a brilliant imagination, and a cultivated mind, he wanted that resolute will which is necessary to success and happiness—without which, indeed, the most shining qualities are but sources of inconvenience, nay, possibly, causes of unhappiness. Who can over-estimate the importance of this quality, and yet how shamefully is its cultivation neglected in our youthful studies and training? What greater enemy can man have, as an individual or a community, than a restless, ever-acting desire of change? the peevishness of the child who tires of one toy and cries for another, carried into the important business of life and cankering the fair buds

of happiness which the sunshine of home and the tender gardening of woman, cause to flourish so luxuriantly around us. The gourd that arrived at maturity in a night perished in a day, as Burke somewhere remarks, but the oak that will last for centuries takes a hundred years of patient persevering growth to arrive at maturity.

Let me turn, however, from these melancholy reflections to what I intended to describe. Our party was at first a right pleasant and merry one, and the fare of the best that the jungle could afford. European condiments here, as indeed all over the East, amongst Englishmen, being the most highly esteemed. A good ham, or a fresh cheese giving exquisite delight to men who would seldom taste either the one or the other at home perhaps, whilst the richest curries and the most luscious tropical fruits, were despised in comparison. I have so frequently seen this the case in India, that I at length ceased to wonder at it; yet surely it was notable! The very difficulty of procuring the most ordinary European articles of food in an eatable condition, seemed to render them luxuries to the epicurean palate, whilst tropical dainties, that would infallibly be luxuries in

England, were neglected because too easily obtained. A type this, I fear, of humanity everywhere. The blessing which costs us little to reach, either of exertion or of wealth, is often thrown aside for the inferior gratification to which a difficulty in procuring it has added a zest.

How many are there not in London, surrounded by comforts and luxuries of the most intensely gratifying character, who regard themselves as miserable because they want some trifle which they cannot obtain! They take up their 'Times' daily, and receive their letters almost every hour, without ever asking themselves how they would do without either for weeks together. They can obtain their dinners in every street almost, and sit down to them grumbling, without ever reflecting that the planter has often to ride twenty miles, and even then perhaps finds his dinner not ready when he requires it. They lounge in their easy chairs before a grateful, cheerful-looking fire, with a magazine or a review, or the last lionized book of the season in their hands, without bestowing a thought on the grilling to which Anglo-Indians are exposed, the hosts of musquitoes they must encounter, or the snakes,

scorpions, and centipedes of which they daily and nightly, stand, and walk, and sleep in dread. But there is no use in pursuing the reflection; the Londoner is doubtless already blushing at his ingratitude so I shall e'en spare him.

The more serious business of the dinner dispatched, we almost naturally fell into a conversation about coolies; a comparison between the Malabar coolies from the continent and the native Kandians, forming a point for discussion. All were willing to yield the palm to the Kandians in many respects, but Hofer and myself alone maintained their superior honesty, which the others were inclined to doubt.

"I think the Kandians are stronger and work more like men," said Siggins, the nose rising perceptibly towards the forehead, "that is, with the help of a little looking after, and occasionally feeling a riding-whip or a cane, but although the Malabars are great scoundrels and thieves, I think the Kandians are greater."

"You are complimentary to them," said I, looking at Fowler's Kandian servant, who was in the room at the time, and who perfectly understood English, but, although he had evidently listened to the observation, not a muscle

on his countenance, not so much as the involuntary winking of his eyes showed that he had heard it.

"Why I take care not to let them have their own way, and they soon get used to mine," answered Siggins, his nasal organ effecting a bend sinister. "Every man is a magistrate on his own estate, you know," he continued, "and therefore, as long as the man is working for you, you have a right to do what you like with him—that is, anything short of killing."

"A new doctrine, truly," said Mouat, coming as near a laugh as he ever permitted himself, "but one very often acted upon, I believe."

"Always acted on by men of sense, Mr. Mouat," rejoined Siggins. "How are you or any other magistrate to know what goes on on my estate, for instance?"

"Did I know all that goes on, on any estate, even on my benevolent friend Fowler's, I fear it would not be very edifying—what think you, Hofer?" asked the little magistrate.

"I quite agree with you," replied Hofer, "the distinction between *mea* and *tua* I fear, is little recognized on these bachelors' estates, whatever may be said of *meum* and *tuum*."

"That it should be all *mea* and no *tua* would be perhaps Mr. Siggins' idea," said Mouat again.

"I don't remember much of the Latin I learned at school," rejoined Siggins, the nose waxing purple by degrees, "but I think I can understand what you mean. I go by this rule —if a man on my estate tells me yes, I believe he would say no if he dare, and until I look and discover, or find out the truth some other way, I pay no attention to his yes. Now that saves a great deal of trouble."

"You never believe then what one of your labourers says?" I asked.

"Never," said he, "I never believe what any man about the place says until I look at it, and see for myself. They know that now, and they don't venture to tell me the barefaced lies they used, and it is not often that I find any opposition made to anything I wish, but when I do, they smart for it, I assure you."

"Very extraordinary this in an English colony," said Mr. Smith.

"Siggins understands the native character," said Vanstrut, arranging his collar, "and treats the people very properly."

"I cannot say I approve of the principle," said Hofer, "but really it is very hard to keep one's temper with them sometimes."

"Impossible, Sir, quite impossible," said Siggins, eagerly, "they are worthless, thoroughly worthless—the fear of the whip or the cane is the only thing that rouses them to exertion."

"There you are certainly mistaken, Mr. Siggins," said Fowler, firmly, "men who travel hundreds of miles on foot, through the most unfrequented forests and jungles in order to earn their bread honestly by the sweat of their brow, are not thoroughly worthless, and can evidently be driven to exertion by far other motives than the fear of the lash."

You are right, Fowler," said Hofer; "in that point of view they deserve every praise and commendation—they make great sacrifices that they may carry home a trifle to their homes, and instances of the most unselfish and noble devotion are frequent amongst them."

"It was but in the last gang that I hired," said Fowler, "that a wife preferred remaining behind to perish with her sick husband in the depths of the forest, to pushing on for life with the gang."

"Stuff!" said Siggins, "all sham, every bit of it. Just you try kindness, and see how you'll get on with your work. I tried it when I first came here, five years ago, and I got nothing done, I promise you."

"Why you were up before me, and fined three times during the first two years," said Mouat, "do you call that the result of your kindness?"

"Yes," said Siggins, "I was green, and did'nt know what was what. But you'll not catch me up before you, or any one else, for the future. I manage matters better than that now."

"One of my peons told me of some frightful flogging that one of your fellows got on your estate the other day," said Mouat, "but as it did not come before me officially, of course I took no notice of it—planters and magistrates should mutually support and assist each other; but it shows that these things are spoken of."

"Did he," said Siggins, angrily, "I'm glad you told me. It was a simple affair enough. I honoured the rascal's daughter with a little attention—she was a fair, neatly-formed Kandian girl—and he sulked about it, although he had been regularly employed on my place for

three years. In fact, he grew at length so insolent, that he came and demanded her out of the bungalow, where she was living infinitely more decently and respectably than ever she had been living before. The servants had particular orders, of course, that she should not leave. I told him his request was absurd, and he then took to crying. I laughed at him as any one else would do, and he then grew angry and swore at me. That was too much, so ordering him up in the verandah, he had two dozen—he should have had four, but the daughter broke away from the servants inside, when she heard him crying out, and, throwing herself at my feet, begged mercy for him, so I let him go. As he left the verandah, however, he turned and swore at me again, talking of the magistrate, so I had him up once more, and whilst he was getting another dozen and his daughter was being locked up again, I sent for the head-man of the village, to whom I gave a few rupees, and told him that if I had any more trouble from that fellow, I should never hire a man from his village again. He promised I should hear no more of him, and took him off."

"Good God," said I, "is it possible that any

man can, not only do such things, but have the hardihood to relate them before the magistrate, whose duty it is to investigate and punish such crimes?"

"If Mr. Siggins has done as he states, I undoubtedly condemn it," said Mouat, turning his cold, impassive eyes on me; "but, at the same time, I am not bound to take advantage of what I hear privately, at my friend's table, to punish one of his guests."

"It is a horrible circumstance," said Hofer; "and had I had the heart to do it, I should have been ashamed to relate it."

"Very possibly," said Siggins, coolly; "you are both comparatively new here—not much more than a twelvemonth in the jungle yet: a few years will make you less nice."

A silence of some minutes succeeded this observation, during which I reasoned within myself whether I should not urge Mouat to take notice of the matter judicially. Hofer evidently guessed my thoughts, for he shook his head in a deprecatory way; and feeling assured that the sense of the party was against the interference, I said no more. Mouat saw the shake of the head, and probably understood its import, saying, "I regard this relation in

the light of a private friendly piece of gossip, not serious; but if any one chooses to come to the court-house to-morrow, and swear that such things took place at Pallagolly, I shall investigate the matter fully."

"Bravo! Mouat," said Siggins, laughing heartily.

"It is sometimes a dangerous matter for gentlemen to take to thrashing their servants," said Mouat, continuing, "as our friend Vanstrut can testify."

Vanstrut showed, by the sheepish way in which he played with a gold cable that hung round his neck in lieu of a watch-guard, that he fully understood the allusion, but by no means relished it.

"Ah—a-hem," said he; "I have no sympathy with the Kandians or Malabars at all. They're both equally bad. Siggins was quite right, hang me if he wasn't."

Now considering that it was commonly reported that Vanstrut's grandmother was a Kandian lady of some rank, this remark was intolerable.

"But why can Vanstrut testify as you say?" asked I of Mouat, to the former gentleman's great uneasiness.

"Why really, after Siggins's very *mal-apropos* narrative, I don't think I can do better than show that the tables are sometimes turned," said Mouat, with his peculiar eye-twinkle. "Vanstrut, it appears, when he first joined the Rifles in Colombo, had a big Malabar horse-keeper, Thuru by name—wasn't it Thuru?"

"Yes, Thuru," said Vanstrut, with some slight symptom of energy in his language; "as great a scoundrel as ever rubbed down a horse."

"Doubtless," continued Mouat; "well, his name was Thuru. Vanstrut had, moreover, an unfortunate habit of horsewhipping his offending servants, which, in the more civilized parts of our noble island, often got him into trouble. One day Thuru had neglected something, or, which was nearly the same thing in its consequences, Vanstrut fancied so, and accordingly gave him a harmless horsewhipping, not exceeding, I believe, in the castigation by any means the limits of moderation. Some of the servants were present, however; and Thuru, who was a favourite, and knew what his rights were, went off to the police magistrate's court, and made his deposition; the other servants were summoned as witnesses. The case was clearly proved; and to make an example of

the military offender, Vanstrut was fined five pounds—a sum which he would willingly pay any day for a little gratification."

"Certainly," said Vanstrut, proudly; "a mere trifle. Who wouldn't pay as much for a little gratification, as Mouat says?"

"But our friend was not content," continued Mouat; "he thought Thuru had the advantage of him, as the correction given was inadequate to the price paid: so he sent for Thuru, told him it was all forgiven, and hired him again."

The smile which diffused itself over the coxcombical countenance of Vanstrut showed that he rejoiced in the recollection of this clever procedure.

"One day," proceeded Mouat, "Thuru was alone in the kitchen, and Vanstrut, seizing his whip and the opportunity at the same time, marched down from the house. Shutting the door, he advanced to Thuru, brandishing the whip. 'Now, you scoundrel,' said he, 'no one shall see it, and I'll give you a thrashing you'll remember. I've sent all the servants out of the way, and you shall feel somewhat more than you did before.'—'Stop, mahathma,' said Thuru, beseechingly; 'no hit me; master, forgive all.'—'Yes, you scoundrel, till I could get

an opportunity, but no longer,' answered Vanstrut, closing up.—'Stop, mahathma,' urged Thuru again, his hands joined in front in the attitude of prayer. 'Master send all servants 'way?'—'Yes, you rascal,' said Vanstrut, bringing his whip down on the bare shoulder of the suppliant. But now came Thuru's turn. Leaping on his master, whom he speedily overpowered, he seized the riding-whip, a remarkably heavy one, and made it come into intimate acquaintance with his master's body. Vanstrut was thrown down amongst black pots and earthenware dishes, and then, for full five minutes, as he himself afterwards related whilst still sore from the thrashing, did Thuru vigorously ply the whip, proving his muscular force and his dexterity at the same time, for he left no marks upon any uncovered portion of our friend's body. At length, wearied with his exertion, or afraid of interruption, for he swore afterwards that the mahathma had roared like a bull—"

"An infernal lie," said Vanstrut.

"Wearied with his exertion, I say," continued Mouat, "or afraid of interruption, Thuru ceased, and was speedily at a considerable distance from his master's house, where he did

not again venture to make his appearance. Vanstrut had him arrested, and the case came before the magistrate, greatly to Thuru's consternation; but a little cross-examination brought out the whole story, and Vanstrut got laughed at into the bargain, whilst Thuru escaped with flying colours. Indeed, Lister told me that 'Thuru' is still a standing toast at the Rifle mess."

"No, no," said the gallant officer, quickly; "they do sometimes quiz a little about it, but that's all—not a standing toast, certainly. Do you know," he continued, more solemnly, "I have been very near going out with some of our fellows about this very affair; and when they saw I really did intend it, there was less talking than there used to be."

The former part of the evening had been pleasant and vivacious, but after this the merriment ceased, and the party soon broke up. Siggins' horrible narrative had completely destroyed our pleasure, and Fowler and Hofer, I thought, as well as our Colombo friend, Mr. Smith, shared in the general indignation. I felt a loathing for the man and his coarse humour, such as I do not remember having ever felt before for any person with whom I had been

brought into such close connexion, and it was a relief to me when he was gone. I remained at Fowler's that night, who accommodated Hofer and myself with such extempore beds as a coffee-planter's bungalow could afford. I was astonished at Mouat's taking no further measures to punish so detestable a piece of cruelty; but, strange to say, on mentioning my impressions on the subject to Hofer, he did not agree with me. He condemned the transaction as one of wanton cruelty, "but," said he, "it is quite a Quixotic idea to suppose that a magistrate is to be a hunter-out of criminals in his private meetings with his friends. He is, naturally anxious to stand well with the planters, and such a procedure as you advocate on his part, would destroy all confidence between both parties. Looking at it abstractedly, as a question of right and wrong, you are, doubtless, on the safe side; but other things must be taken into consideration. If the head-man and the people in the village have combined to defeat the ends of justice, you would find that Mouat's exertions would be useless, and so he, doubtless, thinks himself." These arguments were by no means satisfactory to me, nor did Mouat, in my mind, stand absolved from a

gross dereliction of his duty; but, on subsequently sending to the village, and afterwards going myself, I found that Hofer was partially right. No evidence to convict Siggins of the crime could be collected, nor could I even discover, after the most diligent investigation, the injured Kandian whom Siggins had treated so barbarously. Had Mouat himself, however, armed with all the authority of the law, undertaken the investigation, there can be little doubt that the result would have been very different.

CHAPTER IX.

SPORTING—ELKS AND ELEPHANTS.

> "Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
> And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
> Being native burghers of this desert city,
> Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
> Have their round haunches gored."
>
> *As You Like It*, act ii., sc. 1.

It was some time after the incidents related in the last chapter had occurred, that Hofer assembled a shooting party at his bungalow for a few days' sport. His estate was situated in a fine district for the purpose, as wild and jungly as the most inveterate hunter could desire. The party consisted of Captain Lister, and a young officer he had brought with him, who had only just arrived in Ceylon, of the name of Sparks—Lister as thorough an elephant-killer as any of the most experienced sportsmen in the island, and Sparks as green a

griffin as ever landed in Colombo, and that is saying much; Mouat, and Fowler, and myself completed the party—all three pretending to some little skill with the rifle, but all equally willing to give the palm to Lister, and to be guided by his experience.

The day of our arrival was spent in an inspection of the estate, each of us having a separate opinion to offer relative to Hofer's new schemes and improvements. Beaters were sent out to look after the elephants, that is, natives whose duty it was to drive away any herd that they might find towards the neighbourhood in which we intended to shoot on the succeeding day; and in the meantime we sat down to dinner—such a dinner as men among the mountains can alone enjoy. Not that there was any extraordinary delicacy forthcoming, far from it; the meal was but plain and substantial; but the excellent appetite our walks had given us, and the cordiality which prevailed amongst the little party, all tended to make it such a dinner as one does not readily forget. Nor must I omit the perfect grace and elegance with which our hostess played her part—the solitary flower amongst so stubbly a forest. Her influence was happily felt in adding a charm and refine-

ment to the entertainment, which the want of female society in the jungle generally, makes one feel all the more keenly and sensitively. There is something new to planters, accustomed to their own bungalows for years, and their neighbours' bachelor parties, in finding themselves once more seated near the highest form of civilized life, a cultivated woman. There is an insensible charm diffused over the table and through the air by the presence of one whose refinement pervades at once the bungalow itself and the minutest details of the arrangements in it, that must be felt to be understood.

In the course of conversation, after Mrs. Hofer had left the table, I heard Sparks asking our host whether there were any bread-fruit trees near his estate, and expressing his anxiety to see one.

"Certainly," said Hofer; "we passed several of them to-day—if you come out with me early to-morrow morning, we can bring home some fruit for breakfast."

"I shall be delighted," said Sparks; "but you don't mean to say that you eat it instead of bread?"

"You shall judge for yourself whether it can be so eaten," was the reply; "but you must be

aware that out in the jungle here we have great difficulty in getting any bread at all, save what we make ourselves, or procure from the tree."

"Is it possible?" asked Sparks.

"A little roasting," continued Hofer, "to put a crust on it is sufficient to convince you that it is really from the oven."

It was evident that poor Sparks had to pay the usual penalty of griffin-hood, in being deceived to the utmost possible extent that the knowing ones could accomplish. Mouat chimed in with Hofer, assuring Sparks, with the greatest coolness, of the superiority of a bread-fruit for breakfast to the best possible loaf from a baker's, "although, indeed," he added, "you new-comers are so prejudiced in your taste that I have seen men declare it was watery and insipid. Of its nutritious qualities, however, there cannot be a question—indeed, you have only to look at our friend Lister for a proof, for every one knows he was as spare as I am when he first came out, and that the diligent use of bread-fruit alone has made him what he is."

Lister was earnestly describing to Fowler, at the moment, some elephant adventure, and Mouat knew, therefore, that he was safe, whilst

Sparks considered the subject too delicate a one to question his superior officer about.

At half past five the next morning I heard Hofer and Mouat bustling about and getting Sparks out. I quickly joined them, to see what would be made of the joke, and we took the road through the estate where the coolies were just commencing work. A quarter of an hour's good walking brought us within sight of a bread-fruit tree, on which I could distinguish some white fruit, new to my eye, and, as I felt assured, to the tree also. Hofer pointed it out to Sparks—"There is the fruit, you see, quite ripe."

"Very extraordinary, indeed," replied the young officer; "it looks from this exactly like bread. I read somewhere or other that the fruit was green; I am sure I did," he added, giving his companions a searching look.

"You have only to look at the tree," said Mouat, "to see the green fruit in abundance; there are only three or four perfectly ripe, and in a few months there won't be a single ripe fruit on it. That's the cause of the mistake, I dare say, You can have no idea," he added confidentially, "of the mistakes people make in writing about Ceylon. Why, there's one

author—I forget his name—that mentions Ruminacaddee as being a few miles from Galle."

"Perhaps there's another village there," suggested Sparks, "of the same name."

"Nothing of the kind," was the reply; "but let us have some fruit for breakfast, Hofer; you know I am very fond of it."

A coolie was called, who from his proximity to us, and the distance at which he was working from the rest, had, I suspected, been stationed there for the purpose, and was told to throw us down three of the ripe "loaves."

The coolie brought down three specimens of the extraordinary fruit, as he had been ordered, and I found, on inspecting them, that they were really and truly loaves of bread, the crust having been scraped off, and something of the form of the fruit itself given to them, whilst tender shoots were ingeniously fastened into the end. They were almost saturated with dew, and on this account, differed sufficiently in taste from the ordinary dry loaf of the table to render the deception complete to the senses of so credulous a man as Sparks.

"You don't like the taste, I see," said Mouat to him; "but you must remember they

require a little baking, and then you'll enjoy them."

"It is a wonderful production," exclaimed Sparks; "one would scarcely believe it. If one were to tell this in England he would be laughed at."

"Mention it in your next letter home," said Hofer, "and see with what incredulity the information will be received."

The coolie shouldered his little basket, and conveyed the extraordinary fruit to the bungalow.

No sooner had we been seated at breakfast than Mrs. Hofer asked the appoo, or butler, who was waiting at table, what they had been doing with the bread to disfigure it that way, pointing to the "fruit." The appoo was silent, and looked at his master, whilst Sparks, who was sitting near the lady, laughed out at the inquiry, and exclaimed, "I see you don't know the bread-fruit, then, long as you have been here—ha! ha!"

"Bread-fruit!" echoed Mrs. Hofer, whilst her husband and Mouat diligently attended to their breakfast alone. Sparks handed over the plate, and the lady, cutting one of the "fruit," assured him that those were not bread-fruit,

but loaves; "although how they came into their present condition," she added, "I cannot tell." The appoo was at the moment out of the room.

"We gathered them from the tree this morning," said Sparks, "and they have only been roasted since."

It was impossible to keep one's countenance, so ludicrous was the contrast between Sparks' self-satisfied confidence and Mrs. Hofer's amazement. Even she laughed, but soon checked herself.

"When people are new to Ceylon, Mr. Sparks," said she, "it is considered quite allowable—nay, commendable—to deceive them in every possible way. Those are not bread-fruit, but loaves that have been partially wetted and then baked again, the crust having first been removed. But you are not singular in being so taken in; I have heard of the joke having been played off before, although I have never been a witness to it. Mr. Mouat, I think, first mentioned it to me."

"Yes," said the worthy magistrate, "such things have been done before, and will again. It is the penalty one pays for griffinage."

"And is the more successful," added the

lady, "the more amiable and confiding the party imposed upon."

"It is well I did not write home and mention the matter," said Sparks, "as I should have done, Mrs. Hofer, had it not been for your goodness in undeceiving me."

Shortly after breakfast we were all in the jungle, and had some good sport with the birds, but, strange to say, not a wild quadruped was to be seen, and there was as yet no news from our elephant-beaters. Hofer and Lister were both equally surprised and disappointed, and proposed returning to the bungalow, for which purpose we commenced ascending a steep hill near us, the native attendants in the rear, and our host in front. He had not proceeded far, when, whispering an "elk," Hofer pointed to two large antlers, which appeared between some bushes above us, and of which a sharp turn in the road gave us an excellent view. We halted, of course, to hold a council of war as to how our innocent neighbour was to be dispatched. Not a single rifle of the party was found to be loaded with ball, and shot would have been useless. Lister, therefore, proceeded, as noiselessly as possible to draw his charge and reload. Whether the

animal heard the sound, or was otherwise disturbed, is uncertain, but, bounding up, for he had been lying down previously, he faced us, and snuffed vigorously at the air, his broad forehead and expanding nostrils just visible through the brushwood behind which we were concealed. This was the work of an instant, and then turning round, he began slowly to ascend the hill.

The Captain advanced to the turn of the road whence we had first perceived the animal, with the intention of firing. As it ascended, however, its hind quarters were alone visible occasionally, and it would soon be altogether hid in the thick forest above. He was compelled to fire, therefore, at a disadvantage; the ball lodged in the animal's thigh, and, as we rushed forward we saw the broad antlers disappearing in the jungle. With all possible speed did we set forward, Fowler and I a-head, whilst Hofer and Lister brought up the rear. At length we gained the summit of the hill over which the elk had passed, wounded as he was, with incredible speed, and before I had attained to a small clearing on the other side, I heard Fowler firing from the front and Mouat from the side. A splendid herd of elks was to

be seen from this position rushing down the hill's side into the valley, one of which Fowler had knocked over, whilst Mouat had wounded another.

Just as we were on the point of making for the forest again to pursue them straight down the declivity, Fowler's Singhalese attendant whispered something to him, and he turned off, at right angles to our former course, to the left. I did not understand the movement but followed, and as I did so, I saw Lister making in the same direction, whilst Mouat, Sparks, and Hofer continued straight down the hill side. We were now traversing the brow of the mountain, with a ravine on our right, in which the elks were proceeding in a line nearly parallel to us, but not in advance, for we had struck to the left before they had reached the bottom of the valley. It was a noble sight to see a hundred of them, dashing after each other over rocks and through jungle, in mad terror—the two unfortunate wounded ones lagging a little behind their companions. The ground over which we were passing was terribly harassing—thick tufted grass with occasional brushwood, and now and then a thorny bramble creeping along the ground, as if designedly

to impede our progress. Fowler outstripped Lister and myself, and pushed on at a tremendous pace, whilst the lighter and less encumbered natives were a-head of him. The valley curved round to the left, and, if the herd could but be arrested at the angle, it might possibly be turned back to Hofer and his companions, if we could gain the proper position in time—at all events, we were sure of excellent sport.

As we made our way impetuously through grass and bushes, we heard our three friends in the valley sending remembrances after the elks, and, on looking again at the herd, I was glad to see that the two wounded ones were brought down, whilst, as Sparks subsequently declared, he had taken an antler off another. On came the herd, however, in mad speed to the angle of the valley, whilst we were rushing down to secure the position. Fowler and I marked the leader, and fired almost together. It fell, and, at the same moment, our Singhalese attendants raised a frightful din behind us. The effect was electric. In a moment confusion worse confounded was to be seen in the ranks of the enemy, and whilst one was rushing here, and another there, Lister brought down one of them with a bullet from his unerring rifle. The indecision of the herd

lasted but for a moment however, and, like an animated mass of dusty earth, they bounded up the hill to our right which we had just descended, directly towards our friend Lister. I was alarmed for his safety when I saw this new movement, but he did not seem much alarmed himself. Before I could get my rifle reloaded, he discharged his remaining barrel full into the forehead of an advancing elk. It fell, and, for a moment, the herd was staggered in its course, but the impulse from behind was too strong to admit of a fresh change of direction. On they swept, Lister was thrown down by the rush, and the whole herd bounded directly over him up the hill, but so swiftly and lightly did they tread their way, that, with the exception of a scratch or two, he escaped scatheless. That was the last we saw of them. In a moment they were over the brow of the hill and had disappeared in the jungle on the other side.

I could not then understand why they had not gone straight up the opposite hill—that on the other side of the valley—but I subsequently learned it—Hofer's estate was immediately over the summit, and doubtless the elks were aware, that by taking that direction, they would have fallen into a trap — their turning to the left, however, instead of to the right, in the first

instance, was merely the result of accident, although the Singhalese maintained that they always preferred turning to the left as it was the luckiest side. However that may be, certain it is that had they turned to the right, our party, as contra-distinguished from Hofer's, would have had no sport whatever. Our five elks formed by no means a contemptible trophy of the day's work, and when added to the jungle fowl, proved that the accounts we had heard of Ruminacaddee sport were by no means exaggerated. The day's pleasure was wound up by a piece of news which we did not receive till coffee and cheroots had taken the place of the substantial viands of the table—this was, that a herd of elephants had been met with ten miles to the south-east, which was slowly moving in the direction of the estate, and which had not yet been disturbed. The messenger added that they must already be within seven miles of Lanka. This was cheering news, so with an extra glass of claret to our morning's exploits, we separated early to sleep off the fatigues of the day, and to renovate ourselves for those that were to come. It was agreed, before our dispersion, that we should reassemble at five on the ensuing morning.

It was about six, however, before we were all

ready for the road—each man mounted on his steed, and a curious collection of steeds they were, as is generally the case in mounted parties in Ceylon. Hofer rode the same country horse, or tattoo, as they call it in the island, on which he had accompanied me to the Peak. Captain Lister had a strong Cape horse, very like an English hack, although too much out of condition for elegance, whether from the Captain's weight or recent hard work, cannot now be decided. Fowler had a tall powerful animal, as vicious as any horse that was ever sent from Bombay to Ceylon for sale, and that is saying much, for the good folks of Bombay when they have collected a batch of unmanageable steeds, such as they can make nothing of, are convinced that those are " the very horses for the Ceylon market"—and why? you ask—" because Ceylon planters can ride anything." Sparks had a fine-looking charger which he had bought from an Arab in Colombo, an animal that took an inch of spur to make him trot, and had only once been seen by any one to canter. Uncle Toby bore me as usual, and, though small compared with the Cape horse and Fowler's Rozinante, was by no means the worst of the batch.

Thus mounted, and accompanied by numerous coolies, bearing rifles, ammunition, supplies and

talipot leaves to construct tents in case of necessity, we sallied forth, eager for the fray, and auguring well from the sport of the previous day of that which was to come. Our road lay through a wild ravine, such as is frequently to be met with in Ceylon, where two huge mountains rise on either side, barely affording room for the torrent which roars through the aperture—

> "It seem'd some mountain, rent and riven,
> A passage to the stream had given,
> So high the cliffs of limestone grey
> Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way."

Beyond the occasional starting of a jungle fowl, or scaring of some apprehensive and light-footed deer, far off on the mountain's sides or summits, there was little in the way of sport, but the scenery on our road was delightful. A succession of mountain landscapes of the most beautiful character, variegated with forest and open land, or patna, as it is here called, lay on our path—occasionally the dark shade of a hill thrown completely over the valley, and half way up the side of the opposite mountain. Glowing in one place on the little brawling rivulet that struggled noiselessly along, the sun's rays sparkled in the water, whilst, in another, the stream looked like ink from the dark shadow of the forest overhanging it, which the light never pierced. There is

much in such scenes that powerfully arrests the attention, and prevents the impression from fading away out of the tablets of the memory.

By a circuitous route we arrived at length at the position indicated by the beaters at the rear of the herd, so as to drive them from the estate in the course of our shooting. Here we found a convenient spot for a hurried, but abundant collation, during which the plan of operations was discussed at the same time as the ham. The beaters were dispersed to the right and left of that part of the forest which the herd occupied—the most resolute however being placed on the elephant tracks, immediately in front, so as to turn them back on us when they first started. Captain Lister and Fowler took the path to the right, Mouat and Hofer that to the left, whilst Sparks and myself were left to pursue the tracks running straight up to the herd, those by which the elephants had passed on the previous day. In a few minutes we two were left alone with our ammunition bearers, the others having dived into the forest. We had each two rifles, one double-barrelled and one single, not grooved—the grooved take too long to load in dangerous sport—with a good stock of ounce zinc bullets, and a large quantity of Lister's excellent advice stored in our heads.

On we went in the forest, eagerly listening for some signs of the foe, or for the report of our friends' rifles on the right or left of us. Not a sound was heard, however, for a quarter of an hour, during which time we kept looking anxiously out on all sides. At length this portentous silence was put an end to by a report on our right, only just audible amidst the din of the jungle. A few seconds afterwards, a female elephant of moderate size, without tusks, and accompanied by a young one, appeared in front, making directly towards us. They were at much too great a distance to render firing available, and, whilst I was exhorting Sparks to be patient, we gallantly advanced to meet the foe. The mother limped perceptibly as she made her way heavily through the jungle, wounded in the shoulder, whilst the young one, alarmed and excited, kept close by her side, and ever and anon bellowed forth his fears. The view which she soon obtained of us made her turn directly towards us, as if determined to have some revenge for her misfortunes. Our horses had of course been left at our temporary halting-place—and the moment the attendants perceived the monster approaching, they climbed into the tree, at the foot of which we stood, leaving one rifle in our hands, and the other by our feet. No

fairer target could have been presented to a marksman than the broad forehead of the dam, as she thus boldly advanced. At length she was within twenty paces of us, and we fired together. The balls penetrated the head, but were not fatal. They were sufficient, however, to cool down the energy and boldness of her advance, for she immediately struck into another path to avoid us. This we were determined to prevent, and taking up our double-barrels, made across to intercept her. One shoulder was already disabled, and two balls in the other, brought her down heavily upon her fore-legs and head. Before she could rise again, two additional bullets had put an end to her struggles, and turning on her side, her trunk fell heavily to the ground. The young one up to this time had been neglected, but now, seeing his mother down, he rushed violently towards us in attack, and, as our rifles were empty, we were obliged to beat a hasty and inglorious retreat, Sparks and I vieing with each other in the celerity of our flight. But the object of the infant monster was victory, not revenge, so after putting us thus to the right about, he returned to mourn over his mother. Our rifles were soon reloaded, and advancing boldly up to him, he fell almost immediately on the outstretched trunk of his dam.

Our servants now ventured down from the trees, and endeavoured to remove the impression made upon our minds by their cowardice, by assuring us that master was "plenty good shot"—information which we received with all becoming modesty, glancing at the prostrate elephants, however, with no small satisfaction.

We were roused from our inaction by a frightful din in the distance, caused by the beaters endeavouring, by every species of earthly and unearthly noise that they could make or invent, to turn the elephants back and prevent them breaking away into a thick jungle in front, where pursuit would have been impossible. We soon arrived at the highest point of the gently sloping mound we had been ascending, beyond which there was a species of valley ended far away in the distance by a similar elevation to that on which we stood. The herd were at the extremities of this valley, and the object of the beaters was to prevent them making their way into the jungle beyond, which was of the densest and most impenetrable character. There were very few trees on the valley-like expanse before us, the ground being covered by that long wiry description of grass, which I have so often mentioned. In the meantime it was quite evident that the awful noise which the natives were

making at the other extremity of the little plain, was staggering the resolution of the elephants. They halted, trumpeted, ran hither and thither, and tried to break away into the forest at either side. There, however, they were met by unerring rifles that dealt death rapidly—Lister and Fowler at one side, Hofer and Mouat on the other, taking care that they did not break off that way.

At length, with loud bellowing at their inglorious retreat, their trunks and tails high in the air, and the tuskers in front, the herd turned completely away from the beaters, who shouted more ferociously than ever, and, as if furies were pursuing them, on came the huge monsters directly towards the point where we were posted. To have met them then on foot would have been madness, as they were evidently paralyzed with fear, and would rush one after the other blindly, even to destruction. I therefore, climbed a tree and chose a convenient bough for popping at them as they passed—my Singhalese servant by my side, ready to load the moment my gun was empty. Sparks could not be induced to follow my example, declaring that he was not afraid; and, notwithstanding all that I could do, insisted on remaining where he was. His attendant deposited the rifle by his side, and was soon securely placed in a large tree in our vicinity. All this

was the work of a moment or two. The elephants were about a mile distant when we commenced to make our arrangements, but were getting rapidly over the ground; so, solemnly warning Sparks of the probable result of his folly, I left him to receive the meed of his temerity. It was impossible for me to assist him; and the sacrifice of my own life, even were I disposed to make it, which I was not, would not have improved his chance of escape.

A large tusker came on very much in advance of the rest of the elephants, a quarter of a mile perhaps, before the main body, which straggled here and there on either side; still making after the leader, however. Lister and Hofer, seeing that they were determined on escaping by the way they had come, now left the shelter of the forest and advanced into the open space in the midst, each bringing down a straggler, before the large tusker in front had neared us. He had no sooner commenced the ascent of the rising ground on which our little party was perched than he saw Sparks right before him, but the view neither lessened nor increased his speed—he came doggedly on as before, determined to escape the commotion and destruction in the rear. He was not more than twenty paces distant when I fired full into his forehead; but the wound was not mortal.

He gave a single bellow, stroking his forehead with his trunk, as he still rushed on. In a moment I heard, to my dismay and horror, the click of Spark's rifle-lock, the weapon having hung fire! The next moment Sparks himself had fallen as if pierced through the head by a shower of zinc bullets. The elephant rushed on—in an instant he was by the side of the unfortunate young man, and putting down his trunk, rolled him over on the ground; but there was no sign of life; and, doubtless fancying he was dead, the tusker sped on in his flight, leaving me to attend to him. I was soon by his side, and he raised himself unhurt from the ground. Before the herd had gained the brow of our little hill, we were both safely seated on the same branch that I had just left, Sparks assuring me that his dropping down was a feint to make the tusker fancy he was dead. I strongly suspected, however, it was the result of an overpowering sensation of fear, at seeing himself, to all appearance, irretrievably lost—whichever it was, feint or faint, it stood him in good stead thus, for it was unquestionably the saving of his life.

From the position we occupied on the tree we were able to do great execution as the huge monsters made their way with difficulty up the hill or mound, wearied with their flight, and con-

fused and terrified with the din behind. We succeeded in bringing down two, before they had all passed; one that had been severely wounded by Mouat a little before, and one that had lost an eye from a ball fired early in the fray, by whom was uncertain. In all, eight of the foe were stretched lifeless in various parts of the plain and forest, and of these, three were tuskers. We were completely exhausted. What with the exertion of first making our way through the forest, and then sitting or running, exposed to the full beams of a tropical sun for a considerable period, the exertion was enough to satisfy the most inveterate glutton of sport. A burning thirst consumed us, and I believe copious draughts of strong brandy and water, alone prevented the most serious consequences. I felt completely knocked up before we had regained the station we had left, and yet Sparks and I had had far less exertion than the others. I was glad to find that they all agreed with me on the rashness and folly of Spark's conduct in insisting on awaiting the rush of the whole herd on foot, as fifty beaters would scarcely have been sufficient to turn them again, and although two or even three were brought down by him at first, he must inevitably have been destroyed by the others.

It must not be supposed that, in thus slaughter-

ing these unwieldy, but sagacious animals, the sportsman is causing wanton and useless pain and destruction of life. The elephants so abounded in many districts, that Government offered rewards for their destruction, whilst the injuries they inflicted on the coffee estates were often irreparable. Nor was it easy to make fences that would keep them out—they would walk through an ordinary fence, or destroy it in their gambols, without having the slightest idea that it was a fence at all. Even the huge logs of the fallen timber laid diagonally on each other and kept in their position by perpendicular supports on either side, were often insufficient to withstand them. They seemed to take a mischievous pleasure in showing what they could do with their tusks and trunks when they liked; whilst the wild buffaloes followed their example, and between the two, the strongest fences altogether disappeared but too frequently.

CHAPTER X.

THE PARSEES—ZOROASTER.

> "Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
> And make triumphant fires."
>
> *Coriolanus*, act v., sc. 4.

There was no class of the various inhabitants of Ceylon that more interested me than the Parsees. Their peculiar dress and manners strike the most indifferent observer, stamping them at once as a strange and, at the same time, as a superior race. The hat, covered with flowered silk or stuff, sloping gracefully back from the forehead over the head in an arched form, generally surmounts features of great regularity and often of great beauty, whilst the white robe confined at the waist, always scrupulously clean and neat, sets off to advantage figures generally taller than those of the Singhalese, and infinitely more graceful and commanding. There is an interest too excited in the breast of the most indifferent when he is

informed that the man who is before him is a fire-worshipper, the descendant of those of old from the banks of the Euphrates and the plains of Chaldea, who first worshipped " all the host of heaven," that makes him long to know something of the man and of those, who, driven like the Jews from their own country, still maintain, like them, their distinctive character as a peculiar people, and the religion bequeathed to them by their ancestors. Like the Jew too, the Parsee in the countries to which he has fled, has often been the object of persecution and ill-treatment by those whom he despised as infidels and unbelievers. Nor has the one clung more pertinaciously to Moses than the other to Zoroaster. Exile, misfortune, political annihilation, persecution and wealth have equally failed to pluck the religion of their forefathers from their breasts and to throw them stranded on the shores of foreign faiths. Strange analogy between these two peculiar people; the one scattered over the East as widely as the other over the West! The one as much persecuted by the followers of Mohammed, of Brahma, and of Gotama, as the other by the pretended followers of Christ, and with precisely the same result! Like the Jews, the Parsees have accumulated wealth by commerce wherever they have gone. In Canton, in Singa-

pore, in Sydney, in Calcutta, in Madras, in Colombo, in Bombay, in Ormuz, they have been equally successful; and whether brought into competition with the crafty Chinese, the revengeful Malays, the polite Hindus, the indifferent Budhists, the money-loving English, or the religion-loving Mussulmans, the result has been the same—dollars or rupees have been accumulated, until their wealth has become almost proverbial; and this, notwithstanding the frowns of power and the hatred of rival creeds. In all these various places too, they have preserved themselves a distinct people, seeking no alliances with foreigners, and maintaining from Australia and China to Arabia, the same peculiar manners and customs with the faith of their forefathers.

The monarchy consolidated by the successes of Cyrus, continued independent and supreme in some part of Persia until the irruption of the Saracens in the seventh century. Rising ever fresh and with renewed energy after the inroads of the Greeks and Romans, the kingdom still maintained its sacred fire, its Zoroastrian faith, and its worship of Ormuzd, to the reign of Yezdejeerd, in the early part of the seventh century.

At the battle of Kadseah, in 638, the Persian

army was completely defeated by the Mohammedans, and the sacred standard lost. It was three years before the Persian monarch Yezdejeerd found himself again able to take the field for a final struggle. His army amounted to 150,000 men, and under a celebrated general named Ferozin, the fire-worshippers hoped not only to gain the victory but to revenge themselves for the losses their country had already sustained. The Saracen forces were commanded by Mazanni, acting under the orders of the Caliph Omar, and religious enthusiasm, together with the energy and zeal inspired by a new faith, soon swelled their ranks until the numbers were nearly equal on both sides.

For two months indecisive skirmishes alone took place between the armies; their leaders restrained equally by prudential motives from making any general assault. The fate of a kingdom hung upon the result of the battle; the religion of multitudes for more than a thousand years, was to be decided by the contest. If Ferozin had gained the victory Zoroaster would still perhaps have been the prophet of Persia, and his followers at the present day, instead of being ennobled by misfortune and rendered more powerful by trials, might have been sinking into the nerveless lassitude of the present followers of

Mohammed. The battle was rather between the rival creeds of the fire-worshipping prophet and him of Mecca, than between the king Yezdejeerd and the Caliph Omar. At length the impatient spirit of Mazanni could be no longer restrained, and, at an obscure village called Nahavand, forty-five miles south of Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana, the Saracens were precipitately formed in order of battle, and shouting their war-cry, "Allah Akbar," made a furious attack upon the host of Ferozin.

That battle of Nahavand decided the fate of Persia. The Saracens were completely successful, immense numbers of the fire-worshippers were cut down including their general; and Yezdejeerd fled from the field to lead a precarious life amongst the mountains, which, it is said, lasted for ten years, when he was murdered by a miller whom he had offended, eight miles from Mero. Of the remainder of the host of Ferozin, such as embraced the faith of Mohammed were allowed to serve their new masters in peace, the others fled to the fastnesses of the mountains of Khorasan, or wandered away to the desolate plains of the salt desert. About half a century after, the descendants of these faithful Zoroastrians assembled at the island of Ormuz to escape the persecutions of the Mohammedans,

and with the intention of ultimately leaving their country.

They seem to have made their appearance in India about the year 717 of our era for the first time; and, in the history of that country, where they took or obtained the name of Parsees, are frequently mixed up as allies of the Hindoos against their old enemies the Mohammedans, although more frequently as the objects of persecution from both. They had conveyed with them, in their wanderings, the sacred fire, the most precious of their possessions; and for the last thousand years the Bombay presidency, or its neighbourhood, has been the head-quarters of this much-persecuted and almost extinct nation. Under British rule, however, they have been treated with the same measure of justice as the Honourable Company deals out to all its native subjects—Mohammedans, Hindoos, and Parsees, the persecutors and persecuted, being alike subject, *nullo discrimine*, to "Company's law." Nor, defective as that law and its administration may be, do I believe that they would prefer to it the old native rule. About 150,000 members of the community reside in the Bombay presidency; but it is impossible to form an estimate of the probable numbers scattered over the shores of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, from Mauritius to

Shanghai, from Sydney to Ormuz, the necessary data being completely unattainable.*

Zoroaster, or Zerdusht, the founder of the faith now held by the Parsees, was born about 589 years before our era, at a town called Urmi, a city of Azerbijan, that province of Persia which lies south-west of the Caspian Sea. He is variously called a Persian, a Mede, and a Perso-Mede by ancient writers, and is said to have been of royal descent. Ahriman, the evil spirit, says tradition, being aware of the future greatness of the prophet, united with the magicians his followers to try and destroy him. They tempted him and attacked him openly; but in both cases without success. He was under the protection of Ormuzd, the spirit of good, and could not be injured. He was thrown into fire, but the fire had no power over him; he was beset by murderers, but miraculously escaped; he endured temptations to which any one else would have succumbed, but did not fall. Before he was thirty years of age he retired to the mountains, leaving his family and his kindred, as he declared, by divine command; and a minute and tedious account of his journey is given to us in the tra-

* In the preceding account I have been much indebted to Mr. G. H. Briggs' little work—" the Pársís, or Modern Zerdushtians, a sketch."

ditions of his life—this account including miraculous displays of the most extraordinary character, such as his walking across the river Araxe on foot, without so much as wetting his feet. This journey to the Elburz mountains, the great chain that skirts the southern shore of the Caspian, is universally called by his disciples his journey to heaven. It was, whilst in retirement here, that he was first introduced personally to Ormuzd, and received from him the sacred book of the faith, the *Zend-Avesta*, and the sacred fire. When the period had arrived when he should be introduced to Ormuzd, says the *Zerdusht-nameh*, or account of his life, Bahman, a spirit radiant as the sun, his head covered with a veil, appeared before him, and asked, "Who art thou? What seekest thou?" Zoroaster answered, "I seek only what is agreeable to Ormuzd, who has created the two worlds; but I know not what he wants with me. O thou, who art pure, show me the way of the law." Bahman was pleased at these words. "Rise," said he, "to go before God; there thou shalt receive the answer to thy request." Zoroaster rose and followed Bahman, who said, "Shut thine eyes; walk swiftly." When Zoroaster opened his eyes, he saw the glory of heaven. The angels came to meet him, and with

them he approached Ormuzd, to whom he addressed his prayer. From him and the six Amschaspands (the spirits next to Ormuzd in glory) he received his instructions, Ormuzd himself ordering him: "Teach the nations that my light is hidden under all that shines. Wherever you turn your face towards the light, and follow my counsel, Ahriman, the evil spirit, will flee from you. In this world there is nothing superior to light."

The Zend-Avĕsta gives a particular account of the various instructions given by Ormuzd to Zoroaster, some of them of an eminently puerile character, others more exalted. "Evil does not proceed from me," said he, "but from Ahriman. My intention is not that people should suffer. Bad thoughts and bad actions come from Ahriman. Sinners are punished in hell. Those lie who say that evil comes from me."—"Who is the best of your servants?" asked Zoroaster. The answer was, "He who has a right heart; he who is liberal with respect to justice, and whose eyes do not wander after riches; he who does good to everything—to fire, water, and animals—will be eternally happy. Those who afflict my servants, and disregard my precepts shall be sent to hell." Zoroaster asked immortality of Ormuzd; but was told that were it granted, he would himself be the first to desire

death—that immortality on earth would be eternal misery.

He likewise descended to hell and saw Ahriman, the evil spirit. Words fail to convey an idea of the hideousness of the monster, and doubtless the imagination of Zoroaster was tasked to the utmost to give an account of his appearance, horrible and fearful enough. They abused each other roundly, sparing neither epithets of hatred mutually applied, nor assertions; but what the ultimate object of the interview was, does not appear—probably it was recorded only that his followers might know something of the monster to whom they would be introduced if they did not attend to him.

At length, armed with the Zend-avĕsta, the sacred fire, and the instructions given him by Ormuzd, Zoroaster set forth to declare his mission before the King of Persia, Gushtasp—the Darius Hystaspes of the Greeks, according to some authors. Gushtasp listened to the discourse of the new prophet with great patience, for, in that discourse we are told, were some things that could not be understood—in the Zend-avĕsta are many such. The monarch took time to consider the matter, consulted with the magicians and astrologers, and ended his deliberation by throwing Zoroaster into prison. An

astounding miracle, according to the traditions of his history, alone relieved the prophet from his perilous situation, for his life was in danger. The favourite black horse of the King, according to these traditions, was found one morning with its legs so sunk and imbedded in its body that they were useless, and the animal could not stand. Physicians and magicians and astrologers were called in, but could do nothing. The king was in despair, for the black steed was a peculiar favourite—he had no other animal that he liked so well. At length a report was brought him that Zoroaster could cure the horse. The sage was brought from prison, and soon restored the charger to his master, as sound and well proportioned as before.

From that time, the teaching of Zoroaster produced a wonderful impression on the King. The magicians and astrologers were forsaken for the new teacher, and disciples multiplied amazingly. In every part of the wide dominions of Gushtasp the new faith was preached and taught with great success—Zoroaster continuing to surprise and astound the court by exhibitions of miraculous power. A magnificent temple was built at Persepolis to hold the sacred fire—priests and high-priests were ordained, and the entire machinery of ceremonial religion set up. Such

was the enthusiasm of Gushtasp himself on the subject, that he ordered twelve thousand cow-hides to be tanned fine, that the doctrines of the new faith might be written upon them. These parchments were deposited in a vault hewn out of a rock in Persepolis. "Holy men were appointed to guard the treasures, and the profane were kept at a distance."

Zoroaster was indefatigable in spreading his faith in every direction. He took repeated journeys to Chaldea, and seems to have made many disciples in that direction, and there is even some reason for believing that either he or some of his chief emissaries made their way into India. He was thrice married, but it is said left only one daughter alive on his death. Certain it is that he exerted his influence with Gushtasp to spread his faith by the sword, and that wars were undertaken with the neighbouring sovereigns that apparently had no other object than the spreading of the Zoroastrian religion. He died about the year 512 or 513, B.C., in the 76th or 77th year of his age—nor does there appear to have been anything remarkable or miraculous related in connexion with his death.

The Zend-avĕsta, or "the Word in the Zend language," is a work of the most extraordinary prolixity and verbosity. Much as oriental works

generally are distinguished by vain repetitions and useless recapitulations, I believe it is impossible for any to be more remarkable in this respect than the sacred book of the Parsees. It is no uncommon thing to find the same sentence or paragraph repeated a hundred times in the course of a few pages, whilst the accounts of ablutions and ceremonial observances are prolix beyond what those accustomed only to the concise language of the West can conceive.

The distinguishing doctrines of Zoroaster appear to have been his inculcation of the existence of two spirits, both of vast power and influence in the world, the one good, the other bad—light the symbol and manifestation of the one, darkness of the other. These antagonistic principles are constantly opposing and thwarting each other, and, although the good spirit will finally prevail, the struggle between them is of the most violent character. The immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body were both taught by Zoroaster, and he appears to have believed that this world, in some new and glorified condition, was ultimately destined to be the residence of happy saints. So constant are the references in the Zend-avĕsta to "Time without end," and so earnest the advice to worship it and pay it all honour, that one becomes doubtful at

last whether it be merely a title of Ormuzd or a separate intelligence. Mixed up with some sublime truths there is perhaps more absurdity and obscenity in the Zend-avĕsta than in any other work in existence professing to be a divine revelation. It will by no means bear comparison with the discourses of Gotama Budha or the sacred books of the Chinese edited by Confucius. The Brahminical works may perhaps vie with it in the unenviable characteristics I have named, but, if so, they alone.

Some very interesting traces of fire-worship have been discovered by Mr. Layard in his researches at Khorsabad, and generally in the more recent sculptures unearthed by him. In one of these groups, a slender altar is seen surmounted by a cone, which, being painted red, is probably emblematical of fire. Before it stand two eunuchs, side by side, with their right hands elevated—one of them carries in his hand the mysterious basket, which has caused so much conjecture. On the opposite side of the altar is a table covered with a table-cloth, on which altar is laid a bundle of wood, probably fragrant, to feed the flame. Another representation of fire-worship is engraved by Mr. Layard from Kouyunjik. Two eunuchs are again seen worshipping before the sacred fire on a slender altar, while, behind them, a man leads a goat to

the sacrifice. In this, as well as in the Khorsabad scene, there is a table behind the altar, on which are placed objects, that look like bowls containing fruit. Behind the table are two poles, from which serpents are suspended by the neck, carrying on their heads an appendage closely resembling the conventional ostrich-feathers, so generally worn by the idols of Egypt. Both scenes occur in the interior of a fortified camp, but that appears to be an accidental circumstance.

The appearance of the Parsee, as I have said, strikes a stranger in the East at once as remarkable. His fine aquiline nose, with well-developed nostrils, his large black eyes, his well-turned chin, his unusual length of ear, together with his heavy eyebrows and sensual lips, all mark him out as different from the other Asiatics by whom he is surrounded, and stamp him with a distinctive character. He is taller, larger, and heavier in physical formation too than the Hindu or Singhalese. When young, the Parsee female is often handsome, but age comes on rapidly, making her somewhat gross in appearance for the most part, and often producing a corpulence that induces a waddling species of gait. Her luxuriant hair is bound with a handkerchief, called a *pewan*, that often forms a becoming and picturesque head-dress. If there be one

point in which the women of the East excel their fairer sisters of the West, it is in the silky softness of their hair. Even in the lowest ranks this advantage is apparent, and, doubtless, in the higher, is the more strikingly so; European females too, the daughters of European parents, brought up in early childhood in India, are superior in this respect to their occidental sisters. Doubtless, the result is caused by the greater care taken of the hair in infancy in the East, and the superiority of the Oriental manner of attending to it. The Parsee men, like the Mohammedans of India and Ceylon, shave the head, wearing the moustache universally, a few of them whiskers, and the priesthood only cultivating beards and permitting the hair of the head to remain.

Many of the Parsees are as fair as Europeans, although invariably with the sallow tint which long residence in the East gives to all, instead of the ruddy glow of more temperate regions. In disposition they are inclined to joyfulness, generally sprightly, often jocose; benevolent, and impulsive in their benevolence; fond of entertainments and of good living. Few are more critical respecting curries and other Oriental dishes than the Parsee, and few understand more thoroughly the mysteries of the *cuisine.*

Indeed every form of sensual enjoyment, as is the case with most Asiatics, is dear to the fire-worshippers, although they are, generally speaking, more refined in many respects than the natives by whom they are surrounded.

Parsee ladies are intrusted with the entire economy of the household, nor would it be considered more seemly amongst them, than amongst Europeans, to have the domestic management taken out of their hands. They are said to be thrifty, precise, and provident. For the most part they are better instructed than Asiatic women generally—few of them being unable to read and write one language at least. They are dexterous in embroidery, and are often conversant with working in wool, principally of an ornamental character. They are permitted much more liberty than formerly. Mr. Briggs says, that in Bombay, "they are even permitted to go abroad in open carriages,"* although such is certainly not the case in Ceylon or in Calcutta, but they receive, with pleasure, visits from European ladies, and will return them in close covered carriages, when they are aware that the ladies are careful not to violate their prejudices by bringing them into contact with foreign male humanity.

"The Parsee commences the day by eating a

* The Pársís, or Modern Zurdushtians, p. 19.

light breakfast, often no more than a slice or two of bread, and of several cups of tea, which he drinks off with a handkerchief applied to the piece of pottery (to prevent it touching his lips). His dinner is taken between twelve and two o'clock during the day, and is served in polished plates of brass—large quantities of rice are then consumed with curry, along with a variety of pungent ingredients, ground into *chitni* (chutnee), stews, &c. By tradesfolks and the better classes of the community, a cup or more of tea is partaken of, either at four or five o'clock in the afternoon. The evening meal occurs between eight and ten o'clock, when license is given, not only to beverages of variety and strength, but also to the use of libidinous speech. The *tât* is the great parting draught of the night, not unlike the stirrup-cup of yore, and the more recent Scottish form of auld-lang-syne."

I may conclude this short sketch of the Parsees by remarking, that one wife is believed by most of them to be the correct allowance, but that bigamy nevertheless is often practised, and unlimited concubinage almost universal amongst them.

CHAPTER XI.

HORMANJEE.

"The current that, with gentle murmur, glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium."

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii., sc. 7.

During my frequent visits to Colombo, I became acquainted with a very estimable Parsee merchant, named Hormanjee—a man so superior even to his own countrymen, in liberality of sentiment and unaffected admiration for everything excellent and praiseworthy, that I felt esteem for him the first time that I met him at my uncle's office. My visits to Colombo enabled me to

cultivate his friendship, and whilst I talked to Marandhan of Budhism and its founder, I talked similarly to Hormanjee of Zoroaster and his faith. At length he accepted an invitation I had repeatedly given him to visit me in the jungle, and highly interesting and intellectual were his meetings and discussions with my Budhist friend Marandhan. Never did the neat little bungalow which Roquelaire had fitted up with so much taste, appear so comfortable to me, as when I had my Parsee and my Budhistic friend on either hand—both men of intelligence and of reflection—both men who had seen the world, and thought much of what they saw. Their conversation was an intellectual treat of no ordinary character.

During Hormanjee's stay with me, I persuaded him to give me an account of his life, which I took care shortly afterwards to transcribe.

" I was born in Calcutta," he began; " my father Manuckjee, was a merchant there of some note, and I was early initiated into the mysteries of the counting-house. He saw little of European society, for the Anglo-Indian population of Calcutta, and indeed of India generally, is less condescending to Orientals than their poorer brethren in Ceylon. Our house in the Circular Road, to the east of the town, was a large one

with a spacious garden attached, a tank or pond and statuary ornamented the garden, and several beautiful groves of trees. For a time my boyish life was one of great happiness and content, for my mother was a superior woman and early trained me to piety and reflection. As I became acquainted with the various productions of different countries however, and read works describing travels and voyages, my mind began to expand, and I ardently longed to see something of the world of which I heard and read so much. I became discontented with the narrow circle in which I moved, and longed to explore the wonders of the West particularly. My parents, and especially my mother, were by no means prepared to forward my wishes in this respect, and I became gloomy in consequence. At length, with womanly tact, when I had passed my sixteenth year, she endeavoured to divert my mind from ideas of foreign travel by the gentle but all-powerful influence of love.

"One evening as I was walking in a discontented mood, through the groves of our garden, I heard a sweet melodious voice singing a hymn to the sun, accompanied by the lute, the sounds issuing from an alcove at some distance, which was generally set apart for the female portion of our household. I stopped and listened atten-

tively. I had certainly never heard that voice before—it was completely new to me, and whilst its melody enchanted me its novelty equally excited my curiosity. I walked quietly over the grass leading to the bower. A low shrubbery alone intervened between me and the open alcove, in which a party of ladies were seated. My mother and my favourite sister were there, but the majority I had never seen before. The alcove was completely open; several gothic arches were supported by graceful stone pillars made as light as possible, round which fragrant creepers were entwined, until they reached the roof, where they united into a thick mass of leaves and flowers. The party within consisted of five ladies, of whom three were utterly unknown to me. I was surprised at this, as you are aware that we Parsees practise no concealment of our females like the Mohammedans or Hindoos, but, on the contrary, approve of their mingling, to a certain extent, with all of our own creed. I had seen then, I thought, all the Parsee ladies in Calcutta of any pretensions to wealth, and yet here were three, a mother and two daughters apparently, who, to judge by their dress, must have been extremely wealthy, who in fact must have been our equals, or I should never have seen them there.

"In the centre of the alcove stooda small marble

pedestal of no great height, on which it had been originally intended to place a statue, but through some inadvertence or caprice, it had been left unoccupied. Upon this the youthful songstress stood as she addressed the beneficent Ormuzd, with the fervour and grace of youth and purity. Her form, which was but beginning to mould itself into the rich fulness of womanhood, was beautifully displayed by her close-fitting vest and wide trowsers, and as she stood gazing into heaven, it formed a striking contrast with the group seated at her feet. The light fell full upon her delicate face and picturesque head-dress—a head-dress, as you must be aware, equally removed from the clumsiness of the turban and the unmeaning ugliness of the European bonnet. A single feather drooped gracefully upon her shoulder, its unsullied whiteness forming a picturesque contrast with the black shining hair which escaped in rich braids beneath her cap. The lute, leaning lightly on her left arm, which was bare, after our custom, from above the elbow, was of satin-wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and as she swept her delicately small fingers over its chords, her voice gave utterance to such sounds as the nightingale warbles when she would attract her mate and call him home from wandering. Such was the position, such were the circumstances under which I first

saw Amoosta. Can you wonder then that I should have been smitten with love at once, or that I should have inwardly vowed, with Oriental impetuosity, that she, and she only, should be the wife of Hormanjee? The hymn or invocation ended, she leaped lightly upon the floor, smiling with a bewitching charm that completed in my mind the fascination which her features, her attitude, and her song had commenced. Her sister then attempted a similar piece, but I had no eyes, no ears for any one but Amoosta. She placed herself beside her mother, and as she gazed upwards at the performer, her face caught a new beauty from the shade into which it was now thrown. She had applause and commendation for all—there was no reserve, no lingering jealousy in the hearty plaudits she bestowed upon the performance of her two more youthful companions.

"It would have been rude and impudent to interrupt the ladies' privacy upon such an occasion. So I contented myself with feasting my eyes to the full, until the approach of night drove the fair worshippers into the house; and shortly afterwards I saw a close carriage, such as Parsee ladies are accustomed to use in Calcutta, drive away from the female quarter of our dwelling. I subsequently learned that the wife and daughters

of Halbin Kowasjee had just before this become residents of Calcutta, on his transferring thither the head-quarters of his celebrated mercantile house from Canton,—a house as well known in the East, as that of the Rothschilds' in the West. Amoosta was then the daughter of the great Kowasjee, my mother was evidently intimately acquainted with her and with her mother, and I saw no reason why I should not succeed in bearing off this great prize as my bride. I mentioned the matter to my parents. My mother was delighted, and confessed to me that she had hoped for this. The very means she had taken to keep me at home, however, resulted in sending me abroad to see the world.

"The intimacy between the two families ripened into a friendship, and at length the matter was mentioned to the parents of Amoosta. They were well pleased with the proposal, for Amoosta had exhibited a very heretical predilection in favour of Englishmen, and was known to have frequently spoken contemptuously of the young men of her own nation and faith. Her parents hoped, therefore, that her wild ideas would end with her marriage, and that the comparatively cultivated and polite Parsee of Calcutta might be more acceptable to her, than his more unlettered countrymen in China. When her mother mentioned it to the maiden, however, as the marriage which they had

decided upon for her, she, with great perverseness, insisted upon regarding it only as a proposition that had nothing definite in it, and was never likely to be realized. At length, when pressed upon the subject, and when she saw that her father and mother had both firmly set their minds upon it, she told them they might sacrifice her, if they so willed, that she was bound to obey their commands, and she would do so, even though she went to certain misery, but that, if she were allowed a private interview with Hormanjee, of only a few minutes duration, he would no longer seek her hand, and yet she should tell him nothing but the truth. 'O Zardusht!' exclaimed old Kowasjee, 'how wilful the maiden is! This comes of teaching girls to read. Rightly does the Zend-avĕsta declare, that *the wild roes of the mountains may be tamed, the mules of Tartary made to bear burdens, the zebras of Africa converted into gentle palfreys, but the wilful heart of a maid who has set her mind on folly, is not to be turned by gentle entreaty or rude opposition.* Hormanjee is a lad of sense, however; I shall prepare him for the interview, and though it somewhat violates etiquette, she shall have her wish, and I will myself present their first-born before the Amschaspands, and the throne.'*

* The throne of Ormuzd; the Amschaspands, according to Zoroaster, are six great spirits surrounding that throne.

"An interview of the kind required by Amoosta, was of an unprecedented character in Parsee life, and it was not without many misgivings that my mother at length consented to it. As for me, nothing could equal my anxiety to know what revelation she had to make to me, nothing could be stronger than my determination, after Kowasjee's lecture, to persevere in making her my wife—nothing, but my love for her. It was before the altar on which we sacrificed to Zoroaster, that the decisive interview took place. Amoosta was radiant as a bride, and the sorrow and shame which contended in her countenance, rendered her only the more enchanting, whilst on my side, I had spared no pains with my toilet, to prove to her that even a Parsee might look well. She saluted me with a low salaam, and I returned it with all the grace of which I was master. Then advancing towards me, and looking me full in the face, as though her large blue eyes would pierce through me, sparkling as they were with excitement; she extended her hand to me, after the manner of you Occidentals. I put it gently to my lips, as I had read gallant men did in the West, and then, to express my love, I faintly pressed and shook it. 'Hormanjee,' said she, smiling, 'I am sure you would not render me wretched.' 'No,' said I, 'by our holy prophet, Amoosta, I would make

you happy, rather than anything else in this world.' 'Then do not marry me, Hormanjee,' she said quickly, at the same time taking my hand in both of hers,—'do not marry me, and putting maiden modesty aside, I will kiss you—I will kiss you fondly, Hormanjee.' I knew not what to say. Kowasjee and his admonitions were quite forgotten, and, even when she looked most enchanting, and was taking the very means to make me love her more, I resolved to resign her. 'You hate me then?' I asked. 'Oh, no, no, no, indeed I do not,—I do not, Hormanjee,—indeed I do not,' and as she thus earnestly exclaimed, she burst into a flood of tears. I threw my arm round her slight figure, and pressed her to my bosom. 'You love some one else?' I asked, whilst I kissed her smooth fair forehead, as it reclined upon my shoulder. 'No, Hormanjee,' she replied again, looking into my eyes, from the azure depths of her own,—'no, Hormanjee, indeed I do not.' 'Then why do you not want me to marry you?' 'It is a secret,' she whispered, looking down upon the floor. 'A secret, Amoosta, and may I not know it,—you cannot tell it me, perhaps.' I pitied her much, for she wept bitterly. 'Yes, yes, I can tell you,' she hastily exclaimed; 'but you will never tell my parents, or any one who will, or

who may, tell my parents,' she added, after a pause. 'I will never tell it to a living soul. I swear, Amoosta, by Zardusht himself, never shall it be breathed by me, unless you yourself release me from my oath.' So saying, I bent my forehead upon the altar. 'I took a vow,' said she, 'not very long ago, never to wed one who had not crossed the great ocean—who had not seen that wonderful West, whence the strong rulers of the East come; time was, when the East ruled the West, and still it does intellectually, for we have given them a philosophy and a religion, false as both may be, but the West now rules the East with the strong hand, and the man who has not seen these strong men in their own country, who has not crossed the seas as they do, shall never be the husband of Amoosta.' 'Beloved Amoosta,' I exclaimed, 'your desires and my own are identical. I too, have longed to see these rulers of the world in their own homes, to pry into the secret of their power. I have demanded permission to go, times without number. Now your wishes shall be accomplished, and I shall return two years hence to claim my bride. Is it not so, Amoosta?' 'Yes, Hormanjee,' she whispered, 'let it be so, for I love you as woman only can love. But remember, not a word of my vow,' and so, imprinting a kiss upon my hand, before I

could anticipate it, she left me alone by the altar of the prophet.

"Kowasjee and my father, were equally anxious to know the result of the unwonted conference. 'Kowasjee, thou art my father,' said I, touching his robe with respect, 'but this marriage may not be for years—for two years at least. At the end of that time I will ask for Amoosta's hand.' 'Did you not say he was near seventeen years of age?' asked Kowasjee. My father assented. 'And she is fifteen,—marvellous truly are the councils of the foolish. To think that at our age we should have been thus duped! We should have wedded and bedded them, and I warrant me there would have been no more talk of putting off. Why did we not remember, that as geese hatch goslings, even so will folly be the result of the conference of a youth and of a maiden,—if, indeed, she be still—.' 'This must surely be some idle whim,' said my father, interrupting him. 'Does Amoosta consent to this postponement?' 'She wishes it like myself,' I replied. 'I warrant it, she does,' said her father, 'were there any wisdom in it, she would oppose it with all her might. Adieu, Manuckjee,—it is like eating sour mangoes, to hear that youth talking. Amoosta shall wed six months hence at furthest, or I shall know why not. I cannot afford to

wait three years for a grandson. Adieu, Manuckjee, adieu. As for you, Sir,' he said, turning to me, ' there is a new lunatic asylum, not yet full, I hear, in Sealdah,—you had better enquire about it.'

"In a month, all my preparations for departure to England had been made. I was at length to see that western world I had sighed after and longed to witness so frequently. The parting with my parents and my sister was a melancholy one, for they looked upon me as doomed; they considered it impossible that I should ever return in safety. For my own part, I did not leave them with that equanimity with which I had anticipated I should. My heart was sad, and it was not without a foreboding of disaster and misery that I left my father's roof. The vessel in which I was to sail to Mocha was an English one, consigned to our own house, and in which, therefore, I had every reason to expect attention and as much comfort as a merchant-ship can usually afford. The captain was a good sailor, but, otherwise, uncultivated, and looked upon me more as an extraordinary animal of great value, which he was carefully to deliver up in a sound and safe condition to the agents at Mocha, than as a human being like himself, capable of being an acquaintance or a companion. I had a cabin

to myself, my own servant, and every attention was paid to me, in order that I should feel myself as much at home as possible. My meals, differing, of course, slightly as they did from those of the officers and two European passengers, were served separately; but I always joined the party in the saloon after dinner at wine, and found the free conversation which then prevailed both amusing and instructive. On the first night only during which we were actually at sea did I find myself brought into any unpleasant collision with anyone on board; and I mention the incident in order to show the contrast between my ideas and actions on leaving India and those which I insensibly acquired, and became accustomed to, in England. Whilst we were in the river, I generally retired early, getting up equally early in the morning, in order to present my usual adorations to the sun, which I was compelled to offer up on deck, as my cabin was upon the starboard side, and I could not see him rise from it. When we were actually at sea, however, and I could gaze around our vessel upon every side without seeing land, I sat up to write to Amoosta, for my mother had promised to be a medium of communication between us, and I resolved to give her a full account of my journey and my impressions. Ten o'clock, or four bells,

had struck, and shortly after a seaman rapped at my door. ‘Come in,’ said I. ‘Ten o’clock, Sir,’ said he; ‘must put out the lights.’ I smiled at his talking so indifferently of what we regard as a heinous crime—to extinguish by any sacrilegious act the very emblem and embodiment of the Deity upon earth. ‘My lamp will not burn much longer,’ said I; ‘but I cannot put it out.’ ‘It’s the rules of the ship, Sir, and the captain’s orders. All the lights to be out at ten o’clock. The light *must* be put out, Sir.’ ‘The light *must not* be put out in my presence, or with my consent,’ I replied, with some warmth; ‘nor had I any idea the captain would have either urged or permitted such an insult to me as to talk of it.’ ‘Oh, far from insulting you, Sir, he gave us all orders to do our utmost to make you comfortable, and to show you every respect; but this is the rules of the ship, you know.’ ‘I have nothing to do with the rules of the ship,’ said I, testily. ‘Begosh, but you have, Sir, as long as you’re in it,’ he urged. ‘It’s contrary to my religion; it would be a crime if I either did it myself, or suffered it to be done in my presence,’ said I; ‘leave me, and I will talk to the captain about it to-morrow.’ A new light seemed to break in upon the honest seaman as I said this, and he muttered something to himself about

seeing how it was; he evidently thought I was mad. How strange that it should ever be thus with mankind; that the sincerest and most honest convictions of one portion of the human race should be looked upon as absurdities and madness by another! The seaman, after a moment's hesitation, advanced to the table, and was about to seize the lamp, or to extinguish it, when I prevented him, by putting it quickly aside· 'You shall not put out that light,' said I, 'till you have killed me;' and so saying, I grasped a stout walking-stick which was near, and placed myself in front of it. 'O, well,' said the sailor, 'if you're goin' to be obstropelous like that, I'll send down the officer of the watch.' So saying, he left the cabin. I never heard any more about my light, nor was any attempt made, for the future, to prevent my burning it as I pleased; although I generally contrived so to trim the lamp as that it should expire a little after ten. The sailors, however, from that day forth, regarded me as insane, and many were the whispered conversations I noticed amongst them as I paced the quarter-deck.

"The captain's estimate of me, as a species of curiosity, was not much more flattering than the seamen's idea of my insanity. I frequently went up to the main-top, particularly in the mornings,

when that horrid operation of washing the decks rendered any refuge at a distance agreeable; besides that, from the elevation of the main-top, an excellent view could be obtained of the rising sun. On such occasions, I noticed that I was invariably followed by a seaman, who, whilst he pretended to have some employment in my immediate vicinity, kept his eye constantly upon me. For some days I took no notice of this extraordinary Mentor; but at length, when it became quite apparent that the man had really nothing to do but to watch me, I asked him on one occasion whether he always worked in that spot in the mornings. He was an Irishman, and his strange method of speaking, which I could understand with difficulty only, interested me. 'Why thin now, your honour's highness, but it's splicin' a rope I am,' said he. 'But have you a rope to splice here every morning at this time?' I asked. 'Och, shure and there's always a power to do that a way on boord ship, your highness,' he answered, still working away with imperturbable coolness. 'But do the ropes always want splicing *here*, man?' I asked pointedly. 'Are they always breaking about the main-top, and about the main-top only, that you come here regularly every morning when I am here, and only when I'm here?' 'Shure thin now, and

your honour's highness is as 'cute as a weasel,' he urged. 'Begor, it 'd be as aisy to bate Banagher himself, as to bate your honour's highness any way; and shure enough we all know who the same Banagher bate.' I could not help smiling at the ingenuity with which he avoided my question; but, determined to explore the matter, I repeated it nearly in the same words. 'Why, thin now,' he began, 'the divil a use it is at all at all to thry and desave your honour's highness; he 'd be a mighty cliver boy intirely that 'd catch your highness dozing, even with one eye shut; but I hope your honour's highness is'nt angry at my comin' here; shure an' now I'll sing you a song, or do anything in rason, to make myself agreeable.' 'You will not tell me, then, why you follow me here?' I asked again, but this time dryly and coldly. 'Why thin, tare an' ages, but to be shure I will, if so be your highness wants it; shure it is'nt goin' to be angry with me you'd be, for obeyin' the capting's own orders.' 'The captain, then, ordered you to follow me whenever I came aloft; and for what purpose?' I asked. 'Why thin, now your highness, but shure you're goin' on at the rate of a hunt. Sorra' one o' me ever said the capting ordered me to follow you; tho' for the matter o' that, purshuin' to the lie it'd be afther all.'

'The captain, then, *did* order you to follow me up here?' I urged. 'O, begor he did, your highness; now that you've found it out, I don't mind tellin' you all about it, an' makin' a clane breast of it, at onst,' he said courageously. A rupee still further opened his lips, and he proceeded. 'Why thin, the long and the short of it's jist this. "Thady," says the capting to me; "Thady," says he. "Ay, ay, your honour," says I. "Thady," says he, "do you see the furrin gintleman that's goin' up aloft?" says he. "It'd be mighty quare if I did'nt, capting," says I; "for I never tuk my eye off him from the minit I seed him a layin' a hould o' the riggin'." "Shure, an' it's a wonder, Thady," says he, "that he can go up at all at all wid them shoes he wears, wid a toppin' at the end of thim, for all the world like the end of a marlin spike curled up." "Thrue for you, Sir," says I; "a more active gintlemin, or a cleverer, Thady never clapt his two eyes on; there's not a man in the ship could go up them rattlins with all that head-gear and thim curled toes, widout bein' in mortial fear of goin' overboord." "Well, Thady," says the capting, says he; "you're a smart fellow, Thady," says he, and begor it was them very words he spoke; "you're a smart fellow, Thady," says he; "jist go up with the prince," says he—"after him," says he—"take a

rope up to splice," says he, "and have an eye upon him," says he. "Begor, an' I'll do that, your honour," says I; "tho' I niver seed a gintleman, let alone a prince, that wanted it less," says I, "if it wasn't always barrin' the toes and the head-gear." That's the long and the short of it, your honour's highness, and the divil a lie in it; an' shure if it's angry you do be gettin', I'll make myself scarce at onst.'

"Notwithstanding the difficulty I had in comprehending his extraordinary English, yet I made out sufficient to understand the matter, and to perceive that my friend Thady might be a very agreeable companion; so I said no more about it. Morning after morning, as I took my accustomed place, Thady made his appearance at no great distance, always splicing with praiseworthy diligence, and at the same time 'keeping an eye,' as he would have said, upon me. I sometimes thought they feared I might jump overboard; for if I rose more swiftly or abruptly than usual, Thady was at my side in a moment. He was an amusing companion, however, and I learned much from him respecting the unfortunate country from which he had come.

"At Bombay I was warmly received by the members of our community, who were much interested in my journey, the young envying me

the pleasure and excitement I could not fail to enjoy, the old exhorting me to continue stedfast in our holy faith. At length, furnished with abundant letters to Egypt and to England, I embarked for Mocha, the destination of our ship, and which I longed to reach, that I might say I had left India behind me, and had fairly stepped forth into the world. It was not without a feeling of sorrow that I remembered we were leaving the sacred country of our faith on our right hand, swiftly passing it by, and that there was little chance of my seeing the elevated plains of Azerbijan, where Zoroaster had first delivered his message from Ormuzd and the sacred fire, to the custody of the King Gushtasp. Impetuous Mohammedanism had driven our fathers thence with the sword, and their children, instead of uniting to seize the country afresh, were content with their merchandise and their profits, neglecting all besides. Will the day never come when the evils Mohammedans have brought upon Persia, and upon India, shall be expiated in the blood of their descendants!

"Mocha, from the Red Sea, is a picturesque-looking town. It and its neighbourhood form so pleasant a contrast with the bleak shores of Arabia and Africa, that it seems the centre of an oasis in the midst of frightful rocks and desola-

tion. Its white houses and glittering minarets gleam in the sunshine, in beautiful contrast to the green verdure and foliage by which it is surrounded, whilst, far away to the north and south, the uniform yellow line of bare rocks and desert stretches away to the horizon, leaving, upon the mind of the beholder, an idea of vast desolation which oppresses the spirits. A nearer inspection of the town, however, by no means realises the flattering idea one would form of it from the sea—its houses, for the most part white certainly, are low and gloomy-looking, its streets narrow, filthy, and sombre, through which the proud Musselmans stalk silently to prayers or upon their business, their taciturnity only broken by the curse, or the contempt, or the pity which they gratuitously bestow upon the infidel. The followers of Mohammed and of Zoroaster can never be reconciled, and, Orientals though they were, I felt much more lonely and isolated amongst the populace of Mocha than in the crowds of London.

"I lost no time in embarking for Cosseir, in Egypt, between which town and Mocha a very considerable traffic is carried on. If I had disliked Mocha, however, I was still less pleased with the miserable port of Cosseir, where wretchedness of every description delights to expose itself to the broad light of day; where the stranger can-

not steal from his house without being surrounded and followed by a motley group of mendicants, all anxious to prove their wretched condition, by exhibiting their disgusting sores and deformities—Abyssinians, Nubians, Kopts, and even the followers of the impostor of Mecca, so proud elsewhere, all vying with each other in ostentatious mendicancy, and in the exhibition of their misery.

"I was more than recompensed however for the discomfort and filth of Mocha and Cosseir by the sail down the Nile from Denderah to Cairo. I had hired a comfortable boat with an ample crew, and as we proceeded leisurely down this celebrated stream, I examined the various works on the antiquities of Egypt, with which English literature abounds, and which I had taken care to provide before leaving Calcutta. It is a strange feeling that one experiences, when brought face to face with the great works of antiquity—it is a feeling not to be easily forgotten, and perhaps there is no greater incentive to glory, or a thirst for glory, than to stand before the ruins of what has long been glorious; the heart expands as though it would embrace the past and pry into the future, in its reveries,—it feels that it is not so much what we do now or what we enjoy now, as what we leave behind us, when our fretful hour of life has ended, that we shall be judged by. Who that

has stood before the mounds of Deir Selin, the ruins and tombs of Siout, or the pyramids that strew the left bank of the Nile between Beni-Souef and Jizeh, has not wished that he too might leave something behind him, as a mark to posterity, even though it should only be a monstrous tomb? And yet how strange that all these monuments that stir the soul so deeply should be but sepulchral mounds; everything in Egypt tells of death, its greatness is more apparent in its tombs and catacombs than in any remains that indicate life and action and vigour! Strange that structures, every line of which speaks of repose, of death, of stillness, of eternity, should powerfully rouse the soul to action and make one feel that 'twenty centuries look down' upon him from these mighty monuments.

"You can fancy, from your experience of Ceylon, that a moonlight sail upon the Ganges, the Bhagirati, or the Hooghly, is a delightful thing. After the heat of the day, when the moon has risen in all her silvery splendour, not obscure or dim as in the north, but throwing down floods of light, what can be more pleasant than to watch the dark shadows of the foliage on either side, forming so beautiful a contrast with the glowing water, if it be peaceful and at rest, whilst the boat glides noiselessly downwards with the current.

There is something in a scene like that, which makes one desire solitude to enjoy it thoroughly —it is not a thing that can be talked about at the time. This pleasure is even increased upon the Nile. Small as the stream is in comparison with the gigantic floods of India—at least, small as it was in the dry season when I saw it—it yet presents more striking contrasts, a greater variety of the picturesque, than the rivers of India. The foliage is as various,—the banks are more frequently covered with picturesque villages,—occasionally a glimpse is obtained of apparently illimitable deserts, shining in all the blankness and desolation of solitude far away to the right hand and to the left; one turns from its monotonous sameness to the variety of the river with something of the feeling experienced after having travelled through an interminable forest, when an unexpected glimpse is afforded of cultivated plains, or fruitful valleys. But, more than all this, and adding a charm to such a scene which probably the world cannot supply to the same extent elsewhere, are the monuments of antiquity so thickly studded on every side. Everything in Egypt is grouped on the banks of the river; life and death are there brought into constant and strange juxtaposition — the mud-cabin of to-day beside the venerable ruin

of two thousand years ago—the waving of the living trees of yesterday beside the immovable monuments of dead antiquity. I felt, as we glided down the stream, that there were thoughts and feelings lying deep in the heart which travel only could cultivate; which, without travel, would probably for ever remain dormant.

"The mosques and palaces of Cairo and Alexandria did not detain me long. I had seen the past in Egypt, and I now hurried on to inspect the present, in London. Absorbed as I was with anxiety to visit the great metropolis, I felt little interest in Malta and Gibraltar; I rather felt glad, indeed, when the vessel's prow was turned from them, and we plunged onwards towards the island, of which, from the time that I could lisp a syllable, I had heard so much. It is not to be wondered at, that the Oriental, who had been brought up in India, should regard England and London with even greater interest than the Englishman does Greece and Rome. Were they living Greece, and living Rome—the Greece of Pericles, and the Rome of Augustus—they would then but faintly shadow forth in interest to the Englishman, what England is to the Indian.

"At length the dull haze, and overhanging smoke were pointed out to me, as the signs of the great city. As we drew nearer and nearer, I was

stupified by the din, and confounded by the bustle,w hich met my ears, and assailed my eyes on every side. I could see nothing but masses of men and women, and horses, rushing in various directions, as if life or death depended upon the struggle—and truly, life or death does depend upon the struggle in too many instances. Rising amongst the smoke and dimness which enveloped everything, were great spires and domes, monuments and statues, the proportions of which were only faintly discernible; whilst distinctly, amidst the confusion, was to be received this idea, and this only—that an immense mass of humanity was in earnest about something or other; whether guiding horses, or carrying bundles, or torturing minerals and vegetables into new forms, or ploughing up the waters of the unfortunate river, by thousands—whatever they were doing, they all seemed thoroughly in earnest — there was no child's play, no acting of a part—if they would not struggle, they might not live, seemed the law of their existence. Sunday seemed alone the day on which they were not in earnest. Then they were listless and apathetic, or else incapable of being earnest about anything, for the most part. Then the women seemed to have assumed the character the men had put off. They crowded earnestly to the places of worship; the men sauntered indiffe-

rently along. I could see no greater contrast than between the man pressing forward on his daily business, or to enjoy some pleasure on a week-day, and the same man on the Sunday, rolling apathetically to church; a female on each arm, perhaps, giving the impetus. It is not so in the East. If Mohammedans or Hindoos are ever in earnest, it is in their worship.

"I was received with the warmest kindness and hospitality by friends of our house to whom I had introductions. Men, high amongst the mercantile community, who, had they been in Calcutta, would feel ashamed of my occupying a seat at their tables, insisted upon having me at their residences — would not hear of my engaging apartments at a hotel. My first residence was at Bayswater—my host driving in every day to the city, whither I generally accompanied him, for I delighted to see the bustle of that extraordinary hive, and loved to roam about in it, merely to observe. The lions of the great metropolis were duly shown to me; but I saw none so marvellous as Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, and London Bridge. These are the true wonders of London—its paltry parks and gloomy squares cannot be compared with the palaces and gardens of the East; but its incessant toil and bustle, its work, its thronged shops and

paths, its myriads of active, busy men, its noble horses, earnest in their avocations as their masters,—these are truly wonders, such as one cannot see elsewhere, and in these is much of the success of Englishmen explained. Steady perseverance is the secret of their wonderful career, and yet that perseverance would probably have effected little, had it not been directed by an energy as indomitable as itself.

"I visited Paris, and there the foundations of my peace of mind were sapped, and the train laid for a long series of subsequent misfortunes. There I saw more splendid buildings, more magnificent galleries, more highly ornamented public ways, but I saw nothing like Fleet Street or the Strand, nothing to compare with Cheapside or London Bridge. Paris is certainly as much more magnificent than London as the Place de la Concorde than Trafalgar Square. London is as much more business-like than Paris as Ludgate Hill is more crowded than the Rue St. Honoré. There is splendour, magnificence, grandeur, and display in the one, there is more homely earnestness and truth, laborious toil and incessant advance, in the other. The fountains of the Place de la Concorde and those of Trafalgar Square may be taken as samples of the two. The former are grand but seldom play, the latter are homely but are daily

at work, as though they should say, 'Our duty is to squirt this water to a certain height for so many hours a-day, and witness ye men and gods that we do it, with all our might.'

"I have said that at Paris was laid the foundation of a sea of troubles in which I was long darkly swimming, almost without hope. In order to avoid observation as much as possible, I had completely adopted the European dress, and, however dark I may look in our white *angraka*, in the black broadcloth of England, I looked light enough to be often taken for a Frenchman. The family with which I stopped in Paris was an English one, that had long been resident there. They conducted me to every point of attraction, and I was dazzled and intoxicated by the splendour and gaiety which seemed everywhere to prevail. In an over anxious endeavour not to be singular, I had made it a rule to frequent the table of my hosts, and often were the most sacred principles of my faith outraged in my presence. Yet I would not be singular. I wished to resemble the people who were round me, and said nothing. Pork was consumed by my neighbour, whilst he smilingly addressed me, and the very hand that helped me to something in the vicinity was probably engaged a moment before in cutting up a slice of ham! Nor was this all. Candles

and lamps were extinguished with a levity that sent a shudder through my soul! Alas! in putting off my Parsee garments, I was forced to smother, at the expense of my conscience, many Parsee ideas! I knew that I was doing wrong, yet I had not the moral courage to confess my error and retrace my steps.

"I was passionately fond of the theatre. Never had I conceived it possible that mortal voices and mortal frames could produce the enchantment of the opera, and I delighted in constantly attending it. Had I remained in Europe till this hour, I do not think I should have lost my relish for that exquisite amusement. My friends accompanied me frequently, and I took a pleasure in trying the different effects of different seats. On one of these occasions, when I had engaged a pit box for our party, I saw one who, for a time, was the joy and misery of my life. She was leaning from a box at a short distance from ours, and in the same tier, when I first caught a glimpse of her. I too was leaning forward at the time, and, for a second, our eyes met; it was to me as if a flash of lightning had rapidly dazzled my vision. She retired into her box again, and there, hid by an envious curtain, I could see no more of her. Yet I could think of nothing else. The play, the singing, my friends were forgotten, and abruptly

quitting my position I made my way into the pit, in order that I might obtain a full view of the face that had produced upon my mind so electrical an effect. I thought I saw a faint smile upon her lips, as she recognised me, and I was delighted at it. It is possible, thought I, that some strange sympathy links our spirits together, and that I may have made an impression upon her mind, as she upon mine. Her hair, which was of the lightest golden colour, waved over her shoulders in long ringlets. She was a complete northern beauty, but with the bright hazel eyes of the south, almost too spiritual and nervous for the glow of health which animated her cheek. A simple wreath of light flowers encircled her head, and formed a pleasing contrast to the bright golden hue of the mass above them and below; her arm, full and delicately white, reposed upon the crimson cushion in front of her, and the thought struck me at the moment that its proportions were perfection itself, and that any deviation from those proportions must be erroneous. My gaze, however, was too full and bold, for, at the close of the act, she changed places with a lady beside her, evidently in order that she might be again hidden from my view by that envious curtain. I saw and acknowledged the reproof, and, returning to the box I had left,

apologised, as best I could, for my abrupt departure.

"Twice again, and twice only, in the course of that evening, did I gain a glimpse of my fair charmer, but those glimpses were sufficient to rivet the fetters with which I was already bound. I tried to think of Amoosta, but I could not. The fair northern had usurped her place, and the more classical beauty of the East was, for a time, dethroned. I noted the box in which she had sat, and during all the subsequent day, I made many enquiries, and spent many francs in vain, in order to discover her name and address. I could learn no more than that, to all appearance, it was an English party that had occupied that box the previous evening—where she had come from, whither she had gone to, it was impossible to discover. I went again the next evening that the opera was open, to inspect every box, and every stall, but my fair northern was no where to be seen; the box she had occupied before, was now tenanted by a bevy of French dowagers, as unlike my fair charmer in their then external appearance, as their frames were doubtless that of the Venus de Medici.

"To you, in whom the passions of love and admiration have not been ripened under a tropical sun, it may appear folly or madness in me to con-

fess, that I became melancholy and unhappy from that moment. The theatre was a kind of forlorn hope—she might possibly be there again, and, with this hope, I had buoyed myself up during all that day. The disappointment was misery, and I returned to my home, wretched and disconsolate. In vain did I argue with myself, that my passion was foolish and hopeless; that, allowing I were introduced to her, there was very little chance of her reciprocating my affection, and still less of her parents sanctioning our love; in vain did the image of Amoosta reproach me in my dreams for my forgetfulness; the whole ardour of my soul was monopolized by the fair-haired beauty, I had no time to think of any one else. I sank into a kind of senseless lethargy, from which my friends vainly endeavoured to rouse me by amusements, by bantering, and by argument. I would not, nay, I could not, be wise. My senses and my mind were overpowered. At length, on one occasion, we drove to Versailles. I remember the occurrences of that day, now, as though it had been but yesterday. We were midway between Paris and the superb palace, when a carriage drove past us, going in the opposite direction.

"I had not failed, according to my wont, to peer into it, and there, reclining languidly, ap-

parently overpowered by heat and fatigue, I saw the same fair form that had enchanted me at the opera. She was alone too. I almost screamed with surprise and delight. My companions really thought me mad. I insisted upon being put down where we were, as I could not prevail upon them to pursue the fair stranger. I ran wildly along the road to Paris, looking for some hirer-out of horses and carriages, that I might follow the enchantress. At length, at a miserable inn, I succeeded, after infinite trouble, for my French was by no means of the most fluent, or correct description, in hiring an old calèche, with one wretched horse, but not till the carriage I wished to pursue, had long been out of sight. The big round drops coursed each other rapidly down my forehead, as I waited impatiently for the vehicle to be prepared. The French, however, unlike my English friends, did not think me insane. They are more accustomed to impetuosity and eagerness in the affairs of the heart. At length we started. Had the horse been a Pegasus, and flown rapidly through the air, he could scarcely have gone too fast for my excitement, but he was far from being a Pegasus, and, it was only by dint of the most incessant appliances of the whip, that I could get him to advance at any reasonable rate.

"The chace was an unequal one, however.

The horses of the carriage in which my fair innamoráta had been whirled so rapidly away, were doubtless private ones, in excellent condition, spirited and swift. The miserable hack that drew my calèche was thin and jaded. I had hoped to obtain but a glimpse of the vehicle I was pursuing, that I might afterwards be able to keep it in view, but I was completely disappointed. To the barrier of Paris we advanced at an irregular gallop, my eyes eagerly straining into the road in advance of us, but without success, and it was not until the police at the barrier of *Sainte Marie* had seized my horse's head, and compelled the wild chace to end, that I reflected on the utter inutility of continuing it further. I dismissed the venerable calèche, and entered Paris on foot, a sadder, if not a wiser youth.

"Again and again did I frequent the theatre and the road to Versailles, but without success, and at length my health began to give way under the incessant excitement of my mind. I resolved, therefore, to quit Paris, and to accept of an invitation from an old Anglo-Indian, settled at Cheltenham, who wished me to spend a month with him. Mr. Haughton had been in the Company's Civil Service in Calcutta, and having been under some obligations to my father, was anxious to show, by his hospitality to me, that he had not

forgotten them. He was a peculiar, taciturn man, who seldom went into society, but allowed his daughters, and their maiden aunt, his sister, to visit as they pleased. On the evening on which I joined his family he was alone in the house, all the other members of it having departed on a visit to the lions of Cirencester. They were not expected back till late, and being fatigued by my journey, and far from well, I retired at an early hour.

"Next morning, as usual, Mr. Haughton, who was as regular as the hands of the clock that stood in his own dining-room, was the first in the breakfast-parlour, and on my joining him, told me he expected the ladies presently. In a few minutes they made their appearance, and you may fancy, though I cannot describe, my astonishment, pleasure, confusion, and surprise, when I saw in the person of his youngest daughter, Miss Maria Haughton, the very lady who had so powerfully impressed her image on my heart in the Opera at Paris, and whom I had so unsuccessfully pursued on the road from Versailles.

"My confusion, which was very apparent to the aunt and the elder sister, although they probably attributed it to Oriental 'gaucherie,' was quite unobserved by Mr. Haughton, who merely remarked that it was already five minutes past

the usual breakfast-hour, as he seated himself at the table. What an extraordinary position was mine! I had fled from the thoughts of the fair Maria at Paris to throw myself into her very presence and society. I could not be deceived in those shining ringlets, those dark hazel eyes, full of light and happiness; that delicate hand and arm. I had noted them all too minutely—they had been too firmly stamped upon my heart to admit of my having been deceived.

"'You have just returned from Paris,' said Miss Haughton, the aunt, to me; 'my nieces have been on a visit there with an uncle, and have been but three weeks at home.' Yes, thought I, whilst I took care to say something else; yes, I knew they had been there very well, I could have sworn it.

"'And did you like Paris?' I asked of Maria. 'Like it,' she replied, 'I was enchanted with it. It was my second visit, but I should never be tired of it.' Her eyes sparkled with pleasure as she spoke. I felt like a partially intoxicated man—too full of happiness.

"I cannot delay upon this unfortunate portion of my career. The very remembrance of it is harrowing to me now, and I have been ever since doing my utmost to forget it; but alas, where the conscience has once been violently outraged,

there is little chance of ultimate oblivion of the circumstances. I was madly, violently in love with Maria. My own fondly-attached Amoosta was quite forgotten, or only remembered as an unpleasant *incubus* that must sooner or later be shaken off.

" The sound of Maria's voice, her very foot-fall vibrated through me with an extraordinary degree of power; it was as if I had delivered myself over to an infatuation which was luring me to destruction. She encouraged my attentions; there was ever a winning smile upon her lips, a gracious word to cheer me, when I showed an anxiety to oblige her. She had never been in India, and had therefore not learned to despise the Orientals; she looked upon me merely as a man, and saw no reason why I should not be treated as any other man. Would that she *had* despised me, and my pride would have revolted at her contempt, and been my preserver! Her aunt encouraged, whilst her sister was displeased at my attentions. Mr. Haughton either did not observe them, or treated them as a matter of profound indifference, as long as they did not interfere with his domestic arrangements, or retard the dinner-hour a moment. Often, to please the caprice of my enchantress, did I make my appearance in Parsee costume, and as I spared neither money nor pains to render

it imposing, it was universally admired. The aunt, doubtless, looked upon me with a favourable eye on account of the reports which Mr. Haughton had heard of my father's wealth, whilst the sister, as I soon found to my cost, looked upon me with horror as a heathen.

" At length I found a favourable opportunity of declaring my passion. We were quite alone without fear of interruption. Maria heard me with emotion, yet my declaration was evidently expected. 'Hormanjee,' said she, 'why make such an avowal to me? You know I am a Christian.' And so saying, she looked me full in the face, as though she would read what was in my secret thoughts. 'And for thee, Maria—for thee, lovely and adorable Maria—I would become anything,' I passionately exclaimed, 'I too, will be a Christian.' 'Will you! will you indeed?' said she, 'Will you, for my sake become a Christian? Oh, then, I shall be sure you love me! Until then, however, no more of this. When you have indeed become a Christian, I am sure my father will listen to you.' 'And, should he not?' I asked; 'what then, Maria? Remember, I am one of those natives whom he has been accustomed to despise for years. Should he not listen to me, Maria?' I understood her to whisper a faint, 'I will,' as she sobbed upon my shoulder.

"The next Sunday I went with the family to church. It was the first time I had been at the Protestant service, and my conscience did not fail to reproach me, even then, for joining in rites and prayers which I regarded as vain and false. But Maria was in the pew, and beneath the veil which partially concealed her features, I knew that her eyes were frequently turned towards me. I had become too great an adept, however, at dissimulation to allow any portion of my feelings to exhibit themselves in my countenance or my manner. I had learned the fatal European secret of hiding my thoughts. The sermon pleased me much. It was upon the duty of benevolence, and frequently reminded me of one of those extraordinary questions which Zoroaster (as you call him) put to Ormuzd when admitted to the presence. 'Who is the best of your servants?' asked the prophet. And the reply was, 'He who has a right heart. He who fails not in practising justice, whose eyes do not wander after riches. He who does good to everything in the world, will be eternally happy; whilst those who afflict my people, and disregard my precepts shall be sent to hell.'

"At length the time came when our mutual affection must be made known to Maria's father, and, for his verdict we looked as anxiously for-

ward as the criminal for the sentence of the judge. Maria's aunt undertook to mention the matter. He received the announcement more calmly than we had anticipated, for we were in an adjoining room, in breathless expectation. 'Humph,' he exclaimed, 'this, then, is why he was so ready to prolong his visit, notwithstanding his devotion to the Opera, and the great length of time he has already been from India. Manuckjee will not thank me for making his son a Christian. The idea is absurd—in love with a Parsee, forsooth! Pshaw, nonsense—Manuckjee is rich to be sure; but would he leave his wealth to a Christian, do you think? Not a bit of it. And, besides, I won't have any converts about me. I hate converts. If he says he's a Christian, it's all nonsense. He'll laugh at the priest that baptizes him. O don't talk to me, I know them better than you do. I never saw a Parsee become a Christian. I tell you they are as bigoted as—as bigoted as —as—' the old gentleman could not find a better simile, so he said, 'as the very devil. Are they there? This folly must be put an end to, at once.'

"Maria and I entered. Her hand was in my arm; and, although she was deadly pale, yet she declared her fixed determination to persevere. 'Hormanjee,' said Mr. Haughton, 'have you for-

gotten Manuckjee, your mother, your religion, your nation?' 'For her, Sir,' I replied firmly, 'I can forget all.' 'Now, come, Hormanjee, you're a sensible lad,' he said blandly, but craftily; 'you don't mean to tell me—me, who have been in India—you don't mean to tell me you are a Christian.' 'I do,' said I, feeling more and more convinced that some awful trial was at hand. 'You do; very well, pray be seated.' He then turned to Maria's aunt, and said quietly, 'Order a light here please, to seal a letter.' My nerves shivered at the fearful idea, which now grasped my heart and squeezed the blood from it, as one would water from a sponge:—a light—he wants to see if I am indeed a Christian; O Maria, little do you know the sacrifice I now make for you, thought I, whilst I felt some great change coming over me, that I could not understand. The light was brought, and placed upon the table. 'There,' said Mr. Haughton, with a calm, clear voice, that formed an awful contrast with the turmoil in my mind, with the agony I was enduring—'There,' said he, 'is the Parsee's god. If Hormanjee be indeed a Christian, let him extinguish that light.' Maria looked at me in triumph. To her it seemed an easy feat. To me it was—hell. It was severing the ties that bound me to my nation, to my religion, to my father's house. I felt the room

whirling, my head swimming, my brain on fire, as I rose from my chair and advanced to the table.

" I cannot even now think of that fatal moment without shuddering. I *did* extinguish the light, and next day I was in a brain fever; for fourteen days did I lie utterly unconscious of all around me. Maria's aunt tended me with the care of a mother, and I slowly recovered. My first conscious thoughts were of her for whom I had made the sacrifice, and I asked earnestly after her. For days I was lulled with lying assurances, and it was not until I was strong enough to bear further torture, that I found she had abandoned me.

" With the cold calculation of the north, she would make no sacrifice for one who had sacrificed all for her. She had left a note for me, deeply regretting all that had occurred, but she was sure we could never be happy together. I had made evidently a great sacrifice for her, its very extent proved how little I was of a Christian, how much still of a Parsee.

" I tore the letter and flung it from me. Would that I could as easily have torn her image from my heart! I endeavoured to do so however, and I partially succeeded. After six months further residence in London — a gloomy and miserable six months—I felt that I might again

venture to meet my Amoosta, and in her love and truthfulness, console myself for the cold falsehood of Maria.

"I sailed in one of the splendid Indian vessels round the Cape to Calcutta. The voyage of four months, tedious and monotonous to others, was to me as a healing medicine—a balm for the wounds my soul had sustained. Gradually the idea of Maria faded from my heart, with all the guilt and reproach which that image called up in my own conscience. I diligently studied the Zend-Avĕsta, and, in its pages, found consolation under my trials; my religious duties were earnestly and unremittingly pursued—I no longer put off my native habit, and, in resuming it, I seemed, now that every breeze was sending me further and further from the scene of my degradation and my fall, to put on my nationality again. It was as if I had been awaking from some horrible and oppressive dream.

"I arrived at Calcutta only to hear, alas! that death had been making sad havoc with my family and my friends. My mother was gone. Amoosta's sister was dead, and she herself lay incapable of the slightest exertion—she was at the very door of the tomb. Our Parsee mausoleums (*dokma*, or towers of silence, as we call them) are peculiar, as are indeed our rites of sepulture and ordinances of every kind. We have no burial-

place in this island of the same character as those in the large cities of India. A high circular wall, with a single door, encircles a space, in the centre of which is dug a deep pit. Around the pit and extending to the wall, rises tier above tier of stone benches on which the corpse is laid. There is no roof to this gloomy abode of the dead, and the crow, the hawk, the vulture, and the adjutant plume their wings, as they sit lazily upon the summit of the wall, waiting for their horrible repasts.* The bones, once stripped, are consigned to the pit in the middle of the large enclosure, and when the pit is full, the cemetery is finally closed—its door barred up, and all ingress denied. Such is the Parsee mausoleum of Calcutta.

"The father, Kowasjee, regarding me as the cause of the illness of his beloved Amoosta, would not see me, and had indeed strictly forbidden my visits to his house. She lay at the point of death, yet I could not see her! Her attendant was induced by my sister to grant me an interview, and she assured me that Amoosta spoke but of me when her tongue could perform its office—that her father would not allow the European physicians into his house, declaring that they had killed her sister—and that she was now steeped in a kind of lethargy that seemed the result of the medical

* A model of the Parsee *dokma* may be seen in the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society, London.

treatment she had experienced. My heart, torn rudely as it had been by the cold treachery of Maria, was now doomed to have its healing wounds reopened to bleed afresh. I implored Kowasjee by letter and by messenger to see me, and to permit me to send a skilful physician, with whom I was acquainted, to Amoosta. I could get no reply to my messages or my notes.

"A week had elapsed since my arrival in Calcutta, and I was walking sorrowfully in the garden where I had walked years ago nurturing boyish dreams. I was still very young, yet the events I had experienced had prematurely developed my mind, and I felt grave and melancholy, as though I had gone through a long and thoughtless career, and was only now beginning to reflect upon it. A servant approached and informed me that a female of the household of the Kowasjee desired an interview. It was the attendant of Amoosta, and her appearance indicated mourning and sorrow for the departed. 'Amoosta is then dead?' I asked. 'So they say, my lord,' was her reply—'for days she has been insensible, but since last night all sign of animation has left her—the *mubed** has pronounced her dead, and she is to be removed to the cemetery this evening.'

* Parsee priest.

"It is possible, thought I, they may be mistaken; this woman seems to hint as much. What an awful thought, to be consigned to the vultures, and the adjutants, and the kites, amid the horrors of a charnel-house, alive! 'See,' said I, 'take care that the body of Amoosta is well wrapped up in the usual clothes, but let not the head be tightly bound—the folds must be ample, and the cerements more abundant than usual.' 'It shall be done as my lord wills. Will not my lord visit his betrothed?' she asked. 'No,' said I, 'I will waive that right, as her father does not look upon me with the eye of love. How does he bear the loss?' 'He is all but mad. O, Zardusht, comfort him!' she exclaimed wildly. 'Go, my friend,' said I, recompensing her for her attention, 'and remember my words. Let the funeral robes be more ample than usual, with abundant folds, and loosely wrapped round the head.' 'It shall be done as my lord wills,' she replied, as she left me.

"I hurried off to the *Nasarsalas*, those whose miserable office it was to bear the dead bodies into the cemetery. Their feet alone have trodden its unhallowed precincts; for, whilst the mourners wait without, they leave the body on one of the stone benches prepared for the purpose, and, removing the funeral clothes, which become their

perquisites, they hurry from the tomb, that they may not share it with the filthy birds who swarm upon the body in crowds at once. I saw these men. Their very touch is defilement by our law. I bargained with them for the funeral clothes of the fair girl that day to be consigned to the tomb. These funeral clothes, contrary to their wont, they were to leave untouched; and by an ample bounty I removed their scruples, or silenced their consciences, respecting the propriety of this unprecedented procedure.

"I then went to the guardian of the tomb—a priest. Here I had a more difficult task to perform. None but the feet of the body-bearers might, by our law, enter the cemetery—to open it to any others was to violate custom, and what he believed to be his duty. Money is all-powerful on earth, however. I explained my object to him. I implored him to consider the cruelty of allowing a fair and lovely girl to be torn to pieces by ravenous birds, when, perhaps, she was not dead. I solemnly promised to leave her there, if the medical gentleman who accompanied me pronounced her dead; and, finally, I put twenty gold mohurs* into his hand. He weighed my arguments and the gold—both were good—and admission, as soon as it became quite dark, was promised.

"Dr. Wells had been a passenger with me

* A gold mohur is equal to 16 rupees, or 32 shillings.

round the Cape. We had become intimate on the voyage, and he was still in Calcutta, although preparing to join a remote station up the country. I had little difficulty in persuading him to accompany me, and to adopt, for that purpose, a Parsee costume; for the priest would never have admitted an infidel into the mausoleum. The very novelty of the enterprise would probably have been sufficient to have induced him to come, even had he not known that I was rich.

"That evening, about six o'clock, the mournful procession, bearing the body of Amoosta, deposited it upon the stone bier prepared for that purpose, outside the mausoleum. The priest advanced, and sprinkling the usual perfumes, whilst he recited the customary invocations, he opened the door of the mysterious tomb. A cold shudder ran through my veins, for I was near, but disguised, as I saw the bearers emerge, like spirits, from a shed in the vicinity, and noiselessly advance to the corpse. Their well-oiled bodies were half-naked, and not a sound was heard, save the hurried departure of the friends of the deceased, as the *Nasar-satas* lifted her up and bore her into that abode of dead humanity and live birds of prey. In a few minutes they, too, hurried away, and the door was hastily shut. I watched them narrowly —they had kept their promise—the cerements had not been removed.

"I never could have believed that hours were

so long as I found them on that night. The clocks seemed to stand still—the very seconds would not tick with their usual rapidity. At length it was half-past seven, and Dr. Wells and I stepped into the carriage at that moment. We left it near the cemetery, but not within sight, and I had taken the precaution to obtain a European coachman from a livery-stable in Durrumtollah for the evening.

"It was a dark night fortunately for our purpose. We both had lanterns, the light of which was as yet hidden by a slide. The priest silently opened the door of the cemetery as we advanced, and we shudderingly entered. We had no sooner done so than we heard the door shut and locked behind us. All was impenetrably dark, but the horrid effluvia of rotting bones told too plainly where we were. We moved the slides of our lanterns, and two streams of light burst forth into the gloom. There was a dull, flapping sound, overhead—it was a vulture, disturbed by our intrusion, watching us from above. We advanced a step or two cautiously, until our eyes should get accustomed to our position. Wells stumbled over something as he put down his foot. We turned the light of our lanterns upon it. 'It's only a skull,' said he, 'let us get nearer the centre, near the pit you speak of, and we shall probably be able to see the benches around.' He was right, that was the best measure we could adopt. A

path led directly from the door to the pit, whilst others, on either hand, ran round between the stone benches on which the bodies were placed. I, too, stumbled over a bone, and putting out my hand to steady myself, it rested for a moment on the ribs of a skeleton, which were stretched in confusion by my side. 'This smell from the pit is overpowering,' said Wells, as we advanced. 'Have you the brandy-flask?' I gave it to him—we both required it.

"Raising our lamps, we allowed the light to gleam round the awful inclosure. Directly opposite to us—one of the first objects we saw—was a head, standing on the edge of the bench, where the birds had doubtless left it; the light from our lanterns gleamed full into its eyeless sockets,—the lower jaw still hung to it, with all its ghastly teeth, by a tendon. A half-consumed body, with its entrails hanging upon the ground, was being devoured by two vultures, whom even the light did not disturb. From hearing the birds in that direction, we had thought for a moment, it was what we were looking for. At length, Wells, who was infinitely more calm and collected than I was, in this abode of death, perceived the garments, surrounding the body we sought, upon a bench at no great distance. To reach it, over bones and filth, was but the work of a moment. The birds had departed, foiled by the voluminous folds of the cerements, the outer

of which were torn in various places, by their ravenous bills. I raised the head, and removing the covering, exposed to the full beams of the lantern, the loveliest features they had ever shone upon. Dr. Wells proceeded minutely to examine the body. 'There is life here still,' he said at length, cautiously and slowly, 'but this atmosphere will soon extinguish it. She must be removed at once.' So saying, he moistened the lips with the brandy. I gave him my lantern, and, taking the precious burden in my arms, followed him from that horrid scene of death and decay. The priest was at the door, and would have opposed the departure of the body—but we heeded him not, and, making our way to the carriage, were speedily beyond the reach of his importunities and his resistance.

"By assiduous care and attention, Amoosta revived. For three years she was my wife in Calcutta—for six more in Bombay—and now in Ceylon, you can judge for yourself by what she is, after having borne me six children, and experienced many trials, whether I have exaggerated as to what she was."

APPENDIX.

HISTORY OF CEYLON, 1140-1186, A.D.

THE REIGN OF PRACKRAMA THE GREAT.

Nothing perhaps can show more forcibly the sameness of the human character, all over the globe, than the fact that the manner in which the princes of the tropical and luxuriant Ceylon were educated in the earliest times, was very similar to that by which a modern English gentleman is fitted for his duties.* Prackrama, we are informed, was first introduced to the literature of his country—or more properly, perhaps, of his religion—by a priest of great literary attainments; remarkable as well for extent of knowledge as for profoundness of intellect. Under his tuition the young prince became a profound master of the Budhist faith, of logic, grammar, poetry, and music. Nor were physical exercises wanting to give strength to his body and decision to his mind. Horsemanship, archery, and the management of elephants, were also cultivated by him with success; and, under the paternal instructions and care of his cousin, he became fit for the station which he was afterwards to fill, but he had yet to complete his education by travelling. For this purpose he set out with a dignified retinue, and as the countries which he visited

* We must not forget, however, that this enlightened education was given in Ceylon when Europe was confined to the *trivium* of the schools.

are not mentioned, we may fairly conclude that they would be the neighbouring shores of the continent, and, perhaps, Burmah.

The mind of Prackrama, however, needed not the excitement of travel to render it active and ambitious. On returning to Ceylon he was unwilling to hold the station of a subordinate, and formed the ungenerous resolution of dethroning Gajabahu the reigning prince of Rohona. What an exemplification of the ingenious remark of Cicero does this afford us: "Veræ amicitiæ rarissime inveniuntur in iis qui *in honoribus reipublicæ* versantur." Respecting the particulars of his enterprize we are left uninformed. It is however stated, that having become by his imposing qualities the favourite of the people, he found little difficulty in obtaining an armament. His first enterprise was against the subordinate governor of a small province, called Badalattaliya. Him he defeated and slew, and next directed his march against Gajabahu, whom he obliged to fly from the capital into Saffragam. The capital was retaken afterwards by Gajabahu, and when both parties were on the eve of a decisive struggle, the priests interposed and brought about an accommodation. By this agreement Prackrama received the sovereignty from his competitor, who voluntarily resigned it A. D. 1153, precisely twenty-seven years subsequent to the death of Wijayabahu, making the 119th prince of the Singha race who mounted the Singhalese throne. In this great number many subordinate princes are of course included, and many whose names we have not mentioned, their reigns affording little but the name.

On the abdication of Gajabahu, Wickramabahu asserted his claim to the supremacy, a claim which Prackrama was by no means prepared to allow. Avoiding as much as possible a contest with his father, the young prince pro-

ceeded to reduce some other parts of the kingdom which still resisted his authority. During his absence on this expedition, Wickrama, with an ungenerous treachery, sent an army into his defenceless province, which occupied the principal fortresses. Prackrama hastened back to revenge the injury, and by his presence quickly changed the situation of affairs. Pihitee, the province of which Pollanarua was the capital, was quickly delivered from its enemies, and Prackrama's father was obliged to recross the Mahavelli-ganga as a fugitive. Shortly before his death he sent for his son; mutual forgiveness was exchanged between them, and the aged prince died, at peace with his impetuous offspring.

We must not omit a romantic adventure related of the prince, which would, were it true, entitle him to the appellation "Cœur de Lion" more justly, perhaps, than its ascription to Richard of England. When travelling with a small train of attendants, through an unfrequented part of the country, an enormous lion sprang forward, with open jaws and lashing tail, as though maddened with rage. All the attendants of the prince fled, leaving him alone. He disdained to retreat; and, advancing, grappled with the lion, to such advantage that the monarch of the forest preferred flight to the combat, and left him rejoicing in his prowess. Lions, however, being unheard of in the island, we may reasonably doubt the truth of the story.

Having become undisputed monarch of the island, Prackrama commenced his reign by restoring Budhism to all its ancient magnificence. For this purpose he appointed particular officers to inspect the state of the temples, and report accordingly: he spared no expense in supplying himself with valuable works for these temples, and paid much honour to the priesthood. The leaders by whose assistance he had gained the throne were placed in

situations suitable to their merits. Guards were stationed round the coast to give notice of hostile intrusion. Canals and tanks which had become choked were cleared and again made beneficial. Strong fortifications were erected in convenient positions, as places of refuge in case of sudden reverse. Rice-fields were formed of great extent. A rampart of stone was erected round the capital, and, in fact, no means were neglected to render his kingdom prosperous and powerful. Nor were these exertions vain; for we are informed that Ceylon became by them united and powerful as a nation, and its inhabitants happy and flourishing. A palace for himself, and suitable habitations for the higher orders of priesthood, were next erected; and an extensive garden was planned, with a coronation hall in the midst. The wall encompassing Pollanarua, we are informed, was thirty-six miles in length on one side, and sixteen on the other, showing, if this assertion be true, the enormous size of the city itself. Whilst he was thus embellishing his capital, the ancient city of Anuradhapoora was not neglected. A minister was sent there for the express purpose of investigating the state of the buildings, and of having them put into proper repair.

Whilst thus cultivating, with so much success, the arts of peace, Prackrama was suddenly interrupted by a revolt in Rohona. This revolt was instigated by Subhala, the consort of the tributary prince who had been conquered by Prackrama. The resolution to rebel having been taken, she carried on the necessary preparations with great spirit and energy, proving, by her abilities, that she was an enemy not unworthy of Prackrama himself.

Large and deep moats were dug round the fortified places. The roads leading into the province were rendered impassable to the elephants and cavalry by large trees which they had felled, and fixed deeply in the ground by stakes. The plains were covered by the Rohonians

with brambles and thorns, and, in short, every means taken for a vigorous defence. Prackrama was not disposed to regard these things with indifference. Rackha, one of his old generals, was placed at the head of a large and well-armed force. Having marched directly against the enemy, he found them determined to defend one of the roads which they had before fortified. An obstinate battle ensued, in which the Rohonians were at last obliged to give way. Their retreat became a flight, their flight a rout; and at the same time the adjoining fort, into which they attempted to throw themselves, was carried in the melée. The hopes of these mountaineers were not to be overcome, however, by the loss of a single battle; and so closely was Rackha beset in the conquered fort, that he was obliged to send to Prackrama for a reinforcement.

Bhutha, another of the generals and friends of Prackrama, was immediately despatched to his aid, and a junction of the two armies was, after some delay, effected. The war was then renewed "with redoubled spirit." Many battles were fought with various success, but, on the whole, so much to the disadvantage of the Rohonians, that they formed the resolution of emigrating in a body with all their goods; and, what was more thought of with many of the relics of Budha. Prackrama having been informed by some of his private emissaries of their intention, sent strict orders to Rackha and Bhutha to leave no exertion untried to prevent its execution. In order to give them the means of obeying his command a fresh reinforcement was despatched under the command of Kierthy. A line of circumvallation was then drawn by the united forces round the principal strongholds of the rebels, and so well arranged were their exertions that no large body could leave the district without their permission. Straitened by the strict blockade which they endured, the Rohonians were at length forced to sur-

render the relics and submit. Subhala, however, the ambitious woman who had incited the rebellion, was not taken, nor does it appear that the generals of the king insisted, as they ought to have done, on her surrender. Having thus restored the kingdom once more to peace and prosperity, the king resolved to impose upon the vulgar minds of the people by a magnificent procession, as a type of his power and prosperity.

On a fortunate day, appointed by the astrologers, the king appeared before his attending nobles, his courtiers holding an emblazoned canopy over his head. Immediately on his appearance instruments of music were sounded on all sides; banners waved in the air; the people shouted, "like the loud bellowing of the rushing sea," "Long live the king!" whilst the sky was almost clouded by the smoking perfumes of all kinds. The haughty Prackrama having bowed to the multitudes around, then ascended the royal elephant, at the same time that the nobles entered into their carriages. "With great pomp, amidst the noise of the roaring of elephants, neighing and prancing of horses, rattling of carriages, beating of tom-toms, blowing of chanks, and playing of music,"* the procession wended its way along. The queen and Prackrama appeared at its head, in two splendid towers placed on elephants, with golden crowns upon their heads. Next followed the principal leaders of the late rebellion, walking, followed by the officers of state and grandees, whilst innumerable multitudes concluded the imposing show. Such an important ceremony was not allowed, however, to pass over without a miracle. Suddenly, in the midst of their pomp, the sky became overcast, the heavens lowered, and threatened the rejoicers with an inopportune deluge. The thunder then began to roar, the lightning to flash, and a keen wind to

* Mahawanso, ch. 73.

course over the earth. Prackrama was not a man to be frightened with a tempest: the procession went on, regardless of the impending rain, and now behold the miracle! The rain descended in volumes all around, but not a drop upon man or beast engaged in the ceremony. Whilst the neighbouring rivers and tanks were choked with water, they remained perfectly dry. "Behold," exclaims the author of the Mahawanso, "this striking instance of the power of Budha."

But even this instance of Divine favour could not humble the mind of Subhala: the daughter and wife of a king, she still asserted her rights to be a monarch; and scarcely had the rejoicings of Prackrama ended ere intelligence was brought from Rohona of another insurrection. Two battles (in one of which 12,000 Rohonians are said to have fallen) and a siege were the result of this temerity, and the enterprising queen was at length brought as a captive before her rival. Of her future fate we are uninformed; but as her name does not occur again in the annals of her country, we may conclude that her life paid the penalty of her rebellion.

Subsequent to the sixteenth year of Prackrama's reign (A. D. 1169), and probably very shortly after that year, although we are uninformed of the precise period, he formed the resolution of revenging on the king of Cambodia * and Arramana† the injuries he had inflicted on several of the Singhalese subjects. These injuries consisted in plundering merchants, slighting the ambassador of Ceylon, and intercepting some vessels conveying certain women of rank from that island to the continent.

In the Ratnacari and Rajawali, however, the only reason stated for this invasion is, that he slighted and

* This country still retains its ancient appellation.

† Probably that part of the Burmese peninsula between Arrakan and Siam.

dishonoured the religion of Budha, an offence worthy, in their eyes, of the most condign punishment. To avenge himself on this despiser of Budha, and slighter of Ceylon, five hundred vessels, and a great armament of seamen and soldiers, ammunition, and provisions, were equipped in a few months. A Malabar general, named Adikaram, of great and distinguished renown, was put at the head of this expedition, and it was accordingly despatched.

Having first landed on an island called Kakha, they obtained good omens of their future success by gaining the first battle in which they engaged, the consequence of which was the submission of that part of the island and the taking of several prisoners. Encouraged by this success they sailed for Cambodia, and landed at a port called Koosuma, where the enemy appeared drawn up in front of their entrenchments in great force.

Adikaram, having drawn up his forces in line of battle on the beach, advanced against the enemy, and was received with showers of arrows, which the Singhalese returned; but, as the Cambodians seemed unwilling to leave their entrenchments, it was necessary for Adikaram to force them, and this he accomplished by a resolute and determined attack. Sword in hand the Singhalese advanced, disregarding the missiles of the enemy, and, after a short but severe struggle, the entrenchments were forced, the Cambodians routed, and their king slain in the confusion.

Adikaram, like a prudent general, lost no time in following up his advantages by advancing on the capital, where the country was proclaimed tributary to the great and glorious Prackramabahu, king of Ceylon. Tribute was accordingly collected, and a viceroy appointed.

After this signal success, Prackrama turned his arms against the united kingdoms of Pandi and Sollee, in

southern India, who, fearing to meet alone so formidable a prince, had prudently joined their forces. Another expedition was fitted out, and proceeded to the enemies' territories. At Madura, where a landing was first attempted, they found the shore so thickly covered with the enemy that they were obliged to proceed up the coast to Talatchilla (probably Tellicherry); there also, however, the enemy had anticipated them, and were assembled in force. The army of Prackrama was not to be twice repulsed; numerous boats were manned with the troops, which, amidst showers of arrows and spears, advanced towards the shore, and, as soon as a convenient station had been gained, the soldiers leaped out: stooping, and covering themselves with their shields, they advanced in a line against their opposers, and fortunately succeeded in putting them to flight. A landing having thus been effected with so much difficulty, the invaders found the remaining part of the country was as obstinately contested as the shore had been. Five pitched battles were fought, in each of which the army of Prackrama was successful, and by which the whole province of Ramisseram came into the possession of the Singhalese. Whilst the invaders were, after these exploits, enjoying the fruits of their victories in their encampments, an army of the enemy hastily attacked them, and had well nigh rendered all their previous victories useless. But the Singhalese were now soldiers in every sense of the word, and quickly revenged the losses they had sustained, so that in the last and most terrible conflict the Pandians sustained a severe defeat; thousands of them were slain, and the remainder was pursued by the whole Singhalese army for a distance of sixteen miles. The consequence of these victories was, that Kulasaikera, the king of Pandi, was dethroned, and his son, Weerapandu, raised in his stead, as a tributary of Prackrama.

Having thus happily terminated his foreign wars, the

attention of the king was next directed to the adornment of Budhism. The religious edifices of Anuradhapoora were enriched with numerous offerings and additions, and Prackrama himself went there to superintend the erection of a golden spire upon the Ruanelli dāgobah. Events of this kind are those upon which the Budhist historians delight to dwell; and, accordingly, we have a particular account of how the city was ornamented, how beautiful the women were, how glittering the flags, and how noble the entire ceremony; whilst his warlike enterprises are rehearsed only by informing us of the number of the battles, and the names of the subdued countries.

Prackrama, however, did not confine himself to the embellishment of a religion already too rich and powerful. Besides erecting new, and adorning old religious edifices, he planted several immense forests of fruit-trees, and turned the courses of several rivers, so that they might replenish the tanks already formed. Canals also were dug by him to conduct the waters of the tanks and lakes to a distance. The following three of this nature are particularly mentioned as extraordinary works: the Goodaiviree Canal to conduct the waters of the Kara-ganga into a lake, called the Sea of Prackrama, from which the water was conducted by twenty-four channels to all the neighbouring fields; the lake of Minneria he made available for useful purposes, by digging the Kalinda Canal, to conduct its waters to the northward; and, lastly, the Jaya-ganga Canal, by which the Kalaawene tank was rendered serviceable to the inhabitants of Anuradhapoora.

Were we to give a list of one half of the useful buildings attributed to Prackrama, we would completely weary out our readers: dāgobahs, wihares, relic repositaries, offering-houses, caverns, priests'-houses, preaching-halls, image-halls, dancing-saloons, and strangers'-houses, are

but a few of the motley collection of edifices recounted with critical accuracy by the zealous Budhists. Amongst these, however, we must remark that several halls of justice, and 128 libraries are particularly enumerated. There appears little reason to doubt the truth of these details. Prackrama was by birth the sovereign of a rich, fertile, and populous country; he had, besides, rendered himself by arms the master of two important and extensive kingdoms, and being of such an active, energetic disposition, it is but natural to suppose that his many years of peace were occupied almost altogether in adorning his country.

In reviewing his character there appears, as in that of most other conquerors, much to praise and much to blame. We cannot commend his evident ingratitude and injustice to Gajabahu, in the early part of his life; at the same time that we must admire the decision and promptitude of all his measures. He appears to have possessed, in an eminent degree, all the qualities of a great commander; a quick apprehension of the difficulties and advantages of his situation on every occasion; great forethought and judgment in the formation of his plans, and no less decision in their execution. He knew eminently well how to gain the affections of his people; how to oppose presumption and to reward merit. Nor was his ability displayed alone in military affairs: he appears to have been equally energetic when at peace; equally anxious to advance his own glory and that of his people. Without one spark of patriotism in his bosom, he was eminently useful to his country, and it is with justice that his reign has been designated as "the most martial, enterprising, and glorious in the Singhalese history."—*Knighton's History of Ceylon*, pp. 134–147.

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